CHATTERBOX.

1922.

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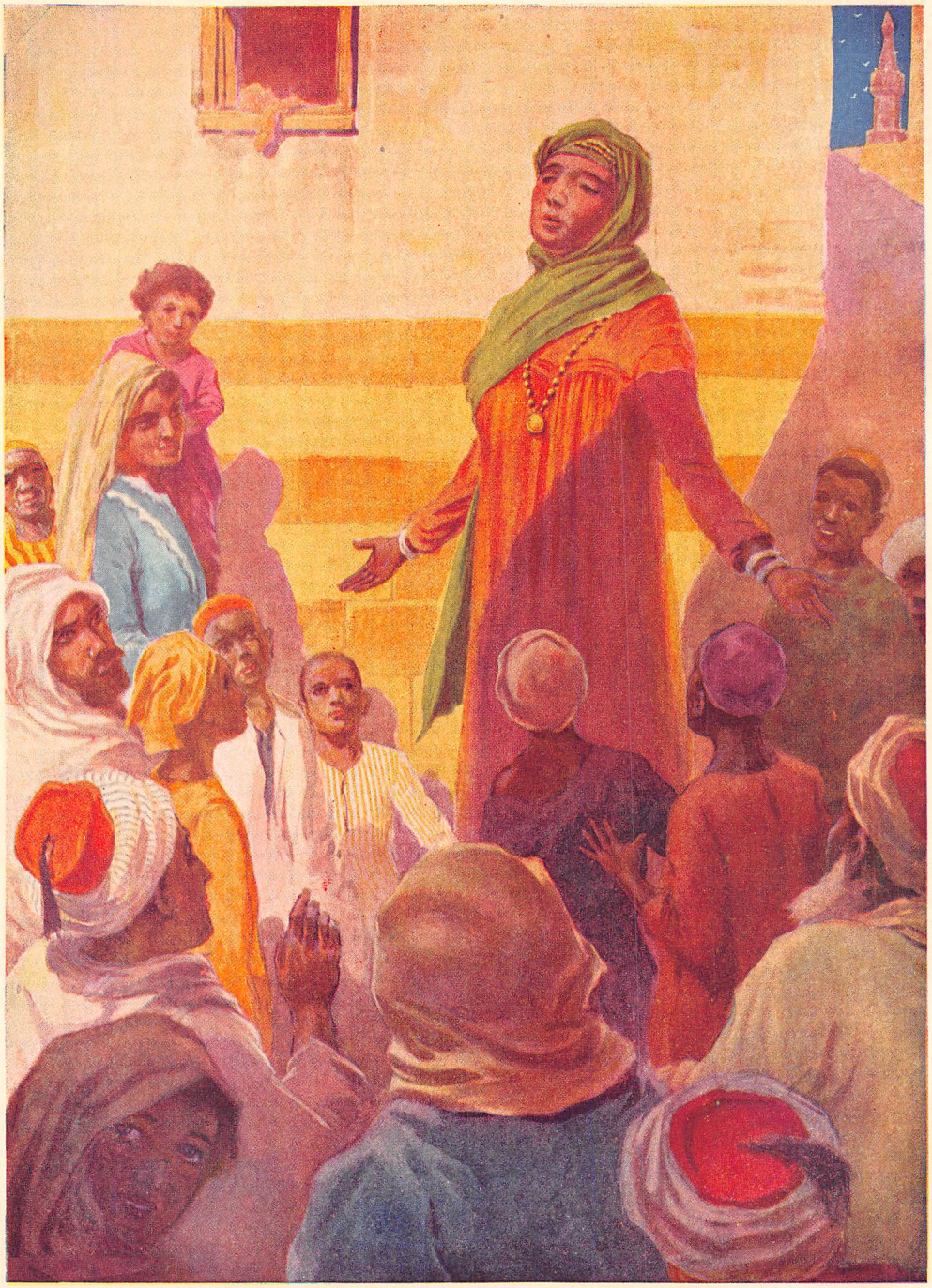
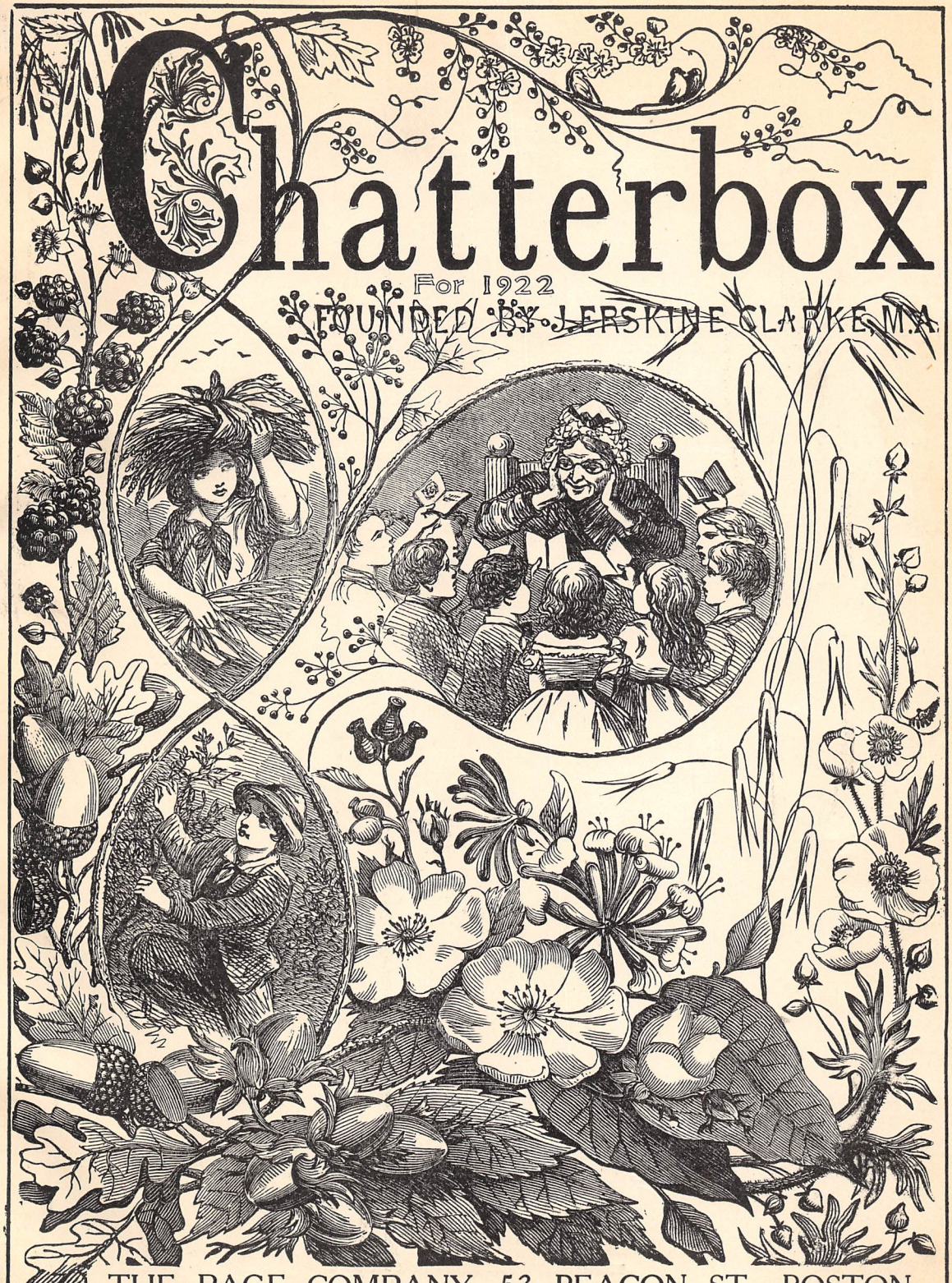


A Storyteller in Old Cairo

Chatterbox

For 1922

FOUNDED BY JERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



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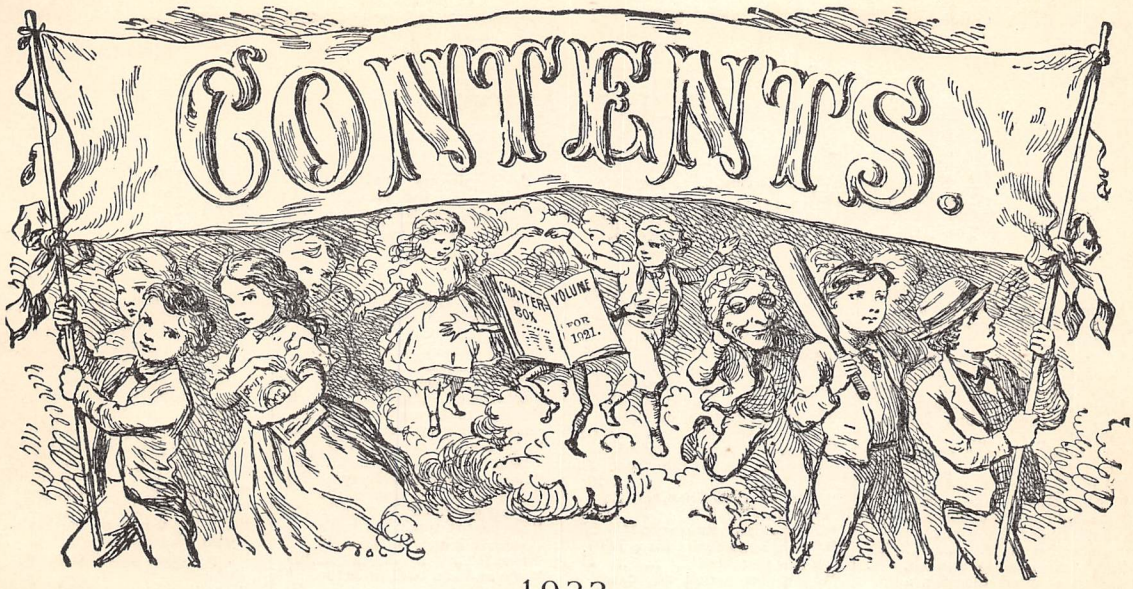

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CHATTERBOX.

"The two were soon battling with wind and rain."

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

CHAPTER I.

RAIN, rain, nothing but rain, pouring down in ceaseless torrents! Not a pause in the monotonous drip, drip, from the leafless trees; not a break in the clouds; not a chance of its clearing before dark, if even then. And it had been going on for three days—ever since Derrick had come home for the holidays; he had arrived on just such an afternoon as this, and now he was beginning to feel thoroughly sick of it. He was standing by the window, in the long, low, old-fashioned schoolroom, idly drumming on the panes; while his cousin sat curled up in the armchair, playing with the kitten.

'I'm bothered if I can stand this a minute longer!' Derrick broke out, suddenly. 'Rain or no rain, let's go out and have an adventure; I feel like doing something desperate!'

'*Don't* do anything desperate, just before Christmas,' Sybil besought him—'at least, not very desperate; we should only get into a row, and that will spoil all the fun.'

'Fun! There won't *be* any fun! What sort of fun do you expect *now?* It won't be like last Christmas,' and a wistful look came into the brown eyes, as the boy came over to the hearth and stood gazing into the fire. The cousins were both orphans.

Sybil's mother having died when she was a baby, her father, then stationed in India, had gladly accepted his brother's offer that his wife should bring her up with their own little boy, who was but a few weeks older. Barely a year ago, when the children were just ten years old, both their fathers had just been killed in the Boer War; and, only a few weeks afterwards, Derrick lost his mother in a railway accident. Thus the boy and girl were thrown upon the tender mercies of their grandfather, a peppery old retired colonel, who lived in North Somerset, and who, though anxious to do his duty by them, was naturally unable to fill the great gap made so suddenly in their young lives.

'Cheer up, Derrick,' said Sybil, from the depths of the armchair. 'Dick's coming to-morrow, you know; things won't be so bad then.'

Dick was Derrick's elder brother of eighteen, and a great personage in the children's eyes. He was Head Boy of Wellington College, and as such enjoyed their devoted homage, more or less unlimited on the part of Derrick, wholly so on that of Sybil. But even the thought of Dick could not altogether dispel the cloud on the boy's face, as he said, disconsolately: 'I can't wait till to-morrow; I feel restless. I must go out and *do* something. Come on; what shall we do?'

Sybil racked her brains. 'I can't think of anything worth doing,' she said, with a sigh. 'O dear! I do wish something interesting would happen; don't you, Cinders.'

But Cinders continued to purr placidly, and blink up into his little mistress's face, with an expression of utter content; obviously he had a soul above such trivial matters as wind and weather. After all, when you have a good fire, a comfortable lap, and somebody to scratch your head, how can it possibly matter what goes on outside?

Drip, drip, drip, and a fresh patter on the panes, as the ever-increasing gale drove the rain against the windows.

'Well, Bill, are you coming?'

'I don't know; I don't feel very keen on a *wet* adventure.'

'It's the only kind you'll get,' was the retort; then, with a slightly injured air: 'But, if you don't want to come, I suppose I must go by myself.'

Sybil was after him like a shot, at that; and, scrambling into oilskins and top-boots, the two were soon in the long drive, battling with wind and rain.

'Where shall we go, Derrick?'

'Dunno; into the wood first, anyway, to see if those snares I set have caught any rabbits. Then we might look up old Howe—he likes to see us; and, if he's in, he will give us a jolly decent tea. If nothing exciting turns up, we'll stop and listen to his yarns.'

Here the children climbed over a railing, and cut across a meadow which led to the Park and, beyond that, to the wood.

'If it's like this for Christmas,' began Derrick, presently, 'how beastly it will be.'

'Yes,' agreed Sybil; but, anyhow, you and Dick'll be here. Things are ever so much beastlier when you're at school, even when it doesn't rain.'

'Are they? How rotten! But don't you like Miss Thingamabob?'

'Miss Bruce? Oh, yes; she's all right, but not interesting, you know.'

'What does she do?'

'Nothing; that's just it. She doesn't like the country, and she hates mud. And she's not the sort of person you can tell things to; she's—she's—she's *stodgy.*'

'Which are you most afraid of, her or Grandfather?'

'Grandfather, of course. Did he write you any awful letters last term, Derrick?'

'Only one—it was quite enough though; and I say, Bill,' after a pause, 'isn't it rather funky of us to be so afraid of him?'

'Oh, no; everybody's afraid of him—even Dick.'

'*He's* not.'

'He is; I know he is. That time when Nero bolted with him and broke the shaft of the dog-cart, I heard him say afterwards to William, "Don't say anything about this to my grandfather, or there'll be a row," and he paid for a new shaft out of his own money so that he shouldn't find out.'

'Well, I don't see that Grandfather could have been angry about *that;* it wasn't Dick's fault.'

'Of course it wasn't; but Grandfather wouldn't have believed that. He never waits for any explanation; he just storms at you, straight away.'

The children trudged on in silence, for a while, through a corner of the Park and into the wood beyond, already growing dark, on this dreary day, though it was barely four o'clock.

'Does he storm at *you* much?' asked Derrick, presently, his thoughts still running on what Sybil had said.

'Not very much. I don't give him the chance, you see; I just keep out of his way.'

'It *must* be pretty slow for you,' remarked her cousin, thoughtfully. 'I say, Bill, why don't you get him to send you to school?'

'Oh, that would be worse still! I don't like other girls; they always squabble, or else think about nothing

but clothes. Boys are much nicer. I wouldn't mind if I could go to a boys' school. I wish I could go to Dulverton with you!'

'It would be rather a lark! You don't mind being bullied, and you can play cricket; so I dare say you'd get along all right. You've got a lot more sense than some of the chaps.'

'I don't know much Latin yet, but in two or three weeks I could learn lots if I really tried. Miss Bruce says I'm lazy, but I've got brains.'

'Then you're a jolly ass to have let her find it out. She'll never rest now till she makes you work. I always pretend to be as thick-headed as I can; then they don't expect so much. It's no end of a tip, I can tell you, and works awfully well, as a rule; saves a chap any amount of fag. If you came to school with me I'd soon see that you didn't know your lessons properly!'

'What's the use of talking? Of course I can't come; Grandfather would never allow it.'

'No; and, if he did, old Bottlenose wouldn't take you. At least, not unless you put on boy's clothes; and then you'd have to cut off your hair.'

'I shouldn't mind *that*,' said Sybil, emphatically, shaking back the dark, curly mane, which hung below her waist, and was thick enough to cause her intense discomfort at times of brushing and combing.

'If you don't learn your lessons,' she continued, presently, 'you'll never be top of the school.'

'That's fairly obvious! Tell us another.'

'But don't you want to be?'

'Rather not! Far sooner be Captain of the Eleven.'

'Dick's both.'

'I know; but we can't all be Dicks. Besides, I can still be top of the school, if I choose, in time. I could have been top of my form last term, if I hadn't taken a certain amount of trouble not to be. There were lots more questions in the exams. that I could have answered; only I thought it better policy not to; so I succeeded in coming out nearly half-way down.'

'I think your plan's a rotten one; if you *can* do things, it must be more bother to do them wrong than to do them right.'

'Wait till you've tried. You don't seem to have grasped the principle; besides—hullo, what's that?'

A short, sharp bark, followed by a low wail; obviously a dog, and a dog in pain.

'It's caught in one of your snares, Derrick; oh, do come on and let it out!'

'I never set a snare strong enough to catch a dog, even a little one; and that's the bark of a big dog; hark!'

The bark was repeated, followed by a miserable yelp.

'He's caught in something, right enough; probably one of Howe's beastly traps,' and the two children ran in the direction whence the sound came.

Leaving the narrow footpath, they plunged into the undergrowth, pushing their way through brambles and nettles, as they struggled forward, guided by the plaintive cry.

'All right, old chap, we're coming as fast as we can,' called out Derrick, 'hold on!' and half a minute later they emerged upon the scene of distress. A handsome young Irish setter, held fast by the leg and drenched to the skin, presented a pitiful enough spectacle, his wet coat clinging to his shivering body, while the mute appeal in his soft brown eyes besought help more eloquently than words.

'Poor old fellow,' cried Sybil, 'you poor darling!'

'Never mind,' said Derrick, 'we'll soon have you out of this; only keep still, my boy; quiet, quiet!'

With Sybil's assistance, he soon freed him from the trap; but when the poor animal tried to show his gratitude, by jumping up at them, he uttered a sharp cry and fell to the ground.

'I tell you what it is,' cried Derrick, 'he's broken his leg.'

'Oh, Derrick, will he have to be shot?'

'Of course not, you booby; we'll set it for him.'

'With a splint? *Can* you, Derrick?'

'I think so, if you hold him still. They practised First Aid on me, last term, and put my leg in splints; and it's quite easy, if the break isn't too near the joint. Here, sit down and keep him still, and tear up this handkerchief into strips (not *too* narrow) while I find some decent sticks for splints.'

Sybil sat down upon the squelching moss, and pine-needles, with the great dog in her lap, whining and licking her face, and greatly retarding the preparation of the bandages. After a few minutes, Derrick returned, with two fairly straight sticks, which he proceeded to cut the same length and to trim to his liking.

'Golly, here's a go!' he exclaimed, as a refractory notch broke off the blade of his knife.

'Take mine,' said Sybil, diving into the pocket of her oilskin, and producing the facsimile of Derrick's—Dick's last birthday present to her.

'Don't mind if I break it?' queried Derrick.

'N—no,' was the reply, though it cost her an effort to make it.

It bore the strain, however, better than his own, and two rough but creditable splints were soon ready for use. The fracture, luckily a simple one, proved to be in the near hind-leg, about three inches above the foot.

'I shall have to pull the leg the same length as the other one, first,' said Derrick, after they had persuaded the setter to lie down; 'he will probably bite me while I'm doing it; I suppose you couldn't sit on his head?'

'No, it would only make him kick; but I'll tie up his mouth,' and Sybil bound her handkerchief tightly round his muzzle, talking soothingly to him the while.

And then the great operation was performed, and very bravely the good beast bore it. With pads of moss, two splints, and four improvised bandages, Derrick made a very passable job of it; and, though the result was not elegant, it served its purpose, holding the ends of the fractured bone firmly in place.

The grateful animal, hopping upon three legs, fawned upon them and licked their hands, uttering little barks of joy, very different from those which had first caught their attention. Then occurred to both of them the same question: 'What to do with him? The Police Station? Oh, no, *not* the Police Station, the poor darling; but we daren't take him home.'

'We must; we could sneak him into the stables, and William wouldn't mind.'

'But Grandfather would be sure to find him; oh no, Derrick, we daren't.'

'Well, suppose he did find him? What would he do? He wouldn't kill him, would he? He'd only storm at us; and, I say, Bill, you know he's worth it,' fondling the dog's wet head.'

'I shouldn't wonder if he shot him; anyway, he'd turn him out. Don't you remember, last half, when Dick asked for a dog of his own, he said he wouldn't have any more dogs on the place? So, even if he did let us keep him, it wouldn't be fair to Dick. And he wouldn't allow it, you know he wouldn't; he never changes his mind about anything.'

'No; you're right there; but we must keep him. Let's take him to old Howe; perhaps he will look after him for us; and, when his leg's all right, we'll come and take him walks every day.'

This suggestion seemed, at any rate, to meet the exigencies of the moment, and the children hurried on, their new friend, limping on three legs, between them.

'Why does he keep sniffing at your pocket, Bill? What have you got in it?' asked Derrick, presently.

'Nothing in that one; at least, I don't think so,' but, on investigation, half a stale biscuit was brought to light.

'Here, boy, catch, then!' and Sybil tossed up the fragment, which was caught and eagerly demolished by the setter.

'I'll tell you what it is, Bill, he's jolly hungry. Poor old man! How long had you been in that beastly trap? Shouldn't wonder if he'd been there a week!'

'Oh, no, Derrick; somebody would have found him before now; but I'll bet he'd been there more than a day. I wish we had something else to give him; haven't you got anything in your pockets?'

A vigorous search only succeeded in producing a stick of mouldy chocolate, some cake-crumbs, two walnuts, and a lozenge, all of which savoury morsels vanished with rapidity.

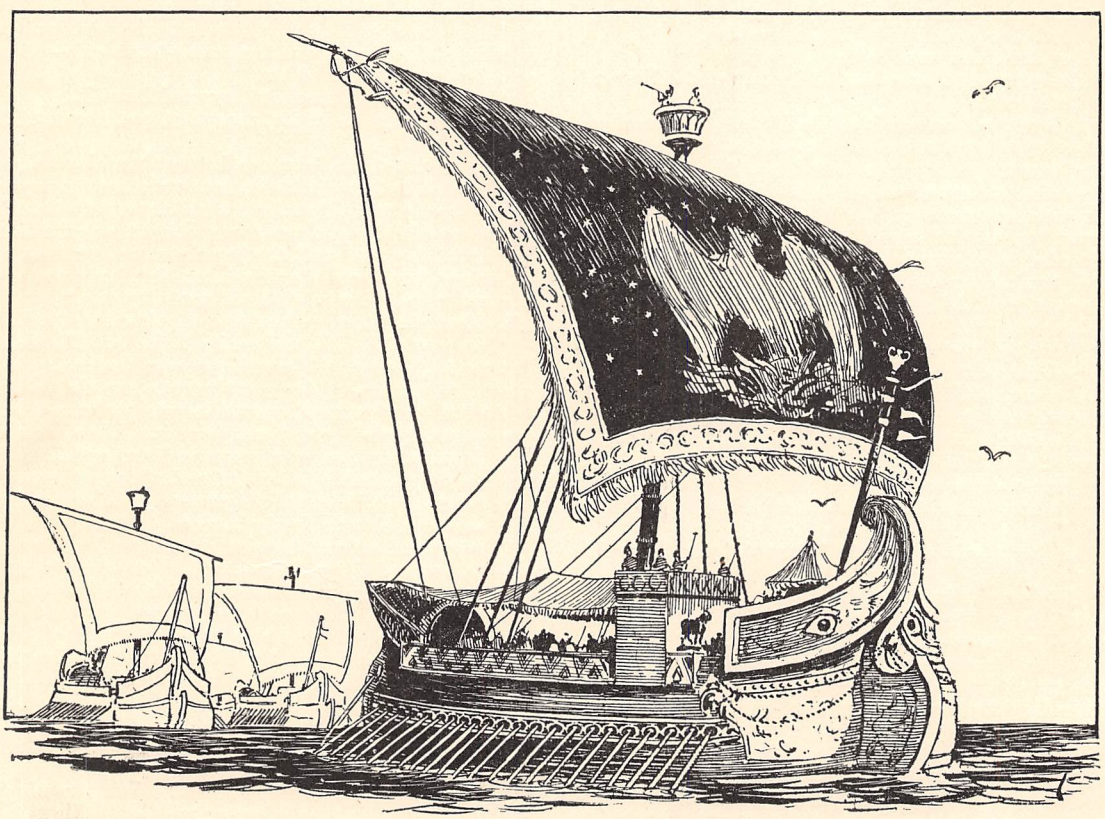
'Now you'll have to wait till we get to Howe's, old man. I say, Bill, whatever shall we do if he's out?'

(*Continued on page* 14.)

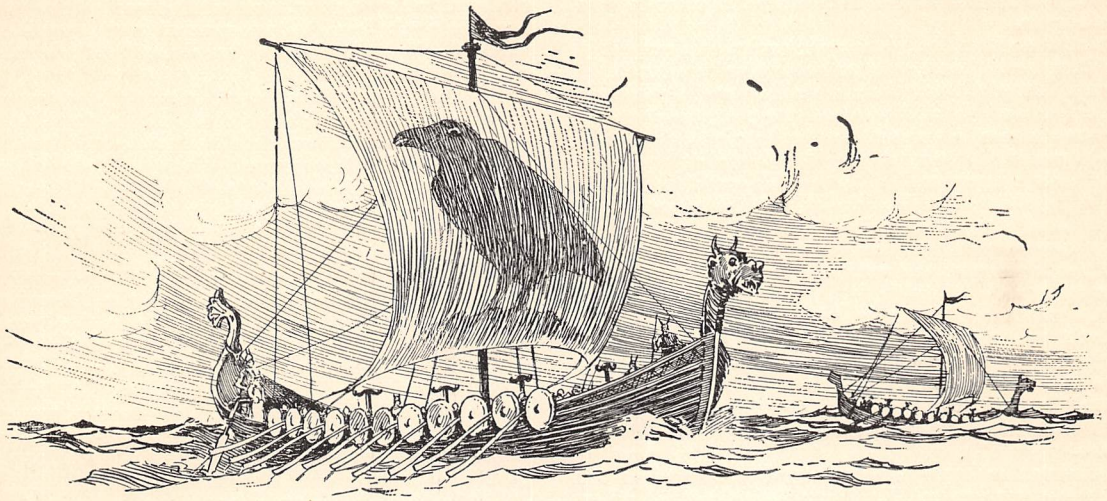
THE ROMANCE OF SHIP-BUILDING.

I.—THE BEGINNINGS OF NAVIGATION.

MANY years ago Great Britain was covered with thick forests peopled by wild animals, and scarcely less wild men, the Ancient Britons, who hunted and fished for their food. Then it was that the first boat in our land was constructed and used for fishing on river and sea. It was a broad, heavy affair, called a coracle, sometimes fashioned from the trunk of a large tree, on the 'dug-out' principle, cumbersome and difficult to navigate; sometimes lighter, built of wicker-work covered with skins. It was not until many years had passed that the English built real ships, after having been taught by the Romans and Danes.



A Galley of Ancient Greece.

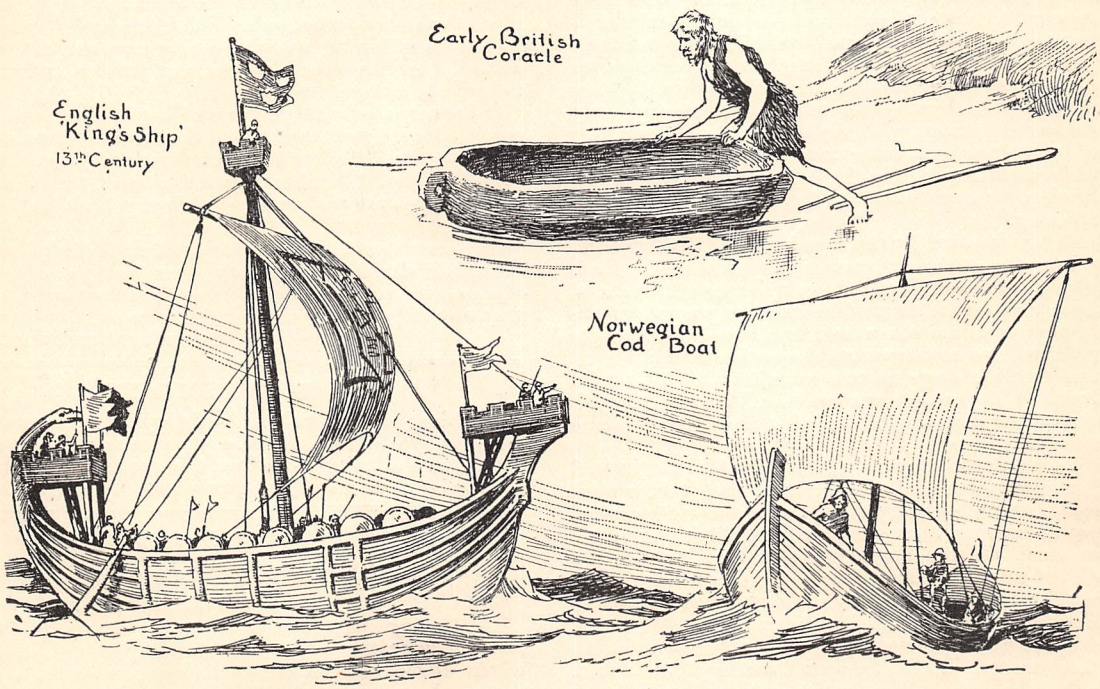


A Viking Long-boat.

First in many other inventions, the Chinese claim to have been the first navigators, but little is known of their discoveries, save that they knew of the magnetic needle, but made little, if any, use of it. Real navigation had its birth in the Mediterranean, where Phœnicians, Greeks, and the early races of the Greek islands, their vessels laden with merchandise, crossed and recrossed the inland sea.

The Phœnicians were among the first to venture to sea in open boats, later with a small deck built as a shelter in the bow. With no navigating instruments and little knowledge of the stars, they ventured far out to sea, remaining for many days out of sight of land, braving wind, weather, and the mystery of the unknown with dauntless courage and resolution.

When the wind was favourable they used a single square sail, which was reefed as in the present day, but the chief method of propulsion was by rowing. At the beginning the rowers numbered a mere dozen, but as the size of the boats increased, fifty or more oars were



used, sometimes arranged in two tiers, in order to save deck-space.

The discomforts of a journey in such a ship can easily be imagined. There was no protection from rain or spray. At each lurch the merchandise would roll from side to side. Seated in the bottom of the boat, in several inches of water, the unfortunate passenger, feeling wet and sore, praying for fine weather, would huddle in a corner and try to keep his goods together.

Voyages in those days took time. A vessel would sail away into the unknown and for years no word might come from her; then some day she would return to her home port, battered and weather-weary, from far-off lands.

It was the Phœnician adventurers who founded Carthage, soon to become mistress of the sea. Using the stars to guide them, her mariners ventured far and wide. Passing through the straits now known as the Straits of Gibraltar, they sailed into the Atlantic, south along the coast of Africa, and north as far as the British Isles.

Greece, the home of art and culture, also had her period of supremacy. Founding their ship-building on the knowledge and experience of the Egyptians and Phœnicians, the Greeks soon built large and powerful ships, still propelled by oars, and a large, much-decorated sail.

An imposing sight indeed was the galley of Greece. From stem to poop she was painted in gorgeous colours, with an unwinking eye on either side of her bow, so that she might see the way, her great purple sail gaily decorated with a yellow fringe. Forward in the bows, under a brightly-coloured canopy, sits the pilot, whilst the captain proudly walks the poop, master of all.

In those far-off days there was none of the hustle of our days, and the departure of an argosy of galleys, as the fleet was called, was made the occasion for stately ceremony. Priests passed down the line of ships that were to plough the seas and blessed them and their crews. Excited crowds lined the quays, bands played and trumpets blared, as in a tumult of noise the long ranks of rowers bent to their oars and the argosy slowly commenced to move, with the southern sun shining on the bright awnings and extravagantly coloured sails, to return after many months laden with spices and rich materials, precious stones and gold, honey, oil, ivory, and ebony.

The Greeks claim for their countryman, Anaximander, the invention of the first navigating instrument. He is believed to have constructed a contrivance of two sticks, hinged together, so that when one was pointed at the pole star and the other held horizontally, the angle would indicate how far north the navigator was.

The first real deep-sea men came from the cold, wild North. Who has not read of the Vikings and their famous 'long-boats,' and revelled in the stories of those fierce freebooters?

Using every wind, oft venturing forth alone, instead of in fleets, they sailed the turbulent seas, taking what they would, fighting any other ship unfortunate enough to come their way, fierce and hardy hard-drinking rovers were they. Descending on the shores of Britain they took large tracks of land, fought Briton and Roman, in the days when Rome was declining, and for many years harassed the shores of our country.

These hardy Norsemen dared to venture in far-away unknown seas. To the ice-bound waters of the North, yes, even to America, which Lief Erickson with several long-boats is believed to have reached in the year 1001. Many of our famous sailors are descended from these stout-hearted adventurers.

The long-boat was a large, strongly constructed vessel, a splendid sea-boat, her bow rising and shaped as a dragon's head, her stern in imitation of its tail. The large sail was decorated with quaint designs of birds, beasts, or snakes. Rows of shields protected the oarsmen from the arrows and stones of their enemies, and she was steered by one long powerful oar at the stern.

To this day many of the northern fishing-boats are constructed on similar lines, such as the Norwegian cod-boat, and many are still to be seen in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Until about 1855 all the larger Shetland fishing-boats were imported in boards direct from Norway, ready to be put together. A further example of the influence of Viking long-boats on modern ship-building is to be found in the whale-boats from which the whale is harpooned, a stout little boat, as she needs must be to carry out her arduous work.

The early British, with but little skill in ship-building, learnt much from their Viking conquerors, as their first attempts at building prove. In those days all ships were 'war-ships,' captain and crew were always ready to fight, for every ship met with was a potential enemy, possibly a pirate, or belonging to an unfriendly nation.

The first time the name 'King's ship' was applied was to the war galleys built by Alfred the Great about 875, and later, about the thirteenth century, regular war-ships, varying from forty to a hundred and sixty tons, were built.

They were constructed of oak, and caulked with hair, moss, and pitch. Whilst in many ways resembling the long-boats, they were fuller in the beam and less speedy. Here, for the first time, we see the 'fore-castle,' erected in the bows for the use of fighting men, and a 'top-castle' at the mast-head for a similar purpose, and also to hold the look-out man.

Sailors were only a small part of her company, which consisted largely of knights and their men-at-arms, and she was gay with heraldic carvings, and painted in bright colours. The shields and banners of the knights hanging upon the 'castles' helped to give her a gay and smart appearance.

This may be called the beginning of the British Navy, though it was not until many years had passed, and cannon, clumsy and short of range, had been invented, that war-ships worthy of the name were built.

W. Herbert Holloway.

A NOVEL PUNISHMENT.

FOR looting some fruit-stalls, six boys were sentenced to go to bed at 6.30 p.m. every evening for a month, and ordered to bring a note from their parents certifying that the sentence was being carried out.

MAROONED ON THE BISHOP.

A Seaside Holiday Episode.

A STORMY sunset behind the Haldon Hills was flooding with golden light the charming little Devonshire seaside resort of Dawlish. Bars of brilliant colour flashed out from the declining sun as it sank

between dark purple patches of brooding clouds, and the masses of red-gold radiance, falling in a blaze of glory on the sea-front, threw into bold silhouette the figure of a young girl who stood gazing towards the glowing west.

Hilda Lavison was pretty; tall and straight, with brown curls rippling over her shoulders, truthful grey eyes, and a clear, candid expression on her small features—a typical English girl. But more than mere beauty of face or form, she possessed that much rarer quality, beauty of soul, and wherever she went she exercised the unconscious influence of a real, unassuming Christian character. She and her father and her two brothers had spent a very happy summer holiday in Dawlish; but, like all good things, it had come to an end, and now in a day or two they would go back to their London home refreshed and invigorated by their sojourn in Devon.

As the flaming sunset began to fade and twilight drew on, Hilda walked along the front towards the boat cove—a tiny bay framed in red cliffs just outside Dawlish—and soon perceived her brothers approaching in the distance. They were alone, and at this she was somewhat surprised, for when they set out boating that afternoon there had been three in the party.

'Hullo, Sis!' said Tom, the elder, as they came up. 'Here's a lark! What do you think we've done to that prig, Grant?'

'We've marooned him!' chimed in the other, laughing.

'Whatever do you mean?' queried the amazed Hilda.

'We've landed him on the Bishop Rock, and there he will have to stop till morning. Then we will send some one round to pick him up. It will do him good.'

'Oh, it's too bad! How could you?' cried Hilda, pityingly.

'It serves him jolly well right!' rejoined Tom, judicially. 'We'll teach him to sneer at our little Sis.'

Hilda commenced to remonstrate again, and pointed to the stormy sky; but the two, laughing at her fears, went on their way towards the town, and left her standing on the sea-wall, gazing anxiously after them, filled with vague forebodings of trouble.

Ronald Grant was a would-be smart youth of about seventeen, whose acquaintance the Lavisons had made during their holiday; he was not really a bad fellow at heart, but he tried to be just a little too much of a young man of the period, and overdid the part. He affected to despise everything good as hypocrisy and cant, and labelled all who tried to run straight and do what was right as 'pious.' He had seen Hilda going off to church the preceding Sunday—unlike many holiday-makers, who misconstrue the word 'holy-day' into something sadly different—and he had called her, in her brothers' hearing, 'a pious little saint.' This had touched them on a tender spot, as they were very fond of their only sister, and they had determined to teach Master Grant a lesson. And so this afternoon, when a favourable opportunity had occurred, their decision had resulted in his being marooned on the Bishop, a large rock which rose up out of the sea about half-way between Dawlish and Teignmouth.

Hilda, whose kindly nature bore no malice, could not approve of what her brothers had done, and she stood gazing out to sea with troubled eyes, as she thought of the boy alone on the Bishop, with stormy darkness closing down on him. Just then an ancient fisherman came up from the beach, and she asked him what he thought of the weather.

''Tis going to blow great guns, missie, afore morning,' he answered. 'No boating for you, nor any one else to-morrow. I don't reckon any boats will be able to get out for days.' And the old man passed on.

This was enough for Hilda. No boats leave Dawlish to-morrow! Then Ronald Grant must be taken off the Bishop to-night. At once! No time to go for assistance. The storm-clouds were gathering rapidly in the east; twilight was deepening into night. There was not another soul in or near the boat cove save the old fisherman—long past active work—who had just gone by. Her mind was quickly made up. She must go herself; she was not afraid. A fellow-creature was in danger—that was enough.

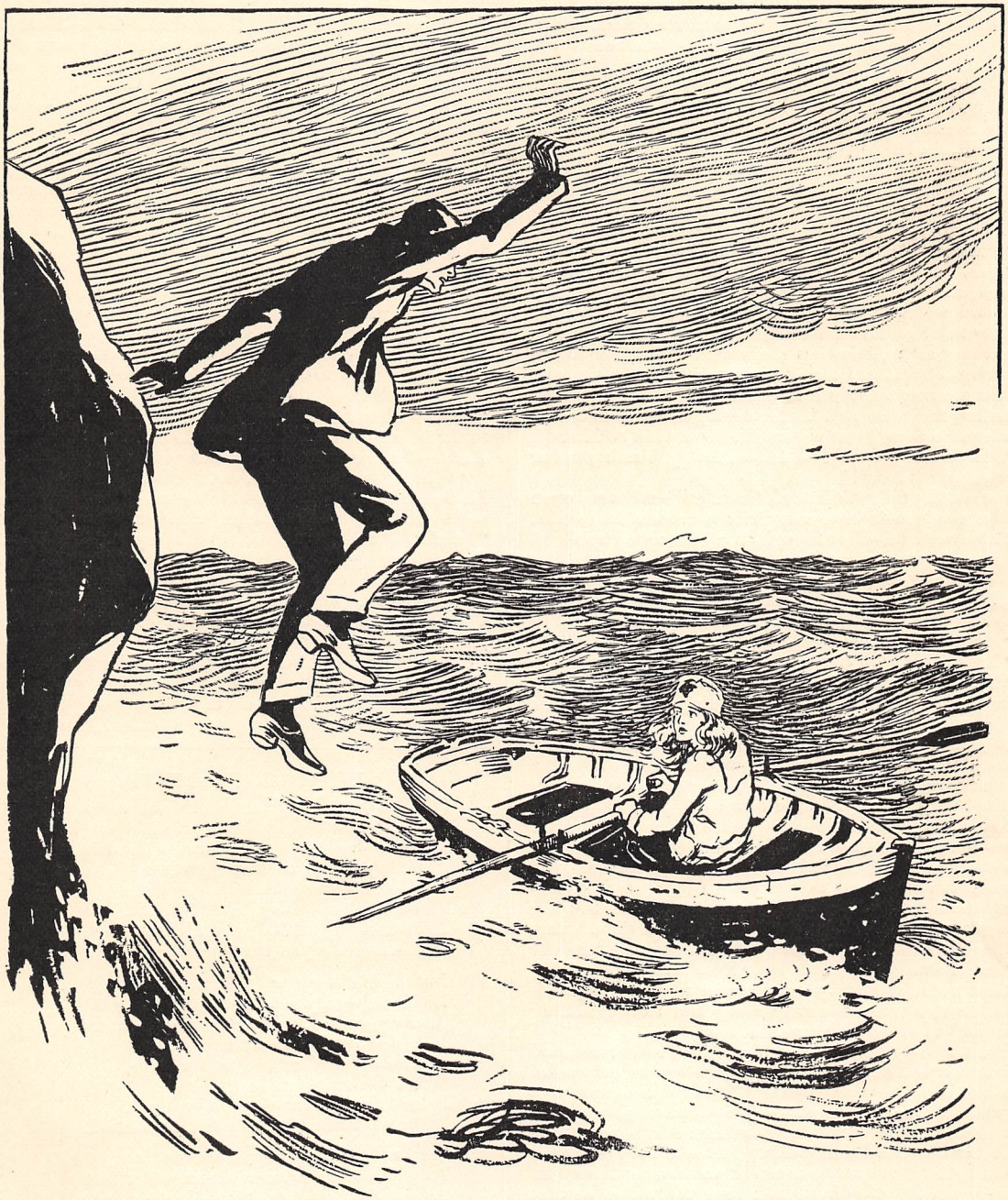
Running to one of the smaller boats, she pulled it down to the water's edge, jumped in, took the oars, and shoved off; and before she had time for reflection she was afloat on her errand of mercy. Fortunately she could row well, and she pulled now with a strong, steady stroke, in which not an ounce of power was wasted, for she knew that a long and arduous task lay before her. Night was swiftly coming on, and an easterly wind had sprung up, ruffling the surface of the inky sea into ominous cat's-paws of white. Blackness spread loweringly over the sky, save for a patch of ugly yellow light towards the far east, a belated reflection of the stormy sunset.

On she rowed—rowed as she had never rowed before—under the overhanging cliffs, looming dark and mysterious beside her, broken at intervals by masses of denser shadow, where tiny bays had been fretted by the restless sea. Her little sunburnt hands grasped the oars tenaciously, and the small wrists—tennis-hardened and sinewy—bent to the strain like ropes of wire. For she knew that she rowed for a life, or rather two lives—Ronald Grant's and her own. Everything depended on their getting back to Dawlish before the storm actually broke. And she breathed a silent prayer to the Great Ruler of the winds and waves that He might be pleased to grant a happy ending to her mission. It mattered nothing to her that the person she was going to save was one who had ridiculed and sneered at herself, and what she held sacred; it was sufficient that a human being was in danger of his life, and she was the only one who could help him.

To Hilda in her boat shooting along in the gloom all Nature appeared waiting, breathless and expectant, in the tense silence which precedes a storm, the rhythmical noise of her oars in the rowlocks being the only sound that broke the stillness, except for a slight moaning of the wind, which was beginning to blow harder; and she seemed alone in the world on a waste of dark waters, bounded by still darker land. But the brave Christian heart of the girl never faltered; she knew in Whom she believed, and she meant to do her duty. After what seemed a long time, she perceived from the configuration of cliffs that she must be very near the Bishop, for she was well acquainted with the coast, having often been boating round there. A few moments more, and she saw a black shadow ahead which she knew was indeed the Bishop itself.

(*Concluded on page* 10.)

"She rowed as she had never rowed before."



"Ronald plucked up his courage and jumped."

MAROONED ON THE BISHOP.

(*Concluded from page 7.*)

THE white horses were more numerous now, and a choppy sea had arisen, which tossed the boat about like a shuttlecock, making it impossible to approach the near neighbourhood of the rock, for the little craft would have been stove in immediately. So, rowing as close as she dared, Hilda gave a hail, 'Ahoy! Are you there, Ronald?'

It struck her even then that her words were ridiculously like a telephone call; but they came to the unfortunate Ronald Grant, cowering on the rock, miserable, cold, and frightened, like the voice of an angel.

'Thank God! Is that you, Hilda?' he cried.

'Yes,' she answered, steadying the boat with her oars a moment. 'I can't bring the boat in. You must jump into the water as I go by, and I'll pull you in. Do you understand?' Hilda had been thinking this out as she came along, knowing she would be unable to approach the rock, and that for him to jump into the boat would mean swamping it at once.

Grant made no reply. Evidently the prospect of a plunge into those grim waters did not appeal to him.

'It's the only way,' said Hilda, firmly, bending to her oars again. 'Now!'

She shot by the rock, but left Grant still ensconced upon it, like an eagle on his eyrie. His nerve had failed him.

Hilda with an effort brought the boat round again in a long semicircle, and approached the rock once more. She felt desperate, for precious time was being lost, the storm might break at any moment, and then she doubted whether either of them would ever get back again.

'Ronald,' she cried, 'can you hear me?'

'Yes,' came back the answer.

'You simply must jump this time! I tell you it's the only possible way. The storm's coming fast. Now then—look out!'

Again she took the boat past, and this time Ronald plucked up his courage and jumped. He judged the distance well, and landed in the water close to the stern of the boat, and as he came down his hand caught at the side and held fast in a desperate grip. Hilda, with a few hard strokes, took the boat out to sea a little to get clear of the rock, and then, shipping her oars, she cautiously and slowly helped the dripping and shamefaced Grant to climb in over the stern. At last the dangerous job was safely accomplished, and then, before he had time to utter a word of thanks, she thrust an oar into his hands and said tersely, 'Row for your life!'

Grant, confronted by this masterful little lady, his teeth chattering, his heart quaking, and feeling smaller than he had ever felt before, obeyed.

Night tenebrous had now descended in earnest, and Dawlish could only be distinguished by one or two of the largest promenade lights. The wind had increased in violence, making the white-crested waves roll in with fiercer and fiercer surges, and driving, ever driving, the boat towards the deadly cliffs. It was a hard pull, and taxed both rowers to the utmost; and during the silent row home Ronald Grant had time for much earnest thought.

Hilda Lavison had saved his life. That was an undoubted fact, for he knew that he could never have remained on the Bishop till morning. The waves of the storm now rising would soon have swept him off into the sea, and then... He caught his breath and pulled fiercely at his oar. And this was the girl he had called 'a pious little saint'—this girl who had risked her life for his, and who was even now straining every nerve and sinew to save him. He admired pluck—as every one does—and be recognised grit when he saw it. If this was what being a real Christian meant, he should like to know more about it, and made up his mind that he would. For he was forced to admit, by practical demonstration, that the religion of Hilda Lavison, which meant pluck, self-sacrifice, and magnanimity, was the Real Thing.

At last they rounded the corner of the small breakwater, and the two green lights of the boat cove came into view, gleaming through the darkness like the friendly eyes of home. Just then a flash of lightning shot jaggedly across the sky, a low mutter of thunder pealed out, and big drops of rain commenced to fall. The storm was at hand. But they were in time—thank God! they were in time—and a few minutes later their boat grounded on the beach. Quickly pulling it up over the shingle, they made it fast; and then Ronald Grant stood with bent head before Hilda, and falteringly said, 'Hilda—Miss Lavison—you've saved my life. I want to thank you—and—I want you to forgive me for what I said—I am indeed sorry. Will you—shake hands?'

'Why, of course I will,' said Hilda, lightly, taking his hand, and talking quickly to cover his confusion, which made her feel as uncomfortable as he did himself. 'That's all right, Ronald. Don't say another word. Come along and change your wet clothes, or you'll catch your death of cold!' Thus did Hilda Lavison, true daughter of a brave race, try to make light of her heroic deed by laughing the matter off in the old, old British way.

Then the two walked on, side by side, through the gathering storm, having passed, by God's gracious mercy, from the Valley of the Shadow back to life once more.

ARTHUR THOMSON.

WINTER JASMINE.

THE withered grass is dry and sere,
All pinched by frost-elves' fingers keen,
Till not one blade will dare to show
A cheery touch of living green;
The daisies sleep beneath the sod,
The buttercups are vanished all,
No leaves are on the jasmine-bush
Close-trained upon the garden wall.

But see! a burst of golden bloom
Illumines every naked stem,
And crowns it with a wealth of flowers
Meet for a fairy's diadem;
Fearless they face the dreary days,
When February rules the land,
Before the primrose dares to blow,
By fresh March breezes ligthly fanned.

Perchance the golden stars are lit
To guide the Springtide's lingering feet
Across the hills and through the dales,
Lured by their fragrance soft and sweet;
Or do they come to show that life
And love are in the cold world still,
That warmth and flowers will come again
And sunshine follow rain-clouds chill?

MAUD E. SARGENT.

A METHODICAL BUTTERFLY.

ONE plant, one egg, is the rule of the female orange-tip butterfly. She is very methodical, her favourite resting-places being lady's smock, hedge-parsley, or a cluster of Jack-by-the-hedge, any one of which will serve as 'protective colouring,' so well do they fit in with the white and green markings of her closed wings. At the proper time, Madam Orange-tip lays upon the plant a single egg, of nine-pin shape. Thus, when the baby caterpillar is born, it has the plant all to itself, and is in no danger of food shortage.

BLUE-BELLS.

ABOVE the oak-trees, garbed anew
In May-time garb of tender green
The radiant sky is clear and blue,
Though little fleecy clouds appear,
Like white-sailed ships that hurry by;
And in their wake the sunbeams clear
Slant gaily from the noon-day sky.

Beneath the oak-trees' spreading shade,
In many a quiet woodland place,
The blue-bells carpet all the glade,
And nod and sway with careless grace;
But who can hear the magic chime
They ring to greet the elf-folks small,
Who revel there at even-time,
When bright stars gleam, though shadows fall!

The skies may change, although 'tis May,
The winds may wail, dark rain-clouds spill
Cold wintry drops, but, all the day
Though shadows lie o'er vale and hill,
The blue-bells show the azure hue
Of cloudless skies, and through the rain
They speak of sunshine, bright and new,
That soon will flood the land again!

THE BURIED CITIES OF ROMANCE.

THERE are buried cities of romance, as well as those of sober history, though if we went to see them, instead of starting off on our travels by train or by steamship, or even by aeroplane, we must borrow a magic carpet or the goloshes of fortune, or an enchanted wishin-cap; for we shall be bound, not for Europe or Asia, for Africa, America, or Australia, but for the beautiful, mysterious realms of Fairy-land itself.

We shall see strange rainbow-tinted visions stretching away before us to the end of the world. There is for instance the lost continent of Atlantis, rising once more from the grey ocean with the light of the setting sun shining on its mountain-tops. There is drowned Lyonesse, where, once upon a time, Sir Galahad, the Haut Prince, lived and ruled; there are the Mountains of the Moon lifting their snow-clad peaks along the horizon; there is El Dorado with its fabulous treasure-troves, and there are the mysterious unexplored dominions of Prester John. We see oceans, too, dotted with wonderful archipelagoes, the Fortunate Islands, the Islands of the Blest, the mystic island of St. Borodon, and all the other desert islands and cannibal islands and treasure islands of our dreams, while across the waves and against the wind the ghost-ship of the Flying Dutchman sails round the world, for ever and ever.

Truly we have a wonderful journey before us. First we will set our faces westward and search for the great lost continent, Atlantis, which legend tells us once lay beyond the entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar and formed, as it were, a vast stepping-stone between the Old World and the New.

Our knowledge of Atlantis is derived chiefly from the works of the Greek writer, Plato, who lived in the fifth century before Christ, and who travelled largely in southern Europe and Egypt. He questioned the inhabitants of the countries which he visited, and on his return told wonderful tales to his fellow-countrymen, which he himself may or may not have believed to be true. Many of these old-time travellers' tales concerned a great unknown continent, which he declared was larger than Nubia and Asia, and which, when the world was divided among the gods of Olympus, fell to the share of Neptune. The sea-god, in his turn, handed over the country to his children, and it was named Atlantis after the eldest son, Atlas.

Plato describes not only the origin of the great western country, but its appearance, and tells of a city surrounded by triple walls and moats, of canals by which ships could sail far inland, and of docks hollowed out of the living rock. The fortifications were of bronze and of tin that flashed in the sunlight, and the buildings within the walls were of red, white, and black stone. The great citadel in the centre of the city was encircled with a wall of pure gold, and in it were marvellous golden statues, one of which represented the patron god, Neptune himself, in a chariot drawn by six winged horses.

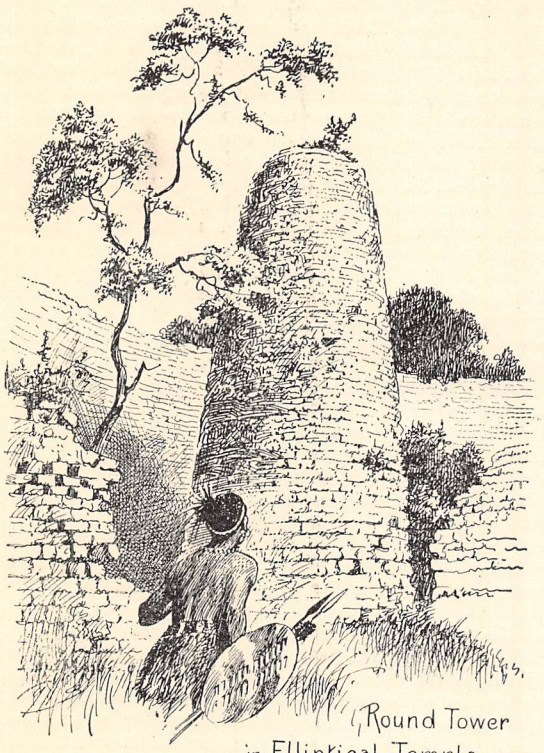
Truly Atlantis must have been an earthly paradise, according to Plato, for the soil was so fertile that it produced two harvests a year, and there were gardens and fountains, and orchards full of fruit, while in the hills, gold, silver, and other valuable minerals could be found. And then, after describing its wonders and riches, the writer goes on to tell of the fate of Atlantis, and relates how thousands of years ago there was a great earthquake and flood, and how the continent with all its inhabitants was swallowed up by the waves of the Atlantic Ocean, which for long afterwards were shallow, discoloured, and dangerous to shipping.

That is the story, and although some people laugh at it and say that it is only a fable which Plato invented for the amusement of his hearers, others declare that Atlantis really existed, flourished, and perished. These authorities bring forward many facts to prove the truth of their words. The Azores, they say, are the mountain peaks of the drowned continent; deep-sea soundings show curious variations in the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, and there are rumours of ruined buildings seen far down beneath the waves, of relics of a dead civilisation washed ashore on lonely beaches, and of a marvellous statue, the golden image of Neptune, the sea-god, himself, which was seen and described by early visitors to the western islands.

These assertions we may accept or not, as we choose; but still more strange and convincing are the arguments brought forward by antiquarians, historians, and by those who study the beginnings of language and folk-lore. We are told, for instance, that in America superstitions and traditions exist which are identical with those of Greece and Rome, that the temples and pyramids of Mexico and Peru are obviously copied from those on the Nile banks, and that in the dim, far-away days, when man was slowly spreading over the earth,

and when England was still part of Europe, colonists and travellers passed from one hemisphere to another, carrying with them their language, customs, and beliefs.

It is all very vague and very mysterious, for the opinions, even of the best authorities, are conflicting; but some day, perhaps—who knows?—undisputable



Round Tower in Elliptical Temple. Zimbabwe.

proofs may be discovered, and then lost Atlantis will emerge from the mists of legend which shroud it now as the waters of its namesake ocean hide its mountains and cities, and it will stand once more in the clear light of history.

There are many other tales of vanished lands and enchanted islands, but to those of us who have chanced to see a mirage, it is easy to understand how these fables have arisen. We can picture the ancient mariners of mediæval times, or the bold, ignorant seamen of Queen Elizabeth, sailing westward and catching sight, far away in the distance, of wonderful mountain peaks and shelving beaches. They knew nothing of modern science, those sailor-men of Spain or Portugal or Merrie England, and how could they tell that the marvellous new land which they saw before them was not the 'El Dorado' of their dreams, but only the reflected picture of some coast or snow-capped range which perhaps they had left behind them in Europe.

'Land ahoy!' The welcome cry echoed through the ship from the man on the look-out aloft, and then as the eager, excited seamen crowded forward, the phantom landscape flickered and faded before their bewildered eyes, and there was nothing but the wide empty waste of blue water and the shimmering tropic sunshine mocking their disappointment and their shattered hopes. It was only natural that there should be talk on board those ships of magic spells and enchanted lands, and that when home ports were reached once more, the deluded adventurers should tell wild travellers' tales to their open-mouthed, open-eyed friends and neighbours.

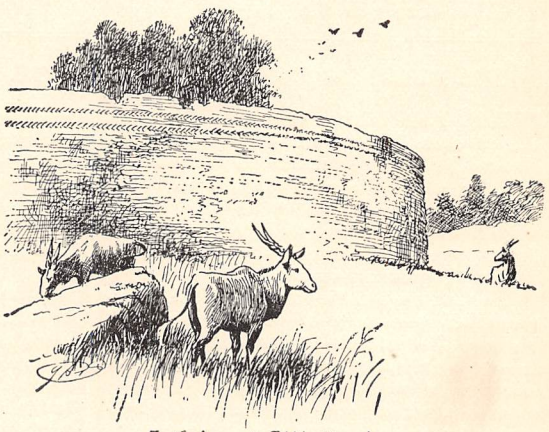
Antonio Leone of Madeira, for instance, sailing west saw three great islands; seven bishops who fled from Spain at the time of the Arab invasion were guided by Heaven to an unknown land and founded there seven cities; Carthagenian explorers discovered the great island of Antilla, and Saint Brandan of Scotland sailed in the sixth century to the fabulous island which bears his name.

We will come nearer home now, for England, too, has its drowned lands and its fairy-tale buried cities.

There is Llys Helig, near Llandudno, where, long ago, the Welsh Prince, Helig ap Glenawg, gave a great feast, during which a careless watchman forgot to close the sea-gate, so that, when the revelry was at its height, the waves swept in, and castle, town, and countryside were flooded and lost. There is Kilgrimal, the drowned village, whose church bells can still be heard 'chiming dismally' across the sea, and there is Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, where, on Christmas Day, if yon kneel down and put your ear close to the ground, you can hear the bells of a village which was swallowed up by an earthquake.

And then we have Lyonesse, the fairy-land which once stretched between Land's End and the Scillies, and which was the scene of many great deeds and strange adventures.

Both the history of this land and its fate are wrapped in mystery, but the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle declares that it was destroyed by a 'high tide' on November



Exterior of Elliptical Temple. Zimbabwe

11th, 1099, and Carew, in his Survey of Cornwall, says, 'The encroaching sea hath raved up the whole countree of Lyonesse, together with divers other parcels.'

We are right back in the days of chivalry and romance when we reach Land's End, and we must forget the sea-waves which are beating upon the rocks, and picture a fair land to westward into which we ride forth with Sir Lancelot, and there we shall find Merlin's

forest and perhaps Joyous Gard, the great stronghold of another knight, Sir Tristram de Lyones.

There are many other places in England that are connected dimly with the story of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, but even the sites of them are uncertain. There is the Vale of Avalon, where Arthur went to recover from his grievous wound amid the silvery meres and the apple orchards; there is 'Many-towered Camelot,' which may have been in France or in Scotland, or hidden away among the Mendip Hills; and there is Caerleon, where the great king held his court and where he was crowned amid scenes of unsurpassed magnificence, while thousands of his loyal subjects 'made all imaginable demonstrations of joy.'

Atlantis, Lyonesse, Camelot—in all these instances the legend remains although the place itself has vanished away. In some places, however, we have the reverse of this, and find great ruins which are totally without history and whose origin and fate are alike wrapped in impenetrable mystery.

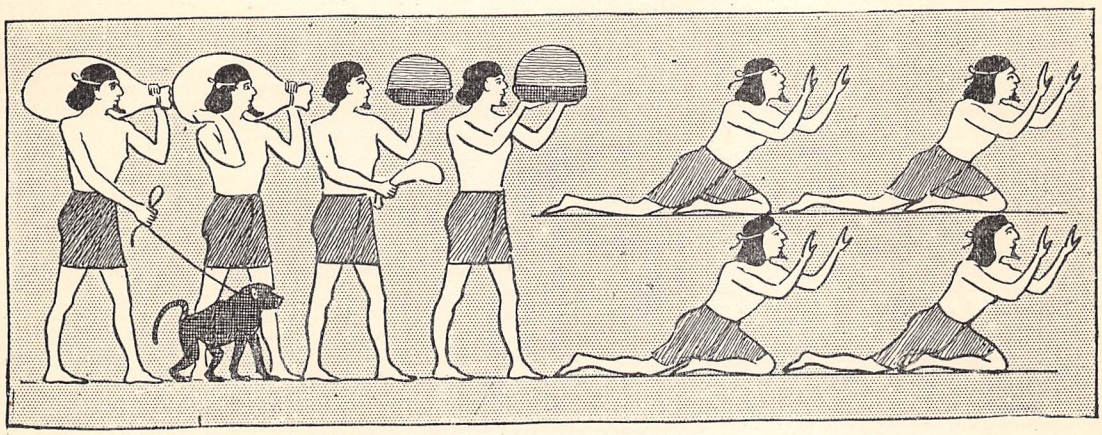
We must go southward now, across the desert of the Sahara and through the jungles of Central Africa, until we reach Rhodesia, a great British colony which has only lately been explored and surveyed.

Here, hidden away among the forests and hills, fifteen hundred miles from Cape Town, a huge deserted city has been found, an ancient city ruined and abandoned hundreds—perhaps, thousands—of years ago, with buildings so imposing and massive that the natives of the district declare that its architects were either demons or giants.

Some people say that Egyptian workmen built Great Zimbabwe, others believe it to be of Phœnician origin, while others still think that this was the capital of the mysterious Land of Ophir, and that it was from mines in the neighbourhood that King Solomon obtained the treasures of gold and silver for his great temple and palace at Jerusalem.

'King Solomon's Mines.' We are back in the realms of romance again, and think of the wonderful travels and adventures of the three friends, Allan Quatermain, Sir Henry Curtis, and Captain Good—and yet the story of Zimbabwe may be true, for traces of gold-mining and of smelting have been discovered, and it was evidently in the past a city of great wealth and importance.

The ruins are spread over a wide district, and in the midst is a great circular building, evidently a temple, with a huge altar, on which who can tell what terrible sacrifices were once offered? The temple is connected with a fortress, and this has walls so thick and strong that it is almost possible to believe the native legend and to think that here strange supernatural forces must have been at work. Beyond the citadel, streets, market-places, and the sites of public buildings can be traced, while among the ruins sculptured stones have been found and crucibles in which gold has been melted.



Chiefs of Punt bringing Offerings and bowing before the Egyptians.
(From a wall-painting in the Temple of Deir-el-Bahari.)

Another land of mystery, the whereabouts of which has never been traced, is Punt, where the traders of the Egyptian queen, Hatshept, went, and from whence they returned with vessels laden with treasures and all manner of strange merchandise. It is possible that Zimbabwe was also the goal of these old adventurers and that they made their way inland to the city from some port on the Red Sea. In the rock temple of Dehr-el-Bahri at Thebes, there are wonderful relief pictures showing the story of 'The Expedition to Punt,' and we can see the return of the ships, with their lowered lateen sails, and their decks crowded with a cargo of wild animals, wine jars, trees growing in pots, and countless bales of goods. In another picture we see the Prince of Punt, with his wife and children, bringing gifts for the great Egyptian queen, and it is strange to think that now in this twentieth century, when even the position of the country of Punt is uncertain, these quaint portraits of the chieftain, his stout wife, and his sons and daughter should remain.

A. A. Methley.

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 4.)

CHAPTER II.

AS regards Howe, the children were fortunate. As they approached the cottage, a big retriever set up such a barking as brought the old forester to his door to learn the cause.

'Well, I never, Master Derrick!' he exclaimed. 'Who'd ha' thought of you coming along here, a day the likes o' this! And you too, Miss Sybil! Sakes alive, but it's half drowned you must be! Come along in wi' ye, the pair o' ye, and get out o' they wet things and sit ye down by the fire; and yon poor wet doggie too. Did ye bring thiccy from Dulverton, Mast' Derrick? I reckon I've not seen 'un before.'

'No, Howe, you've not, and you've missed a lot; but never mind, you shall see him every day now, to make up for it, and every night too.'

Here the children related their adventure, Derrick winding up with, 'Caught in one of *your* beastly traps, too, Howe, you wicked old man!' with a vigorous slap on the forester's back.

'Get along wi' ye, Mast' Derrick! Traps must be set and poachers caught; not as I'd ha' caught such a fine dog as yon, though, if I could ha' helped it; hem be a thorough-bred, if ever I see one.'

Here the old fellow produced a bit of old sacking, and Sybil gave the setter a thorough rub down before the kitchen fire, while Derrick broached the subject of food.

'Hungry, Master Derrick? Mebbe you'm right. It's hungry him'll be and it's food him'll get; wa'll soon get 'un summat as 'll warm 'un inside!' And he proceeded to heat some milk, into which he crumbled some dog-biscuit and a few crusts of bread. The half-starved animal made short work of it and looked eagerly for more, whereupon Howe broke up another biscuit, and, not having an unlimited supply of milk, soaked it this time in hot water. Again the setter licked the bowl clean, apparently desiring yet more; but here Howe shook his head, saying, 'Nay, nay, Miss Sybil! You'm best let 'un bide a bit; when a body's bin too long without food, it'll not do to give 'un too much at first; mebbe you'll do 'un an injury. You'd best eat a bit yourself, now; but it's a poor meal us can give ye. You should ha' let I know you be a cooming, Master Derrick, so I could ha' made ye a cake—one of the cakes ye like so well.'

'Never mind, Howe! I'll bet you've got some honey in that cupboard, and some of those girdle-cakes, like you always have. They're as good as a cake, any day!'

'I don't say as there ain't plenty o' them, and fresh-laid eggs too, an' a bit o' cream; so sit ye down, the pair o' ye; the kettle's biling and they eggs 'll cook in a few minutes.'

'And may we have the wooden plates, Howe?' struck in Sybil. 'Do let us have the wooden plates!'

And as Derrick had predicted, they had 'a jolly decent tea.' During the process of eating and drinking they unfolded to Howe their plan that he should nouse the setter for them. The old man looked grave at first and shook his head.

'If the Colonel will not let you keep 'un at the Hall mebbe he'll not like ye to keep 'un here.'

'Oh, but Howe, he couldn't mind that; it's nothing to do with him how many dogs *you* have.'

'So long as they don't poach!'

'Oh well, of course you must keep him tied up; but he's not likely to want to poach for a long while yet. Oh, Howe, do help us, there's a dear!'

'Well, well, Master Derrick, there's no saying ye nay. Mebbe we will keep 'un for a bit, but I canna' say for always; those big dogs takes a power of feeding, and the scraps I leave are no more than enough for Ben and the chickens.'

'Oh, but of course we shall give you his food. We'll go and get a bag of dog-biscuits to-morrow morning.'

'Ay, but it's not biscuits alone as'll be enough for a dog like yon. He's a young 'un, with his bones to make; him ain't done growing yet, an' it's meat we must give 'un.'

'We'll bring him meat too, Howe; bones and all sorts of good things,' said Sybil; 'of course you mustn't give him Ben's food. Oh, dear Howe, darling Howe, do say you'll keep him for us!'

After a little more persuasion the old man yielded, as who did not yield to Sybil and Derrick, when they seriously set themselves to the art of wheedling? But he stipulated that notice should be given to the police station at Dunsford, the nearest town, six miles away.

'Like as not, we ought to tell the policeman in the village, too,' he said. 'I'll mention it to him myself, and on Christmas Eve we will be goin' into Dunsford—Ben and I—and we'll call at the police station.'

'What a good thing he hasn't got a collar!' Sybil remarked. 'If he had, it might have some name on it; but if they've not heard at Dunsford that he's lost, he will *really* be ours, won't he, Howe?'

'Well, Miss Sybil, I don't see that ye'll be doing harm in keepin' of 'un.'

By the time they had finished tea it was half-past five and pitch-dark.

'We shall have to go by the road, Bill,' said Derrick, 'although it is a bit further.'

'You're not goin' back alone, Master Derrick, don't think it,' said old Howe, putting on his coat and lighting a lantern, determined to see the children safely home.

'What a ripping lantern, Howe! May I carry it? We can go through the wood all right with this.'

'Aren't you afraid o' the forest in the dark, Master Derrick?'

'Not with you, Howe, and the lantern; *do* let me carry it.'

'You must walk warily, then, Master Derrick, if you go tumblin' over and break 'un, we shall all go down, and then the setter'll not be the only one with a broken leg.'

'All right, Howe, I'll be ever so careful—come on, Bill.'

A fond farewell was taken of the setter, who was lying comfortably on a rug before the fire, his red coat nearly dry. When he realised that the children were going, he limped after them to the door, and made it quite clear that he did not mean to be left behind.

'But darling you *can't* come; and you'll be much more comfy here,' said Sybil, leading him back to the fire; and then they had to make a bolt for the door, rudely shutting it in their new friend's face.

As the three groped their way through the darkness old Howe was giving minute instructions concerning the welfare of the setter. Luckily he was fond both of children and animals, and gladly promised all that was required of him, even to allowing the dog to live in the kitchen, by the fire, until his leg mended.

'But after that, Miss Sybil, he will have to have a kennel outside, same as Ben; it isn't fair not to treat them alike.'

It was past six o'clock before they reached the Hall, and no sooner were they indoors, divesting themselves of their dripping garments, than Mrs. Timmins, the old cook-housekeeper, arrived upon the scene, in a nice state of mind.

'Heaven be praised, Miss Sybil, you're back safe and sound! Where, in the name of wonder, have you been on a night like this? Raining fit to drown a hippopotamus and as dark as a dungeon. Master Derrick, you ought to know better than to take your little cousin out in this.'

'I say, stow it, Timpie, she's only three weeks younger than I am.'

'That's nothing to do with it, Master Derrick; little ladies can't rough it the same as young gentlemen; not that I ain't been jest as hanxious about you, too.'

'But whatever for, Timpie? We can take care of ourselves. We've been to tea with Howe, and he brought us back all right.'

'But how was I to know that, honey, when you never said a word to no one that you was agoin' out at all?'

'Oh, didn't we? I'm sorry, Timpie; we forgot.'

'Well, your forgetfulness well-nigh cost you something, this time, Master Derrick. In another five minutes I should ha' told your grandfather!'

'Rot, Timpie! You won't get me to believe that. You know quite well you'd never sneak on us.'

'Hulloa, Cinders!' cried Derrick, later, as he and Sybil entered the schoolroom, where the black kitten lay stretched on the hearthrug, 'your lazy nose will soon be out of joint, old chap.'

'No, it won't,' retorted Sybil; 'he will never see him, so how can he feel jealous? By the way, Derrick, what are you going to call him?'

And then ensued a long discussion on this absorbing question. Many were the names suggested, merely to be rejected with scorn, as 'not half good enough for the darling.' After racking their brains for nearly half an hour, Cæsar and Ponto were the only ideas that seemed worth considering, and these met with but scanty favour. The conversation drifted on, however, to food and the means of procuring it.

'We must buy a bag of dog-biscuits to-morrow, Bill. I wonder how long one bag will last hi n? How much money have you got?'

'Only three and sevenpence-halfpenny; and half-a-crown of that's to buy a present for Dick; but I dare say he wouldn't mind going without it; he wouldn't want us to let the dog starve.'

'But we're going to keep him a secret.'

'Oh, Derrick, not from Dick?'

'Why not?'

'Oh, we always tell him everything; I don't think I should like to have a secret from Dick.'

'I don't know; I think we shall have to. You see, if we told him, we should feel we ought to share him with him; and we want him to be our very own—just yours and mine.'

'Ye—es.'

'Well, anyhow, we won't tell him yet; we'll wait a bit and see how things turn out. But it's awkward about his Christmas present. You and I will chuck giving them to each other, of course.'

'I've got yours; that's why I've so little money left. But I don't mind going without one from you.'

'That wouldn't be fair. I say, though, what have you got for me? Wouldn't it do for Dick, instead?'

'No, it's only a stamp album, and he's got such a beauty.'

'Never mind; he's sure to want another for duplicates. He said once you couldn't have too many. Three and sevenpence-halfpenny will go quite a long way with what I've go.'

'How much is that?'

'About eleven bob. After I've bought Dick's present, I shall have seven and six; so altogether we shall have eleven and three-halfpence. Then we may get a tip or two on Christmas Day; and, if Dick asks us what we want—he does sometimes—we might ask him to give us the money instead.'

'He'd want to know what for.'

'Oh, we could say we were saving up for something; we needn't say what.'

'And all that will last for a long time.'

'Especially if I snare a rabbit or two. But I say, Bill, what did you mean when you told Howe that you could get meat and bones and things?'

'Well, of course I can. D'you suppose I can't get whole lots of odds-and-ends out of the larder without their being missed?'

'Oh, but, Bill, we can't do that; it would be thieving!'

'Rot! Of course, I only mean things that aren't wanted. Any amount of bits get thrown away, every day.'

'All the same, we oughtn't to take them till they actually have been thrown away. And I don't suppose they are; they're probably burnt.'

'Then what's the harm in taking them before they're burnt?'

'I can't explain. For one thing, we shouldn't know exactly what was going to be burnt; and, if Grandfather won't let us have the dog, we oughtn't to sneak his food.'

'Not even if it's stuff he doesn't want?'

'Not even then. You wouldn't think of going into the library and sneaking any of his books and giving *them* away; and there must be hundreds he doesn't want and has never even opened. Well, it is just the same with food.'

'Oh,' said Sybil, doubtfully, 'I hadn't thought of it like that.'

'I'll tell you what we can do though: we can beg scraps. I can get anything I want out of Timpie, and, at dinner-time, I'm going to prowl round and see what comes out. Then I shall make up to John and Thomas and see if I have any luck. But we must be jolly wary, for we don't want to have to say what it's for.'

'Oh, no. If any of the servants knew, it'd be sure to get round to Grandfather.'

(*Continued on page* 18.)

"They groped their way through the darkness."

"'Never you mind about paying now, Master Derrick.'"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 15.)

AN hour or so later, Thomas, carrying a dish, on which were three half-cold cutlets, was waylaid by Derrick outside the dining-room door.

'Hullo, Thomas, are those cutlets wanted?'

'No, sir.'

'Give 'em here then, will you?'

'Certainly, sir. But if you wait a minute, Master Derrick, I'll take them through to the kitchen and Mrs. Timmins will hot them up for you, sir.'

'Oh, never mind about that, Thomas,' said Derrick, with a grin, 'they're very good cold.'

Thomas carefully placed the cutlets on a clean plate, from the dining-room, adding a liberal supply of cauliflower and mashed potato, and Derrick disappeared in triumph with his booty.

'What price this, Bill?' he cried, as he entered the schoolroom. 'Here's a meal fit for a prince of dogs!'

'Derrick! How *did* you get it?'

Derrick explained, adding with a chuckle, 'Thomas thought, of course, we were going to eat them; but I never said so, and we can't help it if he jumps to hasty conclusions. Now I'm going to bag the bones off the dirty plates; that's not sneaking, because we know they'd never be put in the larder. Timpie wouldn't feed us on pies made of second-hand bones.'

'Shall I come, too?'

'Better not; if there were two of us, one might get caught. I shall have to be pretty spry about this.'

In due course he appeared with a plateful of cutlet-bones, and then arose the question of where to store the things.

'We can't take cauliflower about in a paper parcel,' observed Derrick, 'it's too jolly messy.'

'Let's get the old tin can that we used to have for blackberrying in the summer; it sort of belongs to us, although it is kept in the store-room.'

'The very thing! Do you know where to find it?'

'Yes, if the store-room isn't locked,' and off went Sybil, this time to investigate, returning before long with a quart tin pot, with a handle to it.

'You said this afternoon you wished something interesting would happen, and now it has,' said Derrick, as they emptied the contents of the plates into the can.

'Yes, and it goes on getting interestinger every minute. I shall save my porridge for him to-morrow morning.'

'So will I; then we shall have about enough for two days, in case we can't get anything to-morrow evening. Thomas didn't seem a bit surprised, though, when I asked for those cutlets. Of course, we used to beg things for supper sometimes, last hols; I'd quite forgotten that, but I suppose he hadn't. But it's ever so much more exciting begging for our dog than for ourselves!'

'Rather! What a feast he will have; we'll get the bits of bread, too, that John sweeps off the table'—which they did, appearing at dessert a few minutes afterwards with a mischievous look in their laughing brown eyes.

That evening they did not wait to be sent to bed; they slipped away from the drawing-room as early as they could, anxious to renew the discussion of their newly-found pet. And long after they were in bed, with the door open between their rooms, they continued to calculate the price of dog-biscuits, and to speculate as to whether setters would eat curry and fish-cakes.

Just as Derrick was dropping off to sleep, he was startled by a cry of 'Rufus!'

'What's the matter, Bill? What are you talking about? Are you asleep?'

'No! It's my last idea! Don't you think it suits him much better than Cæsar or Ponto?'

And Derrick agreed that it did.

CHAPTER III.

'WAKE up, Derrick, Dick's coming to-day!' cried Sybil early the next morning, as she stood by his bed in her nightgown and tugged at his short, curly hair.

'*What* is it?' came the reply, with a sleepy grunt.

'Dick's coming; wake up! And it's not raining; so that's another nice thing! Come on, let's dress!'

'All right. I'm glad you woke me; I was in the middle of dreaming that Rufus had worried off his splints, and his leg was hanging all loose again, and he was howling with pain.'

'What a horrid dream! I hope it won't come true!'

'We will take care that it doesn't. I'm glad I dreamt it, 'cos it's reminded me of something. We must make him some decent splints. Soon as I'm dressed I'll look for some proper bits of wood, quite flat and not too thick. Then you must pad them. What time is it?'

'Nearly half-past seven.'

'Well, we'd better buck up over our baths then; we've got lots to do before breakfast.'

It was barely eight o'clock when the children made their way to the wood-pile, in search of the required splints. Having found a bit of wood to his liking, Derrick proceeded to saw it the right length; while Sybil sought out Joe, the young groom who looked after their ponies, and persuaded him to give her an old rough towel and a cast-off brush. These she exhibited with pride to Derrick, as she explained:

'He seemed to think we wanted them for Benjy; for he asked if the brush wouldn't be a bit hard for a rabbit's soft coat!'

'What a joke! What did you say?'

'I didn't say anything; I just laughed and ran away. What shall we do now?'

'You must pad this splint, while I smooth down the other one.'

'But I don't know how.'

'You must find out, then. I don't believe it's difficult; you've only got to put lots of cotton-wool all down one side, and then sew calico over it. I thought all girls could sew!'

'But we haven't got any cotton-wool.'

'That's a blow! Isn't there anything that would do instead?'

'Hay might.'

'Of course it would! The very thing! We can get any amount of that.'

Having helped themselves to a good armful of hay, they made their way back to the house.

'Come on!' cried Derrick, 'we must buck up! Breakfast's at nine, and it's nearly half-past eight now; and I'm afraid we shall have to wash our hands.'

'And *I* shall have to get my hair done, and that takes quite ten minutes.'

However, as they both worked hard, the splints were nearly ready by the time Sybil was sought out for the ordeal of brushing and combing; and, as she succeeded in sewing during that unpleasant process, the somewhat difficult task was safely accomplished half a minute before the gong sounded.

After breakfast there was Benjamin Bunny to be brushed and combed, and his hutch to be cleaned out; the bantams had to be fed, and the ponies given their morning apple. When Sybil and Derrick were given apples they did not eat them, they saved them for their pets. Thus it was half-past ten before they were able to attend to the real business of the morning—buying the dog-biscuits for Rufus. Then they set gaily off for the village of Limborough, which was about half a mile from the Park gates.

Holden, the man at the shop, came forward respectfully to serve them, and was able to produce a big bag of Spratt's dog-biscuits.

'That'll do all right,' decided Derrick; 'how much is it?'

'Two shillings. But never you mind about paying now, Master Derrick; I'll put it down in the book.'

'Thanks; but I'd rather pay now,' said Derrick, shouldering the big bag, and preparing to leave the shop.

'But you're never thinking of carrying that bag all the way to the Hall, sir? My cart's going up there directly, and I'll see that it's delivered.'

'Thank you, Holden; but I'd rather take it.' Then, as Holden looked a little hurt, he added: 'It isn't for my grandfather; it's for some one else.'

'Very good, Master Derrick; but if you was to leave the address, maybe I could send it round.'

'Oh, it's all right, thanks!—it's not very heavy.' And Derrick hurriedly left the shop, thus cutting short a somewhat embarrassing interview.

It was some way from the village to the forester's cottage, and the bag of biscuits, no light weight, seemed to the children to grow heavier every minute. Derrick carried it most of the way, occasionally relieved by Sybil for a short space while he took the well-filled can. And thus, at last, they reached their destination.

Old Howe was chopping wood when they arrived, but left his task to answer the children's eager questions and to give a favourable report of the patient.

'Slept like a baby, Miss Sybil, an' eat another bowlful o' sopped biscuit afore I went to bed.'

'Has he had anything to eat this morning, Howe?'

'Not much, Master Derrick; only a crust or two, an' a sup o' warm milk.'

'Oh, come on, Derrick, let's give him something now!'

'No; we'd better do his leg first, and give him the food as a treat afterwards,' and together they entered the cottage.

Great was the dog's joy at seeing them. He barked and whined and licked their hands and faces, straining at the chain, one end of which was fastened to an old strap round his neck and the other to a peg in the wall.

'So you've rigged him up a collar of a sort, Howe! That's good! We'll get him a proper one when we can.'

Then, with Howe's assistance, the padded splints were put on in place of the old ones, and tightly bound round with a new bandage made from a strip of an old sheet.

'That *was* horrid, wasn't it, poor old fellow?' said Sybil, as she untied the band round his mouth. 'Never mind, darling, you shall have something to make up for it. Let's give him the porridge first, if he will eat it. Porridge, Rufus—porridge!' And the cold porridge, flavoured with sundry scraps of cauliflower and potato, was scooped out of the tin into the dog's bowl. He devoured it greedily; likewise the cauliflower and cutlet-bones which followed. The whole cutlets and the rest of the potato were given into Howe's charge, to keep till the morrow.

Next, Rufus had a thorough brushing, during which process the children endeavoured to teach him his new name; and by the time he had been properly groomed it was half-past twelve.

'Derrick, just look how late it is! We must buck up or we shall be late for lunch,' said Sybil; and, taking a hasty farewell of Rufus, the children departed through the wood.

'Thank goodness, we've not got that bag of biscuits to carry!' cried Derrick.

'Yes, and the can's a lot lighter than it was,' observed Sybil. 'I wonder if we shall get any more scraps to-day.'

'What time's Dick's train?' asked Derrick, presently.

'3.51. Are you going to meet him?'

'Of course! Aren't you?'

'I don't know.'

'Why on *earth* not? I thought seeing Dick was the one thing you lived for!'

'There are a lot of visitors coming by the same train; he will have to talk to them all the way back, and that's so horrid. I like to have him all to ourselves.'

'Yes; but he will be awfully hurt if we're not there.'

'Will he have time to think about us?'

'Of course; Dick never forgets us. But I tell you what: we won't go in the waggonette at all, we will ride; then we can get on ahead coming back, and not have to watch Dick doing the polite.'

'Yes, we might do that.'

'We must go in for another reason, too: Rufus's collar.'

'But do you think we'd better get that yet? Suppose some one does come along and claim him?'

'Oh, they won't! Don't let us suppose anything so hateful! I vote we get the collar; but we needn't have our name put on it just yet.'

'But, Derrick, it will leave us *awfully* hard up; we'd really better wait and see if we get any tips at Christmas.'

'M'yes. Well, anyhow, we might just have a look at a few, and see what price they are.'

'All right. Do you want to ride Rollo or Midnight, Derrick?'

'Don't care. You may choose.'

'Think I'll have Midnight, then; but if I ever take Rufus out, when he's well, I shall ride Rollo, because they'll match so well.'

'By Jove, so they will!'

Rollo was a bright chestnut pony, and Midnight, as you will have guessed from her name, was coal-black.

'But Bill,' began Derrick, presently, 'however will you manage to take him out during term time? I don't see how you're to do it without giving the whole show away.'

'I *must* manage it, somehow! The darling must be exercised. I expect I shall have to do it before breakfast; that's the only time I can be sure of escaping from Miss Bruce.'

'But I thought you were supposed to practise then?'

'Oh, so I am! Never mind, I must get up earlier. I only have to do half an hour, so I can practise from half-past seven till eight, and then go out for an hour. If I ride, it won't take long to get to Howe's.'

'Are you allowed to ride alone, without Dick or me?'

'I don't believe I'm exactly *supposed* to, but I sometimes do.'

'Well, I suppose we must risk something; but there'll be a row if you're found out.'

In the afternoon, the children had a delightful ride into Dunsford. Rollo and Midnight were as keen as their riders, and many a good gallop they had, as they raced neck and neck across Limborough Common.

(*Continued on page* 26.)

HOW SHIPS ARE DOCTORED.

I.

THAT a ship can need a doctor—really, it sounds quite absurd. A ship, wrought of iron and steel, the very emblem of strength and durability, the triumph of man's handiwork. The ship that brings us, from far-off lands, nearly everything for our daily use—food, clothing, goods of every description. How many of us realise that she needs rest, just as we do? Yes; a ship at times needs a doctor, even as a human being does. When suffering from old age, storms or accident, ships have to be overhauled, cleaned, and repaired; gaping holes torn by collisions have to be made whole, masts and rails, smashed or torn by mountainous seas, have to be replaced, rust must be got rid of to make way for nice new paint.

The life of a ship is prolonged by proper attention, and thousands of pounds are spent yearly by shipowners to keep their vessels in a seaworthy condition, thereby increasing their years of usefulness.

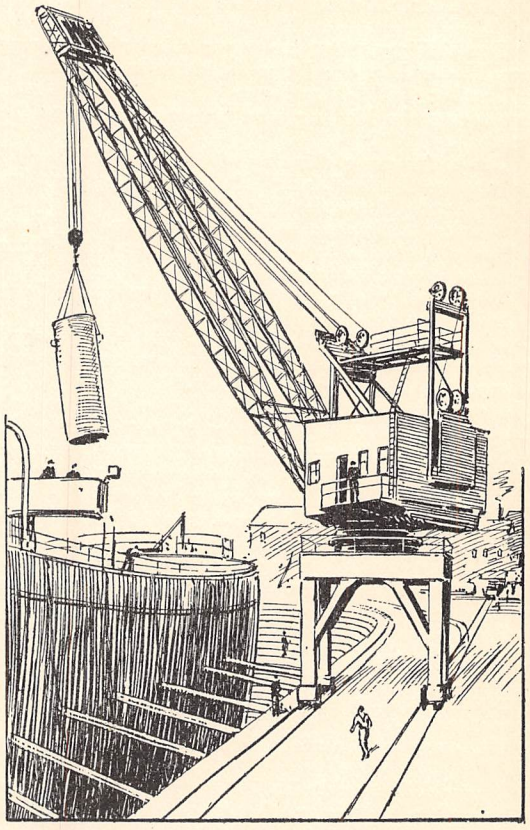
When a ship has been for some time at sea it becomes necessary to thoroughly clean her hull, which by then is covered by barnacles, often in such masses that they impede her speed. In order to do this she is taken to a dry-dock, which we may well call 'the ships' hospital.' There are dry-docks in many large seaports, varying in size, the largest of which can accommodate a warship or giant liner.

The dock is a huge basin, on each side of which are rows of steps sloping to the bottom, and it is fitted with everything necessary for cleaning and repairing a ship. Huge travelling cranes, powerful enough to raise a heavy gun or boiler, run round the dock on railway lines.

Placing the patient in hospital is a very delicate affair, and requires great care. The ship is floated in, then the sluices (similar to ordinary lock-gates) at the end of the dock are closed, and the water emptied out of the dock. In an up-to-date dry-dock the pumping machinery is so powerful that a large dock can be emptied in less than an hour. In some cases the dock is closed by what is called a caisson. This is a kind of floating dam, which can be lowered by filling it with water, and so closing the dock entrance, and raised by pumping the water out again.

Once the ship is safely in the dock, she is shored up by timber to keep her immovable in an upright position, and the water pumped out; then she is ready, high and dry, for the engineers and shipwrights to commence work. When all the cleaning and repairing is finished, the shores are removed, and the ship held in position by the mooring lines, which are very strong ropes or cables; then the water is allowed to come gradually into the dock, slowly, as it rises, lifting the ship off the blocks on which she has been resting. The dock gates are swung open, or the caisson floated, as the case may be, and the vessel is carefully hauled out of the dock, strong and whole again, ready to battle with wind and sea, to fetch and carry the world over, and to continue her life of usefulness.

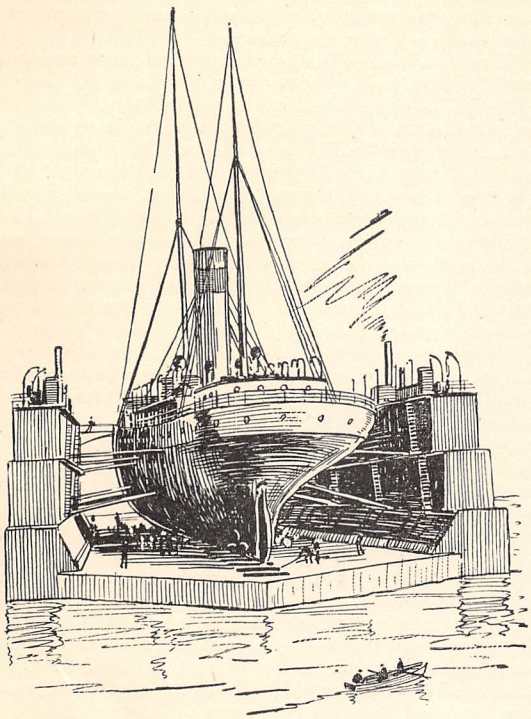
In some countries, owing to lack of the right material, to build a dry-dock would have been, if not impossible, at any rate a matter of great difficulty and expense. The engineers, therefore, conceived the idea of building a floating dock, which could be built at home in England



Huge cranes capable of lifting a gun or boiler.

and towed by powerful ocean-going tugs to any part of the world where a dock could not conveniently be constructed.

A floating dock is a huge construction of metal, usually with straight sides, up and down which run numerous ladders, and on what we may call the upper deck we find machinery, pumps, and a row of powerful light-standards, so that no time need be wasted, and



The ship is shored up by timber to keep her immovable.

work continued by night as well as by day. When required for use, the dock is submerged by allowing the water to flow into its many compartments. The ship requiring attention is towed into position and firmly fixed with mooring ropes, and then the water is pumped out of the body of the dock, which, as it is lightened of the weight of water, slowly raises itself and the vessel it now holds, which is then shored up and is ready to be operated on.

Towing a dry-dock to its destination is a lengthy and difficult business. Owing to its great size, weight, and unwieldy shape, it is far more difficult to tow than an ordinary disabled ship would be, and those in charge must give a sigh of great satisfaction when at last their destination is reached. Some years ago, a beautiful new dock, built in England for the port of Durban, in Natal, was driven ashore and wrecked in Mossel Bay, near the Cape of Good Hope, on the dangerous coast of South Africa, which abounds with rocks and treacherous currents.

The first floating dry-dock was, I think, that used for many years at a British island off the coast of America, and it was considered a very wonderful contrivance indeed.

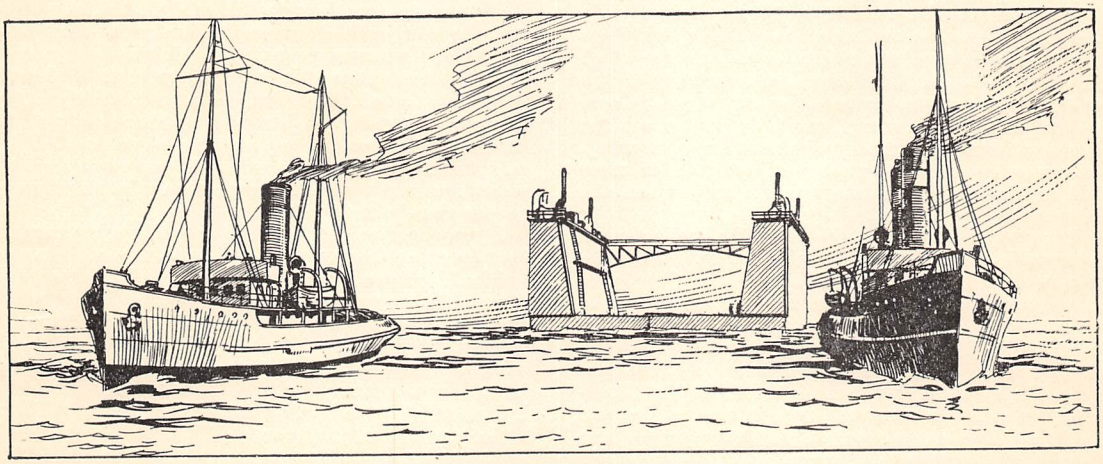
Perhaps the queerest dock that has ever been used was constructed in the last century by an ingenious ship-builder. He bought an old East Indiaman, sank her and fastened her down with piles, erected gates at the stern, and so formed a dry-dock, which was in use for no less than sixty years. When eventually it was decided to remove her, to make way for a larger and more modern and up-to-date dock, it was found that, built of stout English oak as she was, in spite of being over a hundred years old, she was in such splendid condition that much trouble was experienced in breaking her up, each individual timber having to be split out before it could be removed.

W. Herbert Holloway.

CLICK CLACK.

'Click-click, click-clack,'
This way and then back
The knitting-needles sped;
'We'll do our best
To finish this vest
In time for the post,' they said.

'Click-click, click-clack,'
This way and then back
The busy needles flew;
Said one, 'I'd love
To finish the glove
In time for the parcel, too.'



Towing a floating dry-dock.

'Oh, please don't twitch,
You've dropped a stitch,
You always fidget and fuss
(Said needle two),
'When there's much to do;
Now, see how you've hindered **us!**'

The needle stopped—
'No stitch I've dropped,
You did it, and you *alone.*'—
And when they'd fought,
The stitch they sought,
And the parcel, and post, had gone!

LILIAN HOLMES.

A BRONZE MEDALLION.

ONE of my friends, who was an artist, was asked to make a bronze medallion portrait of a rather distinguished man. It proved a most interesting piece of work, and perhaps you would like to know how he carried it out.

Let me first make it quite clear to you what was wanted. The portrait was to be made of bronze, the head and face rising from a flat surface as we see it in a medal. It was, in fact, to be rather like a huge penny, but square instead of round, and having the portrait of this particular gentleman in place of that of King George. Moreover, the medallion was to be provided with low flat edges, so that it might be placed in a wall, and held fast by tiles overlapping the edges. It was to be about three feet square, and the head was to be larger than life, so that it might be clearly seen at a distance.

The artist first procured a quantity of suitable clay, laid it on a board, and modelled with his fingers and a few simple modelling tools, the portrait, exactly as he wished it to appear in the bronze. He was a skilful artist, and this part of the work was not very difficult for him. His real difficulties began when he set out to prepare for a casting to be made in metal from the clay model, which was too fragile to be used as it stood.

For this purpose he made use of plaster of Paris, a substance rather like quicklime. When mixed with water, it forms a fine, smooth paste, which quickly sets into a firm, solid mass, and retains any shape into which if has been modelled. Having mixed a quantity of this plaster of Paris paste, the artist spread it gently over the face of his clay model, carefully filling all the hollows without injuring any of the fine workmanship. By degrees he laid the plaster on an inch or more thick, so that he had a strong, firm slab when the plaster set.

When the plaster was quite hard the artist turned it over with the clay still sticking to it. Then he gently broke off and pulled away the clay in pieces, destroying his handiwork as he did so, but leaving the plaster cast uninjured. The cast was a copy of the clay model, with this difference, however, that the cast was hollow where the model was raised, and *vice versâ*. The clay portrait stood out from its flat background, or as an artist would say, it was a portrait in *relief*. The plaster copy, on the other hand, was hollowed out from the flat, or cut into it—a portrait in *intaglio* an artist would call it, from an Italian word meaning 'to cut into.' This difference between *relief* and *intaglio* is very important.

Having obtained his intaglio portrait in plaster, the artist's next task was to obtain one in relief from it. This he accomplished in the same way. He first coloured a little soft plaster with some harmless pink substance, and laid a very thin wash of it over the intaglio, then backed it with a thick layer of white plaster as before. When this had set thoroughly, he turned the united plaster slabs over, and began to chip away the intaglio slab from the face of the newer one. The pink layer showed him when he had reach the face of the newer cast, which, being raised where the first was hollow, and *vice versâ*, had the portrait in relief, and was an exact copy of the original clay model. This work could not be carried out without doing some little injuries to the raised surface of the plaster relief, but these injuries were repaired by adding little patches of soft plaster, and smoothing and modelling them to the proper shape. When all was finished, the artist had a firm, plaster model, which, when it had been strengthened with a backing of wood or of iron bands, was ready to be conveyed to the founders, who had undertaken to cast the medallion in bronze from the plaster model.

The artist's work was now finished, the rest of the work being in the hands of metal-workers and builders, who were responsible for their own parts of the task. But in a few words I can outline the remaining history of the medallion. It was cast by a firm of bell-founders known all over the world. Their part of the work was accomplished briefly in this way. They pressed the face of the plaster cast into a bed of fine tenacious sand, held in a so-called 'box,' which was really only the sides of a box, and had neither top nor bottom. Another 'box' of sand was pressed over the top or back of the the cast. The upper box was then lifted off and the plaster cast was taken out. The sand in the lower box retained on the top an intaglio impression of the face of the plaster relief, while the sand in the upper box had on its under side a similar intaglio impression of the back of the plaster cast. When the two boxes were put together again—the sand remaining firm—there was a hollow place in the heart of the sand exactly the shape of the plaster model which had been taken out. A hole was made through the sand in the upper box, and the hot, melted bronze, which is a mixture of copper and tin, was poured through this hole, until it filled the space formed by the plaster cast. When the metal had cooled, the upper box was removed again, and the bronze casting, which was an exact copy of the plaster model, was lifted away from its bed. When this bronze casting was cleaned and smoothed the medallion was finished, and ready to be fixed in its proper place in the wall.

If we count up the different operations, we may say that four models were made before the medallion was finished, and we may count the medallion itself as a fifth. There was, firstly, the clay model in relief; there was, secondly, the plaster copy in intaglio; thirdly, the plaster copy in relief; fourthly, the hollow space in the heart of the sand, which was really an intaglio in the sand; and lastly, the medallion itself, a bronze relief exactly like the original clay. What a lot of trouble it cost, you will probably say. Well, artistic things are not made without trouble. The artist in this instance did not live to see his work

finished, but I am sure that if he had seen the medallion in its place, as I have, he would have thought that it was worth all the trouble. W. A. Atkinson.

FOR THE CAPTAIN.

LESTER, the Captain of the School and of the Eleven stepped forward and gave one of those terrific drives for which he was so famous. Simultaneously there was an ominous crack.

'Sprung!' he shouted, looking at his bat in consternation.

Firth, who was bowling, and Riley and Weldon, two of the juniors who had been commandeered for fielding, rushed up heedless of the ball which was speeding towards the boundary.

'Sprung!' ejaculated the Captain again. 'And the very day before the biggest match of the season.'

Firth emitted a long whistle. 'What rotten luck! Cut off to the village and see if Bennett can repair it.'

Lester shook his head. 'No good. I was in his shop yesterday and he said he wouldn't take in another job for any one for a fortnight. Here, youngster,' to his fag, 'find the ball and take this to my study.'

He handed the damaged implement to Riley and the two juniors, inseparable chums, wandered off dismally. They were both staunch admirers of the Captain, and feared this catastrophe might jeopardise the match.

'I say,' said Riley, stopping short and grasping his friend's arm, 'I've a jolly good mind to take it to Bennett myself. He and I are pals. I believe he'd do it for me.'

'Might be worth trying,' agreed Weldon, 'but you'll have to get a permit for out of bounds. You know the next chap found transgressing has to be reported to the Head. Oh!' as they turned the corner of the school, 'here's Gale. Ask him'

'Great Scott! What's the good! Look at him! Savage as usual!' said Riley disgustedly as he gazed at his form-master's face.

It was obviously no moment to ask a favour. Mr. Gale, with annoyance writ large on his brow, was feeling rapidly through his pockets.

'Here, Weldon,' he said curtly as the boys aproached, indicating a bag at his feet, 'put that on the cab at the gate. I must have left my pocket-book in my room. I shall be back directly.'

'Weldon,' whispered Riley hoarsely as soon as he was out of earshot, 'I shall go without leave.'

'You'll be found out to a dead cert, old man,' objected Weldon. 'You can't possibly be back in time for prep.'

'I'll take my chance,' replied Riley, 'and what's more I shall travel down with old Gale. You keep the Jehu's attention while I stow away.'

'Right you are!' agreed his chum.

By the time Weldon, after a great fuss, had deposited the bag by the driver, Riley was no more to be seen.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Gale rushed up, sprang into the cab, the door of which Weldon courteously shut after him, catching a glimpse as he did so from under a raised corner of the seat flap of one eye which gazed solemnly at him, while the other was totally obscured.

Riley might have found the journey tedious, but he was a resourceful youth, and discovering a straw upon the floor he beguiled the tedium of the way by tickling the master's ankles, feeling himself amply repaid when that gentleman leant down and scratched furiously.

At the station Mr. Gale sprang out, and bolted into the booking office, while the driver, who was stout, descended more leisurely and handed the bag to a porter with whom he stood chatting for a moment. Riley took the opportunity to open the door on the opposite side of the vehicle and unostentatiously descend.

Once out, he made a bolt for Bennett's.

'Hullo, Bennett,' he greeted him, 'look here, I know you're frightfully busy, but could you do me a favour?' He handed over the bat and explained the circumstances. 'Do manage it, there's a good chap,' he begged.

Bennett took it. 'Well, Master Riley,' he said after an examination, 'I never forget how you came to the rescue of my little maid and knocked down them chaps as was teasing her, and I'll do it for you and welcome, though I'm really full up with work.'

'Oh, you brick!' exclaimed the grateful Riley.

'But I've no one as I can send with it up to the school,' added the man.

'Scott! I never thought of that!' Then, after a moment's thought, 'I say, Bennett, could you have it done by seven in the morning? I could slip out.'

Bennett's eyes twinkled. 'Right you are, Master Riley. Seven in the morning. Side door.'

'Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb,' said Riley to himself as he started on the homeward journey at a canter. 'Though there's just a chance I mayn't be hung at all.'

Weldon meanwhile had been on tenter-hooks. Prep time arrived and no Riley had appeared.

Mr. Grant, one of the junior masters, was presiding, and it was not long before his eye was attracted to the empty desk.

Weldon groaned internally as he awaited the searching inquiries which were sure to follow, and which he knew would be directed to himself.

'Where's Riley?' demanded Mr. Grant. 'Here, Weldon, I suppose you know?'

It was rough luck that a fellow should be the one to incriminate his own pal! But how could he get out of it? Weldon rose slowly.

As he did so, Mr. Grant again questioned him. 'Now, my boy, speak up. When and where did you last see Riley?'

Weldon's heart bounded with sudden relief as he replied truthfully, 'An hour ago, sir, in Mr. Gale's cab.'

'In Mr. Gale's cab?' repeated the master. 'Oh, all right.'

And so it came about that when, ten minutes later, Riley appeared, scarlet in the face from hurrying and fearing the worst, he was met by a genial, 'You've not let the grass grow under your feet, my boy. Buckle to your lessons and make up for lost time.'

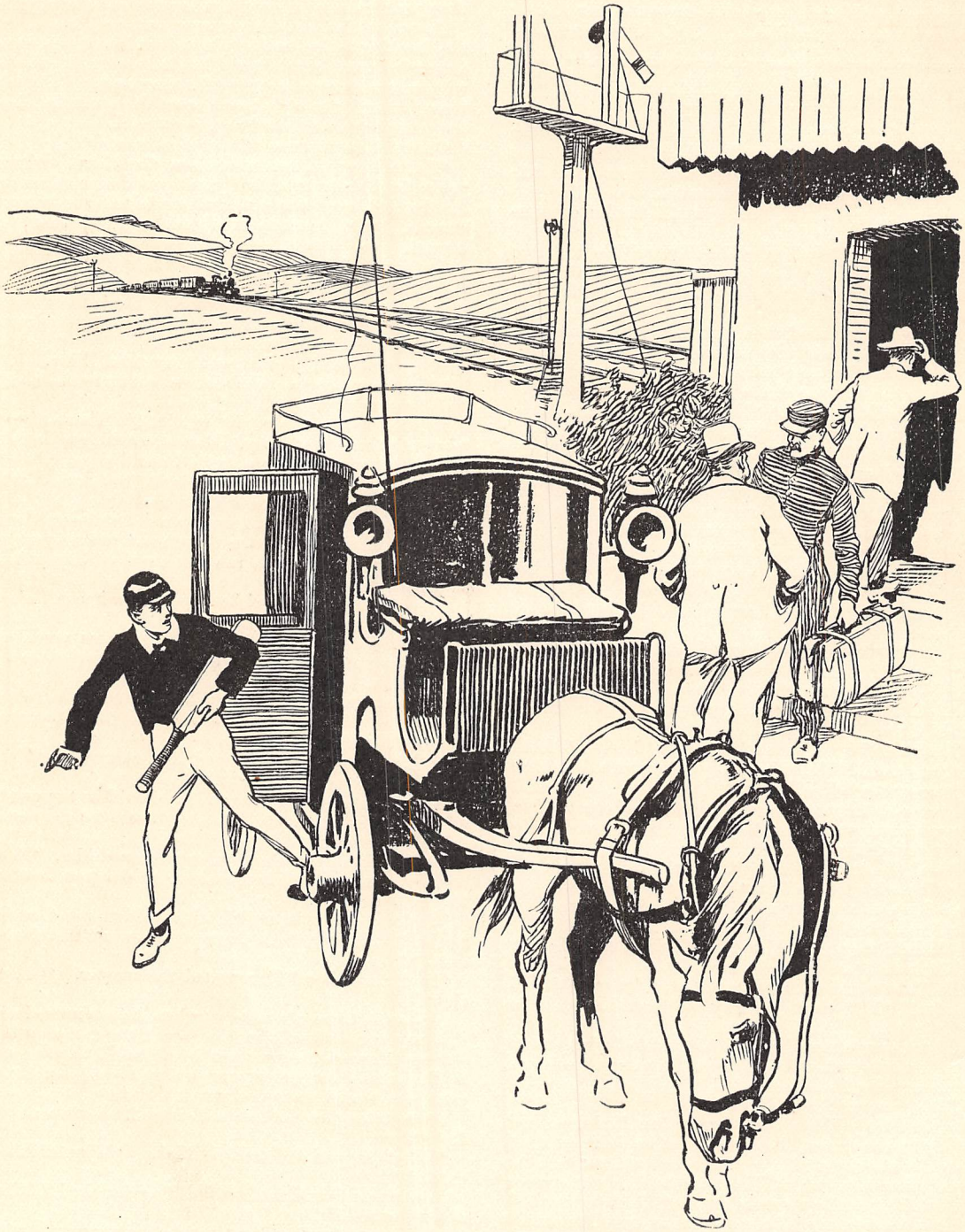
As soon as the class was dismissed, the two chums foregathered.

'What happened?' asked Riley. 'Why didn't I catch it?'

Weldon explained, and on finishing, inquired, 'What about the bat?'

'He'll have it done by seven in the morning, but I shall have to go for it. But that's easily managed. I can be there and back before I'm missed.'

(*Concluded on page* 30.)



"Once out, he made a bolt."

"'Hullo, kids, how are you?'"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(*Continued from page* 20.)

DERRICK could not resist looking at a few dog-collars in the saddler's window, and went as far as inquiring the price of one particularly handsome one. It proved to be entirely beyond their means, and he was forced to tear himself reluctantly from the shop, and wend his way to the station.

Ten minutes later a tall, fair lad, with laughing eyes, was clasping them both by the hand—kissing, at the station, being totally prohibited by the cousins.

'Hullo, kids, how are you?' was all he said as he swept them along with him towards the luggage van.

'You've got to look out for some grown-ups, Dick, who are to drive up with you.'

'I say, what a bore! How many?'

'Dozens, I believe,' said Derrick, 'but I expect George will ferret them out all right.'

'Let him, by all means! At the present moment I'm more interested in my luggage than in visitors. It's probably lost, as usual.'

But in due course it was unearthed and carried outside to the cart in waiting, together with sundry baggages, the apparent property of the 'dozens of visitors.' These in the shape of an elderly gentleman, his apparent daughter, and a lackadaisical-looking youth, having been duly 'ferreted out' by George (the footman), were now seen approaching, whereupon Derrick and Sybil made haste to beat a retreat, calling back to Dick, 'We're riding; see you again later.'

The ponies, which had been tethered to a lamp-post, were quickly loosed and mounted, and the children were off for a mad gallop home.

A quarter of an hour later, Dick arrived with his grandfather's visitors.

'Glad to see you, my boy,' said the old Colonel, when he had greeted his guests; 'have a wash and then come and get some tea.'

'Sorry, Grandfather, but I'm booked. I always have tea in the schoolroom, my first day. Then, as he saw the Colonel scowl: 'I can't disappoint the kids.'

'Very well; but only to-day, mind you!' growled the Colonel; 'you're not a child now, and I depend upon you to help me entertain my guests.'

Dick made a wry face behind his grandfather's back, and departed. Not long afterwards, he made his way to the schoolroom, where a warm welcone awaited him.

'Come and give me a kiss, Babs,' and Sybil needed no second bidding.

'Are you all right?' he asked, as he held her to him. And you, too, Derrick? I'm glad to see you've grown a decent amount. I was beginning to fear you were going to disgrace the family. If you're not over six feet when you're full-grown, mind you, Grandfather will cut you off with a shilling, and I shall disown you, into the bargain!'

Dick himself was six foot one, and still growing. He had fair, wavy hair, and a pair of very blue eyes, which were a marked contrast to the children's dark ones, though he had their clear-cut features and ready smile.

'Oh, I'm all right, I've grown lots; Sybil's a dwarf beside me, now.'

'So she is. We can't call you "the twins" any longer.'

'I'm afraid I'm *never* going to be tall. Will you disown me, too, Dicky?'

'Bless you, no, little girl! You'll do all right, if you don't let your calves get fat. Not much fear of it at present, I'm glad to say,' pinching her firm but slender calves. 'How about tea? It's half-past five, and I could eat an ox. Let's eat Cinders; come on!'

'Isn't he beautiful now, Dick?' said Sybil, 'and he's not nearly full-grown yet.'

'Jove, hasn't he grown since the summer, though! Do you remember what a little ball of fluff he was when we first had him?'

'Yes, he was only three weeks old then; now he's nearly four months.'

'Doesn't he care about anything except lying on the rug and taking up all the fire?'

'Yes,' said Derrick, 'he likes eating.'

'Little pig! Is that all?'

'No,' from Sybil, 'he rather likes me.'

'Rotten bad taste, isn't it, Dick?'

'Yes; I fear he's a depraved being. Who does he belong to?'

'Me.'

'Me, too!'

'No, Derrick, I shan't let you have any of him; you're not kind enough to him.'

'I like that! What cheek! When have you ever known me to hurt him?'

'I'm sure you often hurt his feelings, you say such rude things about him.'

'And a lot he understands of all that! No; unless you see me tease him, or turn him out of the best chair, I refuse to forfeit my share of him.'

'Well, don't squabble about him, kids; perhaps I shall bag him myself. Do you still like cats better than dogs, Babs?'

'Not all dogs. I say, tea's ready, come on!' she added hastily, to change the subject.

'Hullo, there's hot tea-cake!' observed Dick. 'But we *must* make toast as well, or it won't be a proper first-day tea; here, Babs,' handing a large slice of bread to Sybil, 'make me a decent bit, with lots of butter.'

Sybil sat down beside Cinders, and proceeded to toast her face and then the bread. Derrick poured out the tea, and Dick set to work upon the tea-cake. Soon that indescribable but delightfully agreeable odour of hot toast pervaded the room, and the slice was pronounced to be almost ready.

'I've only got to melt the butter on it!' And having coated the toast with liberal dabs, Sybil held it again to the fire.

At this unfortunate moment, Derrick tilted his chair over backwards, making such a noise that the startled Sybil let the precious dainty fall into the fire. Derrick scolded, Dick laughed, and Sybil danced with vexation.

'Oh, Dick! Oh, my toast! Oh, Dick! And it was the best bit I've *ever* made, and it was for you!'

'Never mind, kiddie! It can't be helped. It serves us right for being such pigs as to want toast as well as tea-cake.'

'*That* comes of having nerves, you see,' remarked Derrick, provokingly.

'*You* just shut up!' said Dick. 'It came of *your* endeavouring to do gymnastics at meal-times; and you

shall jolly well do penance for it, by eating the charred remains.'

As he spoke, Dick extracted the well-scorched fragments, and the room smelt more delightful than ever. 'Come on, Babs, ram it down his throat!' and a lively scuffle ensued.

'You *shan't* go without your toast,' said Sybil, presently, hacking an ungainly-looking portion off the loaf, and returning to her task with undiminished ardour; and this slice was brought to a successful issue. 'But it's not so good as the last,' she sighed, mournfully. 'I shall *never* make another piece like that!'

'Let's hope not!' said Derrick, who still had an unpleasantly smoky flavour in his mouth.

'Here, get on with your tea, Babs!' Dick commanded. 'We've nearly finished before you've begun. *We'll* attend to Cinders' milk.'

And such a merry meal it was that Sybil forgot the mishap, and regained her usual sunshine.

'I knew you'd be hours finishing,' observed Dick, presently. 'Sybil, the demands of politeness can no longer be complied with. We've waited for you as long as our patience will permit. Either we must leave you to eat alone or else you must come and eat here.' And catching her up, cup and all, from the table, he deposited her on his knee, in the big armchair. 'Bring the honey, Derrick, and we'll have a regular old sticky mess, and then go and have baths.'

And Sybil finished her tea under difficulties.

'I say, kids,' began Dick, presently, 'why did you rush off from the station in such a hurry this afternoon, as if you didn't wish to have anything to say to me?'

'We don't like visitors,' replied Sybil.

'It was because we didn't want to talk to *them*,' Derrick explained.

'Are you quite sure it wasn't because you didn't want to talk to me?'

'Of course!' cried Sybil. 'It was because we *did*.'

'I beg your pardon, madam,' said Dick, with mock deference, 'but I don't quite follow you; your powers of reasoning are a little beyond me.'

'Don't be silly, Dick, you do really know what I mean. We did want to talk to you, but we didn't want other people interrupting all the time; we like to have you all to ourselves.'

'Much obliged, ma'am; I feel highly flattered.'

'And I can't bear to have to sit and listen to you talking "Grown-up," when I'm longing to get you to myself! That's why we rode, so that we could escape.'

Dick looked bashful. 'Do you feel like that about me?' he asked, and then was silent. After all, there is nothing so touching as the whole-hearted devotion of a child.

'What are the new visitors like?' asked Derrick, to break what he considered a sentimental pause.

'That fellow with the eye-glass seems a bit of an ass, but the old chap and his daughter are all right.'

'Is she engaged to him?'

'Whom? The eye-glass chap? Lord, no! What an idea! At least I don't imagine so; from what I've seen of her, I should say she had far too much sense.'

'How long are they going to stay?'

'No idea; not long, let's hope. If I've got to cart Eye-glass around, and teach him to shoot pheasants, I shall end by emptying a cartridge into him.'

'Why have *you* got to take him shooting?' queried Derrick.

'Grandfather says I've got to help him entertain his guests; and I have a feeling that he intends to single out that ass as my particular burden.'

'Oh, Dick, we shall hardly see you at all!' sighed Sybil.

'I'll take you with me, if you can walk far enough. Haven't you begun the decorations yet?'

'No; we waited for you. Ayres is bringing all the holly and stuff in to-night, so that we can start early to-morrow; so you won't go shooting *all* day, will you?'

'No, I'll lend you a hand, if poss.; we must make the old Hall look pretty decent if we can. Are they going to dance on Christmas night?'

'I believe so; but I don't suppose we shall be allowed to stay up.'

'I'll jolly well see that you do!'

'Dick,' said Derrick, presently, with a side-glance at Sybil, 'I've written for your Christmas present, but it hasn't come yet.'

'Never mind, old chap, I've not got anything for either of you yet; you never let me know what you wanted this year.'

'The only thing I want, at present,' said Derrick, gravely, 'is a new collar.'

'Hang it all, I don't buy your clothes, Derrick! Mrs. Timmins gets them, and Grandfather pays for 'em.'

'Oh, but this is different. It's a special sort of collar that I've seen and taken a fancy to.'

'But you're not the right age for thinking about collars yet; it's absurd. Now, if *I* wanted them, there would be more excuse! However, if you've set your heart on it, have it; but what's the use of *one?* You'd better order at least a dozen.'

Whereat both children burst into roars of laughter.

'What's the joke?' asked Dick, completely mystified. 'I don't see that I've said anything funny.'

'You'd understand, if you'd seen the collar,' said Derrick, 'that *one* would be quite enough.'

'Well, here's five bob; will it cost more than that?'

'No, not quite so much.'

'Take it, then, and get the thing yourself. I'm hanged if I'll be responsible for your wardrobes. Here's the same for you, Babs; only I beg you'll not spend it on stockings or flannel petticoats.'

'Hullo! is that the dressing-gong? It can't be seven o'clock already!' cried Derrick.

'It is, though, by Jove, and an end to our cosy time together. How quickly it has gone! Come on, kids, we must go and dress.'

'Bill and I needn't go yet.'

'Don't you come in to dinner?'

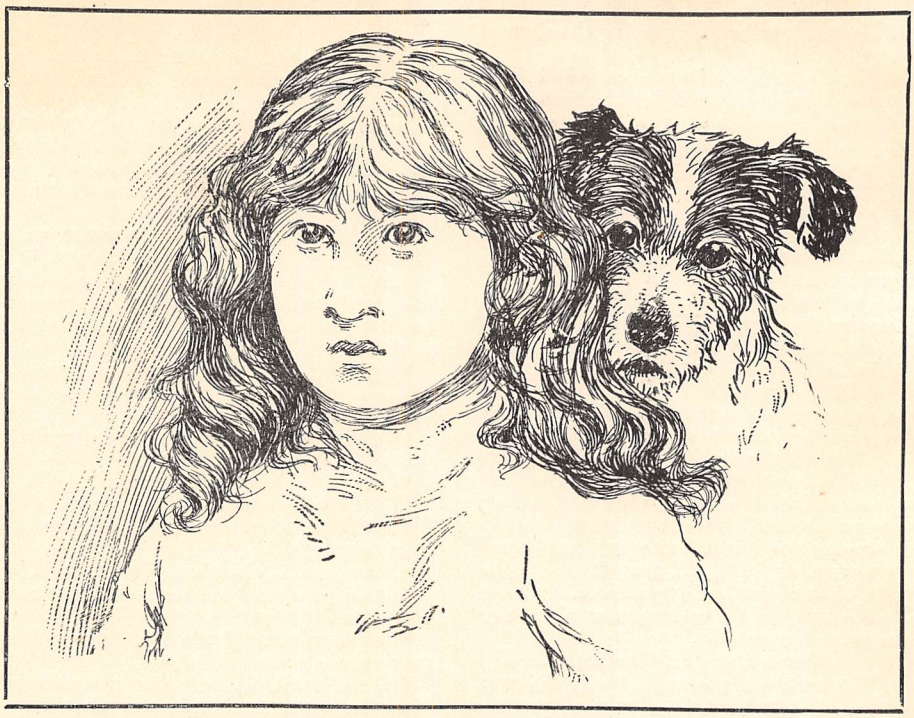
'Not till dessert.'

'What a shame.'

'Oh, *we* don't mind; we get plenty to eat here, without any best manners. I say, though, Dick, if you should happen to see us collar anything that comes out of the dining-room, don't remark upon it.'

'I shall probably say, "There's my poor, half-starved little brother, whom my grandfather maltreats," and, ten to one, Eye-glass will believe it!'

(Continued on page 34.)



A PICTURE PUZZLE.—Find her father and brother.

FISHING.

THE BRITISH PILCHARD FISHERIES.

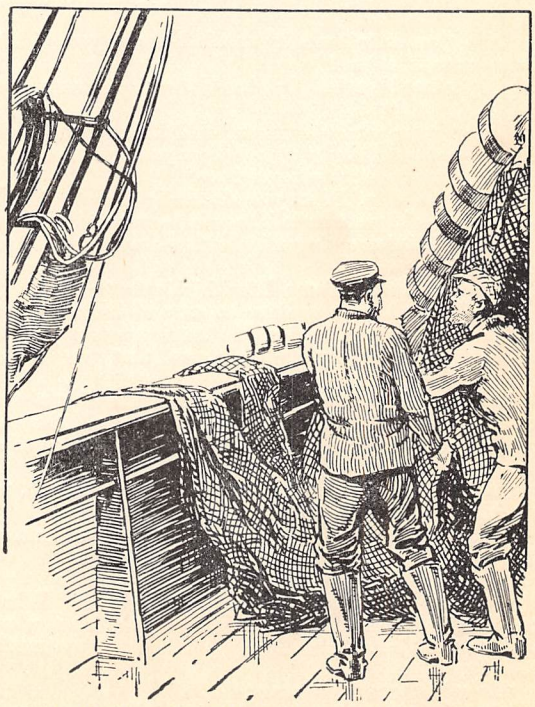
PERHAPS the herring and the sardine are more familiar to us by name than the pilchard, but they are, as a matter of fact, members of the same family; the sardine is nothing more nor less than a small pilchard.

The pilchard is one of the most important English fish, for not only does it frequent these shores in immense numbers, but by so doing provides an occupation for thousands of Norfolk and Cornish fishermen.

These fish spawn out at sea, but at certain times of the year approach the shore in dense masses, or shoals. It is then that the fishing season begins. The greatest pilchard fishery is to be found in Cornwall, and the catches made there are curiously uneven in size. Some seasons will produce enormous hauls of fish, with corresponding increase of income for all concerned, while others offer only small and uneven catches. Nevertheless, large or small, the pilchard fishery suffices to keep a large number of men at work in its various branches.

Another great pilchard fishery is that at Yarmouth, and the method of procedure is much the same as that in use along the Cornish coast, with the exception that in Cornwall great use is made of the 'sean' net, while the Yarmouth drifters rely more upon the drift net. It is this latter method which we will glance at first.

The 'drift net' is a large net intended for use some distance below the surface of the water. For this purpose its lower edge is weighted, while the net is kept afloat by means of cork buoys, known as 'bowls.' From these bowls the net is suspended by short lengths of



The British Pilchard Fisheries.—Casting the Net.

The End of a Tail

On the Hills are posted Look-out Men.

rope. The number of nets used depends upon the size of the vessel; they are tied end to end, and often extend for a distance of a quarter of a mile. Much judgment and skill is needed when the nets are lowered, as it is very difficult to decide the right depth at which to find the fish.

The section of net which is nearest the boat is called the 'puppy,' and is marked by a small white buoy, or 'bowl.' At the end of the next four nets is a bowl called the 'dan,' which carries a small flag on a pole. The rest of the nets are marked out into four divisions. At the first quarter from the pole is a 'bowl' one-quarter red and three-quarters white; the next quarter is marked by a 'bowl' half red and half white; while at the beginning of the last division the 'bowl' is three-quarters red and one-quarter white. All the other buoys are black.

Apart from the main rope which holds all the nets together, all nets are fastened to what is known as the 'warp.' This is a stout rope to which each net is secured by smaller lengths of rope called 'seizings.' The warp is longer than the combined length of the nets, and therefore hangs down beneath them in the water. The purpose of the warp is twofold: firstly, it will prevent the loss of the net if the latter is cut by a passing vessel (which is quite possible, as the work it carried on at night and the nets extend for a great distance); and secondly, it assists in hauling in the nets and avoids strain on any particular part.

Of the boats employed in the pilchard fisheries, the Yarmouth vessels are the largest, being of some thirty to forty tons burden, and having a crew of ten or twelve men to handle the heavy nets. The boat itself is fitted with spaces for the nets, warp, fish, and salt (with which to sprinkle the fish before stowing away).

Drift-fishing is carried on at night. Just before sunset the boats make their way to the fishing-grounds, these grounds having been decided upon as a result of long experience, assisted by various signs, such as the presence of a number of birds, or fish close to the surface. Arrived on the ground, the vessel sails slowly before the wind, and, if possible, across the tide. The crew then take up their positions at their regular stations, and the net is shot, some of the men hauling it from below, others looking after the warp, other again lowering the net over the side.

When the net has been well set the sails are lowered, the lights are lit, and the boat is allowed to drift on the

Landing the Fish.

tide. Occasionally, at intervals of an hour or so, the net nearest the boat, which is known as the 'look-on net,' is hauled in to be searched for traces of the catch, and also for any signs of damage by dog-fish, the latter being a source of much trouble to the fishermen.

After a day or two of this fishing the vessel returns to port. There the 'beachmen' transfer the fish from the boats, by means of baskets, to the market or curing-house.

The pilchard fishing in Cornwall lasts normally from July to September. Here the biggest fishery is that at St. Ives, where the method employed is that of the 'seine' or 'sean' net.

The fishing-grounds are close to the shore and are divided into six stations known as 'stems.' Between July and December only boats employed in the sean-fishing are allowed to anchor near the stems at night. The sean-fishery is most carefully organized to obtain the best results, and the nets are of regulation size to avoid the frightening away of fish by the use of one with too small a mesh.

A seaning party consists of a sean-boat, carrying the net and a crew of six men; two tow-boats, containing six men each; and one small boat called the 'volyer' or 'lurker,' in which sits the master seaner. On the hills overlooking the fishery are posted look-out men, or 'huers,' who spot the shoals of fish and give the word to the boats' crews.

When the shoal is near enough the nets are shot, and the boats row outwards and then inwards, thus cutting off the fish in a wide circle of net. A smaller net, known as the 'tuck-net,' is then shot inside the sean-net, and by its help the fish are raised to the surface, whence they are collected in baskets.

The landing and carrying of the fish to market or curing-house is done by men called 'blowsers.' The fish is cured in coarse salt, washed, and then packed.

There are also some pilchard fisheries in Ireland, but these are of no great importance, as the fish is not popular in that country.

IN PRAISE OF CRICKET.

CRICKETING Chatterboxes may like to read William Howitt's laudation of this favourite game in a letter written to Miss Mitford the day after he and his wife had witnessed a match at Nottingham between Sussex and Notts.

'My thoughts,' says Howitt, 'on such occasions generally fly beyond the immediate place and time, and begin to contemplate consequences, and I could not help seeing what a wide difference twenty years have produced in the character of the English population. What a contrast is this play to bull-baiting, dog and cock-fighting. So orderly, so manly, so generous in its character. It is the nearest apprarch to the athletic games of the Greeks that we have made, and the effect on the general mass of the people by the emulation it must exert must be excellent. There is something very beautiful in one distant country sending its peaceful champions to contend with those of another in a sport that has no drawback of cruelty or vulgarity in it, but has every recommendation of skill, taste, health, and generous rivalry.'

This letter was written in 1835.

WISHES.

I WISH I was a dolly,
With a little house all my own—
My dolly's is the very
Sweetest little house I have known.

I wish I was a lady
With a diamond and a pearl,
Instead of being Betty—
A coral-bead necklace girl.

I wish I was a robin,
Or a child of the nightingales—
They always sing correctly
Without bothering over scales.

I wish I was a puppy,
Waking all ready-dressed, like Spot,
But it's no good wishing wishes—
Wishes won't make me what I'm not.

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE PUNCTUAL MAY-FLY.

THE May-fly is greatly relished by the trout, for which reason it is also a favourite with the trout-angler. Even if it is permitted to die a natural death, its life is an extremely brief one. After taking sometimes from two to three years to emerge from the larva stage, it enjoys its little life *for about two days!*

Although named the 'May-fly,' the height of this insect's season is in June. This is probably to be accounted for by the changing of the calendar in the eighteenth century. No insect is more regular and punctual in making its appearance. Almost always it is seen in Ireland on May 20th, and in England on the 22nd. But, as before stated, its 'season' is in June—during the first fortnight of that Midsummer month.

THE FLOWER OF GOOD TEMPER.

IT was a wet morning in May, and Julia was very cross because she could not go out to pick flowers.

'There is a flower in the house which I wish my little girl would go a-maying for,' said her father.

'But' objected Julia, 'we have no flowers in the house; that is why I want to go out for some.'

'You are mistaken,' said her father. 'There is at least *one* flower which *ought* to flourish in our home. It has a brilliant colour and a sweet scent. It is my favourite flower, because it is not only beautiful itself, but it also beautifies those who possess it.'

'Do tell me its name, Father,' said the child.

'It is the flower of Good Temper,' replied the father. 'I am sure that it would grow in this house.'

Then Julia felt ashamed of her crossness, and when her father came home that evening she put into his hands a big bunch of his favourite flower, Good Temper.

A JOKE THAT FELL FLAT.

IT was varnishing day at the Royal Academy—so runs the tale. Turner, who was preparing to varnish his picture, 'The Terrace at Mortlake,' had gone to lunch. Landseer, the animal painter, thought this a good opportunity to play a trick on Turner. Taking a piece of paper, he cut out from it a little dog. This he painted black, then stuck it on the 'terrace' in Turner's picture. But the men who anticipated a 'scene' on Turner's return, were disappointed. The great painter just glanced at the dog, as coolly as if the latter had been in the picture all the time, made a slight alteration in its position, then varnished the picture, dog and all. And there the small dog remains to this day.

FOR THE CAPTAIN.

(*Concluded from page* 23.)

NEXT morning found Riley fully dressed at six a.m., and sitting astride the window-sill in the dormitory.

'I won't go by the passages,' he said with a wink. 'Might rouse the Head out of his beauty sleep, which would be a pity.' Thus saying, the thoughtful boy swung himself on to a convenient spout, which was an old ally of his, and with an airy 'Ta-ta, old chap! See you at breakfast!' slid down.

Bennett was as good as his word, and no sooner did he hear a tap at his side door than he appeared, bat in hand.

'There it is, Master Riley. As strong and good as new. Tell Mr. Lester he can hit as many boundaries as he wants, and I'll guarantee it'll stand the strain.'

'Oh thanks, Bennett!' exclaimed the boy gratefully. 'If your little girl wants any more chaps knocking down, count on me.'

'By the way, Master Riley, I wonder if you'd do me a bit of a favour at once,' added Bennett. 'This 'ere came for the Head Master last night. He's particular keen on having it to-day, and I've no one to send. Would you mind taking it?'

'Righto!' agreed Riley, dropping the little parcel into his pocket. 'Morning, Bennett, and ever so many thanks.'

It was easy enough to slip into the grounds unnoticed, and Riley congratulated himself that things had worked very satisfactorily.

After breakfast he found Weldon. 'I've got it. Come on. I'm going to take it to Lester.'

They found the Captain and Firth gloomily examining a borrowed bat.

'I suppose it'll do,' Lester was saying dismally; 'but it won't be like having my own.'

'Oh, Lester,' began Riley, airily, 'I've managed to get yours mended. Bennett and I are rather pals and he did it for me.'

He was about to beat a hurried retreat to avoid being questioned, but Lester stopped him: 'Here, youngster, don't go! How ripping of you! I'm no end grateful!' He grasped it, passed his hand affectionately over the surface and examined the binding. 'I heard you had gone to the village with Gale, but had no idea for what reason. Jolly nice of him to take you. But how did you manage to get a permit out of him? He was as cross as a bear with a sore head when I saw him.'

Riley could have wept! What on earth induced the Captain to ask questions just when he thought everything had gone so swimmingly!'

Lester repeated his question. 'Tell us your recipe, kid.'

There was no evading it. 'He didn't give me one,' groaned Riley. 'It's true I travelled down with him, but—I was under the seat.'

Lester shouted with laughter, but the next moment his face grew startled. 'You didn't get one! Oh, I say, Riley, what a hole you've put me in. I ought to report you, but it's hateful to get a chap into trouble when he's just done you a good turn.'

Riley cheered up suddenly. After all, what did a caning more or less matter, and he'd done something for the Captain? It was well worth it!

'That's all right, Lester,' he said, genially. 'Don't you worry.'

'I hate to do it,' said Lester, irresolutely fingering the bat.

'Oh, but you must,' urged Riley. 'You know, "Honi soit qui——" at least, I mean, Noblesse oblige"—you must, in honour, you know. The Head said the next chap found out had to be reported. But get it over for me now if you can. It would spoil the match to have it hanging over my head.'

Lester departed. It had to be done, so there was no use delaying.

'You're to go to the Head at once,' he said gloomily on his return.

As Riley turned to the door he was caught by the shoulder. 'I feel a beast, youngster, and I'm no end grateful,' repeated the Captain.

With a beaming countenance Riley made for the Chamber of Horrors.

'Ah, Riley,' the Head greeted him, 'I understand from Lester that you have broken bounds. He pleaded hard that your offence might be overlooked as you had done it in order to do him a good turn. But there has been too much of this sort of thing, and though it is very uncomfortable for him I cannot see that it mitigates the offence, or is any reason why I should forego castigation.'

Riley, who was still in an exalted frame of mind due to the Captain's grip on the shoulder, agreed cheerfully, 'No, sir.'

The Head rose and went to a certain well-known cupboard.

Riley suddenly remembered Bennett's parcel. 'Oh, please, sir,' he said, bringing it forth, 'Bennett hadn't any one to send with this, and he said you were particularly keen on having it, and asked me to bring it.'

The master dropped the cane and grasped the parcel. 'Oh, he has managed to get it for me after all!' he exclaimed with evident delight. 'Now that is fortunate!'

He undid the string while Riley, watching the clock, began to chafe. 'Please, sir,' he said diffidently at last, 'the match will be starting directly. Can I have my swishing and go?'

The Head looked up. Evidently the culprit had been forgotten.

'Really, Riley, you place me in a very awkward position. It is most uncomfortable to punish a boy who has just done one a service.'

'Oh, that's all right, sir. Don't you worry!' once more ventured the genial Riley. 'That was just what Lester said.'

The Head still hesitated, fingering the cane and looking at the parcel.

'It—it doesn't—er—er—mitigate the offence, does it, sir?' encouraged the sinner.

'True,' agreed the Head absently, 'and yet——'

'"It's no reason why you should forego castigation,"' quoted Riley, enjoying himself hugely, and feeling as though he were tweaking a lion's tail.

'True,' again agreed the Head absent-mindedly, with his eyes still on the parcel and his thoughts far away.

He took up the cane. Riley held out his hand.

The first stroke was weak and undecided, totally different to the usual firm and precise delivery.

The second was weaker still.

The third was hardly more than a tickle of the palm.

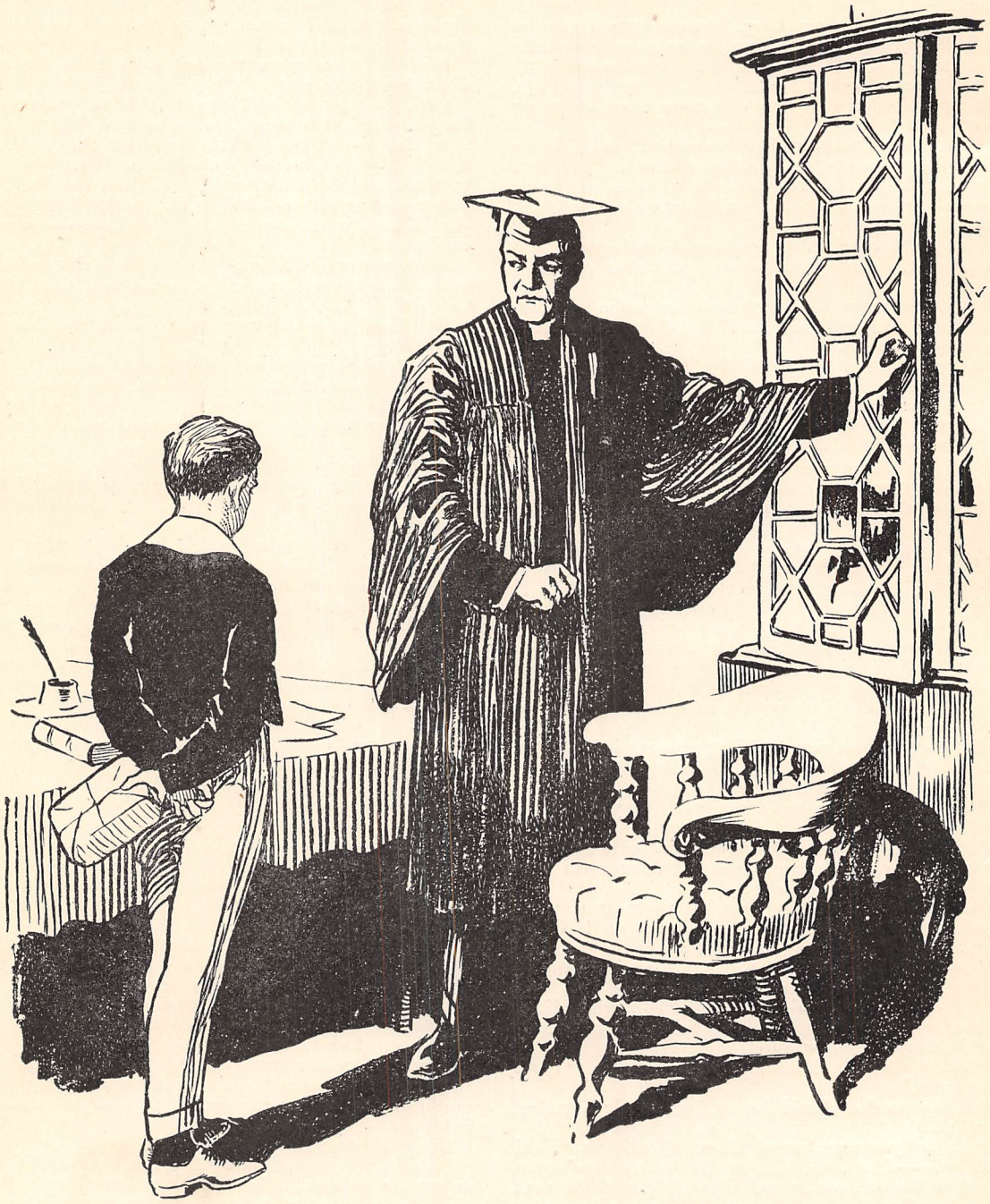
'Be off, sir!' commanded the Head, dropping the cane abruptly and turning away with a slight twinkle in his eye.

Riley didn't need telling twice.

Outside, Weldon met him. 'Come on, old chap. What an age you've been! The teams are assembling. We shall be too late for our favourite bough if we don't bustle. Was it bad?'

'Pooh!' said his friend scornfully but poetically, 'wouldn't have brushed the bloom from a butterfly's wing. Come on!'

C. E. Thonger.



"'Ah, Riley,' the Head greeted him, 'I understand from Lester that you have broken bounds.'"

"'Why, Master Derrick, you can't still be hungry!'"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 27.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE second attempt at scavenging at dinner-time was not so successful as the first, and Derrick decided on a bold stroke. The next morning, after the breakfast-table had been cleared, he appeared in the kitchen, and sought out Mrs. Timmins. At first he talked politely to her, then chaffed her, and, when he had got her into a thoroughly good humour, he remarked, casually: 'We seem to have pretty-well finished off that ham this morning; nothing much but bone left now. What are you going to do with it, Timpie?'

'Bless you, Master Derrick! I haven't thought yet;' then, turning it over, 'it doesn't really look good for anything now.'

'That's just what I was thinking. May I have it, Timpie?'

'Why, Master Derrick, you can't still be hungry! Haven't you had enough breakfast?'

'Now, Timpie, *did* I say I was hungry?'

'No, Master Derrick; but, if you ain't hungry, what do you want it for?'

'I didn't say I was going to eat it, Timpie; but, all the same, I don't say I'm not. Anyhow, I'm not going to eat it *now*. But, of course, if you want it, I won't take it at all.'

'No, I don't want it, dear. Now, you take it and run; Timpie's busy this morning.'

'You're quite sure you don't want it to make potted meat?'

'Quite sure.'

'But you do sometimes make it, you know; and jolly good it is.'

'Maybe I do, Master Derrick; but not when there's a houseful like this. I've enough to do to get the ordinary cooking done. If it's potted meat you're wanting, you'll have to make it yourselves this time.'

'Oh, Timpie, I didn't think you'd be so cruel! To pay you out, I shall take this fried bacon as well, and all that's left in the porridge bowl.'

'Anything you like, my dear; only run away now, and let me get to my work. Daisy, bring me that slate, to write down the orders for Ayres; we want some more artichokes, if he's got 'em.'

'Well!' exclaimed the kitchen-maid, as she produced the slate, 'I never should ha' thought Master Derrick was a *greedy* young gentleman.'

'Nor he is, bless him! They're most likely playing Red Indians or something, and want a bit o' food to make it more real like. My Master Derrick greedy, indeed! What notion will you get into your head next, girl? You get along to your work, instead of picking holes in your betters!' And Daisy, properly chastened, set about washing the carrots.

'Rufus won't go hungry, after all, Bill!' cried Derrick, as he entered the schoolroom with his booty; and he related his methods of procedure to his admiring cousin.

The ham-bone was made into an ungainly and bulgy brown-paper parcel, while the fried rashers of bacon, together with the ample supply of porridge, were emptied into the indispensable tin can.

'We can't take them to him till this afternoon, Bill! We've got to do the decs. now.'

'I know; I'm only waiting for Dick.'

'I say, didn't I manage it well about our Christmas presents?'

'About the collar? I was simply in fits! I can't think how you dared say what you did; it was awfully risky.'

'I couldn't help it; it was such fun. But didn't I lead up to our presents well, by remarking that I'd ordered his?'

'You're awfully deep, Derrick; you'll come to a bad end!'

'Bad end or no bad end,' said Dick, appearing on the threshold at that moment, 'he's got to come and decorate now; so quick-march, the two of you!'

In the old oak hall blazed a huge log fire, round which a group of the visitors stood chatting. Branches of evergreen lay in masses on the floor; while in one corner stood a great stack of holly, in all its glory of berries and prickles.

'Whoso remaineth here, remaineth at his peril,' said Dick, brandishing a great branch of berries, 'and in imminent risk of having this sort of thing dropped on to his head!' And, climbing up on the mantelpiece, he proceeded to swing himself up into the gallery, which ran round the hall, a few feet higher up.

'But, Dick, old chap, I'm going to stay and help,' said a young, military-looking man, who had obtained his captaincy a few days before and felt at peace with the world in general.

'So am I, if I may,' Mora Hamilton joined in. She was the girl who had arrived with her father the day before.

'Righto!' agreed Dick, as the rest of the group dispersed. 'But be it well understood that those who stay have jolly well got to work; no slacking, mind!'

'All right, we're prepared,' agreed Miss Hamilton, 'nobody's really earned their Christmas dinner unless they've got thoroughly well pricked first. Come along, Derrick, and help me make a great, long festoon, to hang crosswise from that corner of the gallery; and you, Sybil, must help Captain Mitchell to make another just like it, to cross mine in the middle.'

So they all fell to work with a will, and presently the Hon. Mr. Tillet-Howell strolled up to the group. He was the young man of the monocle, who found scant favour in the children's eyes. He treated them with supercilious condescension, which annoyed them, and asked them foolish questions, such as whether they would rather have a ton of sovereigns or two tons of half-sovereigns. Consequently they considered him a bore, and nobody looked particularly pleased at his appearance

'*Do* send him away, Miss Hamilton,' whispered Derrick.

'Anybody who comes here has to work,' said Mora, hoping the information would be sufficient to rid them of his presence, but to her disgust he replied, with a bow—

'In your company, Miss Hamilton, even work must be agweeable.' He seldom succeeded in pronouncing the letter 'r.'

'Set to, then,' she commanded.

'If all one has to do is to tie bwanches of evergween on to those bits of stwing, it can't be vewy arduous,' observed Mr. Tillet-Howell, with his lackadaisical drawl.

'See how fast you can do it, then; but we haven't

room for you here; go and do the other end of Captain Mitchell's—Sybil seems to have deserted him.'

Sybil, who had gone to collect more evergreen for Captain Mitchell, was not best pleased when she saw that her place had been usurped, and by whom. 'My place has been bagged,' she said to Mitchell, 'shall I go up and help Dick?'

'Rather not! I can't spare you,' he replied, noting the cloud on the child's face; 'you start in the middle of the string, old lady—we shan't get there for a long time.'

'Dick, you wretch!' exclaimed Mora at that moment, 'that's the third bit of holly you've dropped on my head.'

'Is it?' asked Dick, innocently, 'I'm so sorry; one can't help it falling about, you know.'

'Oh, really? I know all about that! Don't you pretend you didn't do it on purpose, it won't go down.'

'But that's just it, Miss Hamilton, it *will* go down!' and Dick raised a laugh, as usual.

'Horrid boy! Won't any one protect me from him? Captain Mitchell, how dare you sit there and laugh? You might take my part, I think!'

'Rather not! Only wish I'd been in a position to do it myself. I owe you something, you know what for! But I'll be even with you before the day's over!'

'Oh, Dick!' from Mora, as another piece was dropped, neatly, on to her head. 'Don't dare to say you couldn't help it this time!'

'All right; but your hair looked so nice and fuzzy I couldn't resist it.'

'Sybil, you horwid child,' drawled Mr. Tillet-Howell, 'you've taken the nippers again; whenever I want to cut my wire you've always got my nippers. But I mean to have my wevenge!'

'We've only one pair, you see, so there's some excuse,' said Captain Mitchell, 'but there's no excuse for her taking my wire, when she's got a reel of her own! If you don't give it back this instant, you little beggar, I'll stick holly leaves down your neck,' and there followed a scuffle.

'Go on with your work at once, Captain Mitchell,' commanded Mora, 'or Dick will say you're slacking.'

'Quite sufficient for you to say it, I assure you; see, I'm working like a galley-slave!'

'For five minutes, perhaps! If I see any more shirking, I shall report you to headquarters.'

'Women have no sense of Justice! I don't shirk, do I, Sybil?'

'Not a bit! Anyhow, we've done lots more than you and Derrick, Miss Hamilton.'

'That's because you do double amount, to hide his indolence.'

'And because you have had all my assistance and co-operation.' Mr. Tillet-Howell had succeeded, with a good deal of difficulty, in attaching two small branches to the garland.

At last, however, they were both finished and secured by Dick to the floor of the gallery at its four respective corners.

'I tell you what! We ought to hang Japanese lanterns from them,' said Dick as they all stood admiring their handiwork. 'I'll go and see if John's got any.'

Derrick mounted the step-ladder, and proceeded to hang a large bunch of mistletoe from the junction of the two festoons, while Mora and Captain Mitchell began to discuss what was to be done next.

Suddenly the Hon. Mr. Tillet-Howell seized Sybil round the waist, playfully swung her off her feet, and, spinning her round and round, landed her face downwards in the holly stack.

'You lunatic!' thundered Captain Mitchell, hastening to the rescue. He extracted the child as hastily as possible; but in spite of his care, her hands were found to have suffered cruelly, and there was an ugly scratch across her chin.

'Whatever induced you to take a header into the holly, Bill?' inquired Derrick, who had not seen the cause.

Sybil's eyes were blazing with fury, and her face was crimson, but she bit her lip and said nothing. Captain Mitchell thought she was going to cry, and stood between her and the rest of the party, as he carefully dabbed at her bleeding chin with her handkerchief, and bound up one of her hands with his own.

'I'm verwy sorry, Sybil,' said the Hon. Mr. Tillet-Howell, looking foolish. I didn't mean to put you in that way wound. I——'

'You did it on purpose, then!' cried Derrick, 'you great coward! How would you like to sit in a holly-bush yourself?'

'Oh, one mustn't mind a few pwickles when one does decorations. I thought she looked so nice there in her wed fwock; an extwa big berwy, you know.'

By this time, Sybil had quite regained her self-control.

'We had better do the dining-room next,' she said, as she walked away; then, with a look of scorn at her tormentor, 'if you do that again, Mr. Tillet-Howell, you'll spoil the holly.'

(*Continued on page* 46.)

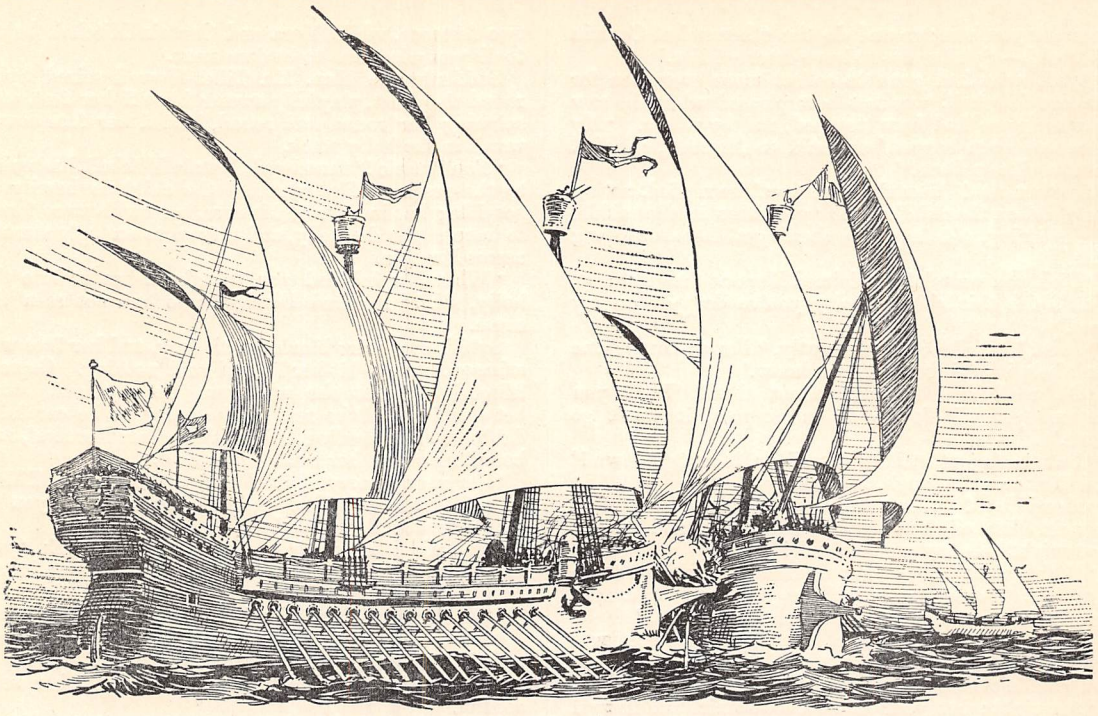
THE ROMANCE OF SHIP-BUILDING.

II.—FROM OARS TO SAILS.

BOTH Genoese and Venetians had their period of naval ascendancy, and their great galleys traded, and fought, all over the Mediterranean Sea. The rival Turk also possessed large fleets, the oarsmen usually being Christian slaves, captured during raids, and chained to their oars. At the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, when a fleet of Spanish, Venetian, and Maltese galleys utterly defeated the Turks, no less than fifteen thousand galley-slaves were liberated.

Galleys had for centuries been used on the inland sea, and reached their highest development under the Republics of Genoa and Venice. These large vessels often had several tiers of oars, and unlike the earlier Phœnician, Greek, and Roman vessels, had several men to each oar, and, besides several hundred oarsmen, carried a crew and a large number of soldiers wearing coats of mail, and armed with spears, bows and arrows, and javelins, until fire-arms came into use. From bow to stern they had a floor, or deck, which served as a battlefield for the soldiers. In the stern was a gaily decorated pavilion, whence the commander surveyed the fight and issued his commands.

In the earlier galleys, before the use of cannon, masses of iron, called 'dolphins,' were thrown from the mast-heads to break the bottom of an enemy vessel,



A Venetian Galley ramming an enemy ship.

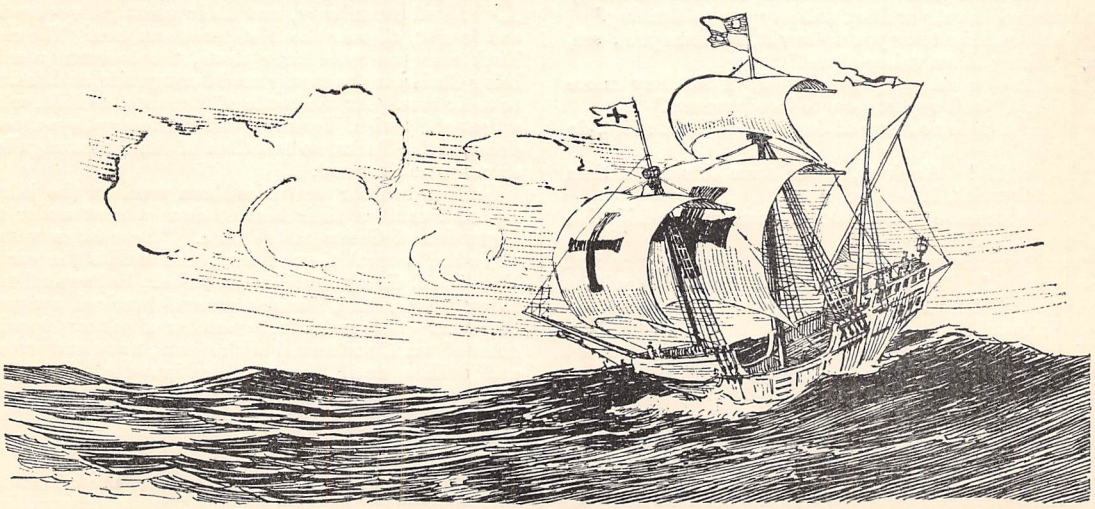
and in the centre of the galley were engines, such as the Romans used for bombarding or defending a town, which threw huge masses of rock, large enough to sink a ship.

Showers of arrows were discharged from the deck or from turrets, and the soldiers sheltered themselves from the return discharge behind curtains of leather.

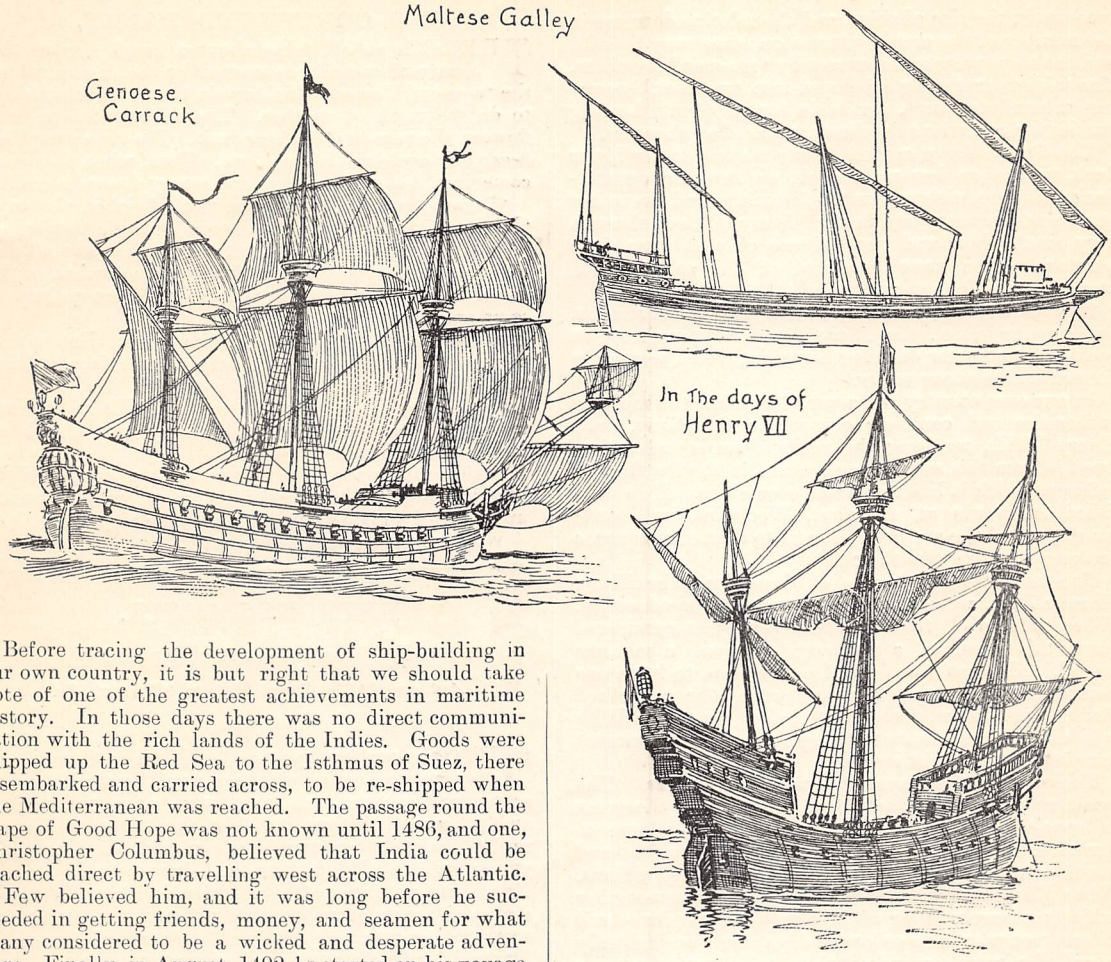
But the chief means of attack was the beak or ram. The bow curved inwards, forming a point which was strengthened and protected with iron, and with all her rowers straining at their oars, the galley would crash into her opponent, often sinking her.

The largest type of galleys, called galleasses, had three masts and some sixty oars. In the fore-part, when cannon came into use, they carried thirty-six, twenty-four, and two-pounders, with eighteen-pounders on each quarter, and carried a thousand, or more, men.

Half and quarter-galleys were similar but smaller vessels.



The *Santa Maria*, Columbus's ship.



Before tracing the development of ship-building in our own country, it is but right that we should take note of one of the greatest achievements in maritime history. In those days there was no direct communication with the rich lands of the Indies. Goods were shipped up the Red Sea to the Isthmus of Suez, there disembarked and carried across, to be re-shipped when the Mediterranean was reached. The passage round the Cape of Good Hope was not known until 1486, and one, Christopher Columbus, believed that India could be reached direct by travelling west across the Atlantic.

Few believed him, and it was long before he succeeded in getting friends, money, and seamen for what many considered to be a wicked and desperate adventure. Finally, in August, 1492, he started on his voyage of discovery with three small vessels, and in October reached some islands, now known as the Bahamas, off the coast of America.

This epoch-making journey was made in three very small vessels, the *Santa Maria*, with a crew of fifty, commanded by Columbus; the *Pinto*, with thirty men, and the *Nina*, with twenty-four.

The *Santa Maria* was a small, decked carrack, with high forecastle and poop, and low freeboard amidship. This type of vessel had three or four masts, the mizzen-mast always retaining a lateen sail. In earlier examples all the masts were fitted with lateen sails, as befitted a vessel hailing from the Mediterranean, but in later specimens, such as this, upper and lower square-sails were fitted to the fore and main-masts. The steering oar was superseded by a rudder, suspended at the stern, and the ship's boats, when they could not conveniently be towed, were carried on deck, in the waist.

The Genoese built vessels of this type up to one thousand six hundred tons burden.

As the size of ships was increased, they appear more and more to have been looked upon as mere floating platforms for carrying soldiers, who, clad in heavy armour, were pretty well useless in anything but fine weather. In a heavy sea, they had all they could do merely to stand up and keep a hold of their weapons. The height of the 'forecastles' and poops grew until it really seemed that in designing ships, seaworthiness was the least thing to be considered. The *Great Harry* shows to what an absurd extent the bows and stern of ships of those days were overloaded with heavy and unnecessary extra decks and cabins. These superstructures, developed from the fighting 'castles' such as we have seen in the earlier 'King's Ship,' were now incorporated with the ship's structure, although they greatly increased the tendency to heavy rolling and pitching. Closed in, with a door leading on to the deck, they provided accommodation for the crew, and the high decks were useful for the fighting men. In sixteenth-century war-vessels these superstructures reached their extreme limits 'for majesty and terror of the enemy,' but after that period gradually decreased in size, particularly in height, until a more reasonable type of vessel was evolved.

Whilst the first time cannon were used in naval warfare was in a fight between Genoese and Venetians in 1370, some time after guns had been invented, it was a long while before their use became at all general. The chief result that their use had on ship-building was the

increase in the size of ships, and the relative decrease in the number of the crew. Oars soon gave way to sails, and the ships were manœuvred by 'sea-men,' or sailors. The soldiers gradually developed into 'marines,' becoming an auxiliary force, available for supplying landing parties for operations on shore, and as sharpshooters.

The *Great Harry* carried fourteen guns on her lower deck, twelve on her main deck, eighteen on quarter-deck and poop, eighteen on the forecastle, and ten in her stern ports, seventy-two in all. Many of these threw a very small shot, and were of use only at very close quarters. Her crew consisted of 349 soldiers, 301 marines, and 50 gunners.

She was top-heavy and awkward to handle. A similar, but smaller vessel, the *Mary Rose*, 600 tons, sank at Spithead, the water entering her ports, which were only sixteen inches above water.

In our own country for a very long time the military authorities had complete control of the Navy, until Henry VIII., realising the needs of an island nation, freed it from this control and made it the first line of defence, which it has remained ever since. He established dockyards at Deptford, Woolwich, and Portsmouth, raised the status of officers to that of a separate profession, and settled their pay.

The largest English ship of those days, the *Henry Grace a Dieu*, was considered a veritable dreadnought. When a ship of four hundred tons was considered large, this vessel of a thousand tons was a monster indeed. She was the first of our vessels to have two tiers of guns, in the lower of which the guns fired through port-holes, instead of being exposed. With painted sails and banners flying in the wind she must have been a fine sight indeed.

Those were the days of hardy adventurers. The mariners of England set forth to intercept the great galleons of Spain, lumbering home from the colonies of America, deep laden with silk and gold, spices and doubloons. Rich prizes indeed for our merry ruffians. When Elizabeth came to the throne, she had among her subjects a large number of these reckless and dare-devil sailors, men who in these lawful days would undoubtedly be called pirates, as indeed they were, but who were honoured, as they deserved, for they kept our shores free from invasion and laid the foundations of our sea power firmly and well, thereby making the name of England respected and feared.

Soon England was to face a great danger, the danger of invasion by the great 'Invincible Armada.' Then was it that these hardy freebooters showed their mettle, and foregathered in their battle-worn vessels for the defence of their native land, a defence, as we shall see, even more successful than any could have expected or hoped.

W. Herbert Holloway.

EXCELLENT WISHES.

THE following lines—in heavy black letters—are painted on a white board in an English country inn. The painting seems to have been done about a century ago:—

'May he who has little to spend, spend nothing in drink;
May he who has more than enough keep it for better uses;
May he who comes here to rest, never remain to riot;
May he that fears God elsewhere, never forget Him here.'

THE CONTENTED PANSY.

THERE is an old fable about a king's garden, the beauty of which was marred by the discontent of the trees and flowers which dwelt there. Each wished to do the work of another. The oak wanted to bear flowers, the rose-bush to bear fruit. The vine grumbled because it could not stand alone. Thus, when the King came into his garden, he found a very dismal place.

'I am not a bit of use in the world,' sighed the oak; 'I have never in all my life borne a single flower!'—'And I,' moaned the rose-bush, 'might just as well die, for I never bear any useful fruit.'—'And what is the use of me?' cried the vine; 'I have to be propped up by some one else.'

'This is a sad business,' said the King. But at that moment he caught sight of a bright little face smiling up at him. It was the face of a pansy.

'You dear little flower!' said the King. 'What makes you so cheerful while every one else is so miserable?'

'I thought,' replied the flower, 'that you planted me here just to be a nice, good little pansy, and so I made up my mind to be as good a pansy as was possible.'

Was not the little pansy right?

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden.

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

CHAPTER I.

'INTO the cupboard you go,' said Frieda Carnac, and swept an armful of books together to pile on the schoolroom shelves. Lessons were over for the day, and it was her turn to tidy the table, while already Michael, her twin brother, and Jai Singh, the young Rajah of Drind, were on their way to the stables. Frieda did not intend to be left behind long. Almost daily Jai Singh came from his palace in the native city to share her own and Michael's lessons, and he usually lingered for an hour or two afterwards to play. Almost the same age as the twins, he was their close friend, and in many an adventure had they all been involved.

To Miss Everson, the governess, however, the little Rajah was comparatively a stranger. She had come from England to Drind but recently to educate the three. For Major and Mrs. Carnac, the twins' parents, and for Frieda and Michael themselves, she had already a warm liking. The Indian cold weather, too, she much preferred to an English winter. She enjoyed the Carnacs' spacious bungalow and beautiful garden, the semi-state in which they lived, for, since Major Carnac represented the British Government at the Court of Drind, it was necessary his surroundings should be impressive. Of all this Miss Everson highly approved, but she was not quite certain that her approval included Jai Singh. Very conscientious, she was anxious to do her best for the little Rajah, and more than doubtful if, as yet, she understood him. As Frieda shut the door of the schoolroom cupboard, Miss Everson appealed to her. 'Frieda,' she questioned, 'do you think Jai Singh likes his lessons? He takes very little interest in them as far as I can judge. But you know him better than I do. This is the first time I've taught an Indian Prince.'

'He likes outdoor things best,' Frieda acknowledged. It seemed to her a very natural taste; but, apparently, it disturbed Miss Everson. So distressed she looked, it was obvious she must be reassured if possible. And already half-way to the door that led to the verandah, Frieda paused. 'You see,' she tried to explain, 'Jai Singh used to have an awfully dull time. That was when Father was first sent to Drind about six months ago. The Regent, Jai Singh's uncle, was alive then, and he wouldn't allow him to do anything interesting. Jai Singh won't be really king himself until he's eighteen, you know. And the Regent wanted the people to believe that Jai Singh was just a baby, and no use at all, because *he* wanted the throne.'

'I see,' Miss Everson agreed, as Frieda looked at her inquiringly, aware her explanation was somewhat difficult to follow.

'And,' Frieda went on, reassured, 'the Regent almost succeeded. He could shoot awfully well, and ride awfully well, and he looked like a king, and the people did admire him a lot. And Jai Singh had to stop in the zenana—the women's apartments at the palace, you know—with the Rani, his mother. And then the Regent tried to kill him.'

'How dreadful,' said Miss Everson, with a shudder.

'It was, rather,' Frieda agreed. 'But it was exciting too. Well, anyway, the Regent got killed instead, and the Rani is Regent now, and Jai Singh means to do *everything* that his uncle did, only better. And the Rani lets him do just what he likes. So you see.'

'I see,' Miss Everson repeated. And as, by this time, she certainly looked less unhappy, if still somewhat perplexed, Frieda felt at liberty to go. She cleared the verandah at a bound, ignored an orderly who advanced on her with a large white sun-umbrella, and raced down the wide shady drive towards the stables. Already Michael was mounted on his pony, Midnight, and Jai Singh on Sundra, the chestnut Arab he usually rode; but, to her surprise, her own pony, Punch, was still unsaddled.

'Punch is lame,' Michael shouted, as soon as he could make his sister hear. 'It's nothing much, the sais says. But he's going to take him down to the river, and let him stand in the water for a bit to cool the leg.'

Frieda sighed heavily. It was most disappointing. Jai Singh had promised to teach Michael and herself to tent-peg that morning. He had brought with him from the palace three small light lances for the purpose. Already a wooden peg had been driven into the ground at a suitable spot, and the little Rajah was bending low on Sundra's neck, a lance balanced in his hand, as he measured the distance with his eye. For a moment Frieda hoped the sais was mistaken, but her pony's leg was undoubtedly swollen and hot to the touch.

'I'll go with Punch to the river, so that he shan't feel lonely, and then I'll come back and watch,' Frieda decided, as she took the leading rein from the man, and stroked the pony's neck. Punch limped after her, making the most of his hurt, sure of his mistress's sympathy, muzzling his nose against her shoulder. And, with the sais following, through the garden they went, past the wide green lawns, the gay flower-beds, and the neat rows of vegetables with the irrigation channels between, down to the river that bounded the garden at the further end. Punch evidently liked the cool water; when he had sipped at it daintily he stood knee-deep in placid content while the sais squatted on the bank, equally pleased with the prospect of an idle morning. Frieda lingered for a moment to watch a family of peacocks on the opposite bank; then a shout from the stables set her running through the garden again. Jai Singh had speared the peg straight through the middle, and was whirling it round his head in triumph on the point of his lance. Michael was not so successful at his first attempt, and the little Rajah began to coach him. Jai Singh was always at his best when he himself excelled. He could not bear to be beaten; but, if he were recognised as leader, was very patient and generous with praise.

'You *nearly* got it,' he cried to Michael now. 'The first time I tried I missed the peg altogether. See. Hold the lance a little further down the butt, and rest your weight more to the right. So . . . Oh, well done! Well done!' For, at his second attempt, Michael had lifted the peg a few inches from the ground, though he did not succeed in carrying it away.

'Oh, dear, I wish I could try,' to herself Frieda lamented. Midnight was so jumpy, he had jinked a little. Now Punch would never have wavered, she was sure. It was too tempting. She would not watch after all. She would find something else to do; and to her bedroom she went in search of a new puzzle that had come by the English mail that morning. She had opened the parcel already, but had put the contents aside for an unoccupied moment. In the bedroom verandah her small maid, Duttia, was seated, darning a stocking very carefully. With her bare toes Duttia held the stocking firmly while she looked so closely at each stitch, she pricked her nose as she drew the needle out. She had spent her childhood in the Palace, dependent on the Rani's charity, and was very proud of the fact that now she drew a wage, and was consequently of importance. 'What does the Miss Sahib require?' she asked, primly, and was a little offended when Frieda laughed at her very elderly air. But Duttia could not be angry with her mistress for long. Frieda alone had been friendly in the days when she had been so friendless.

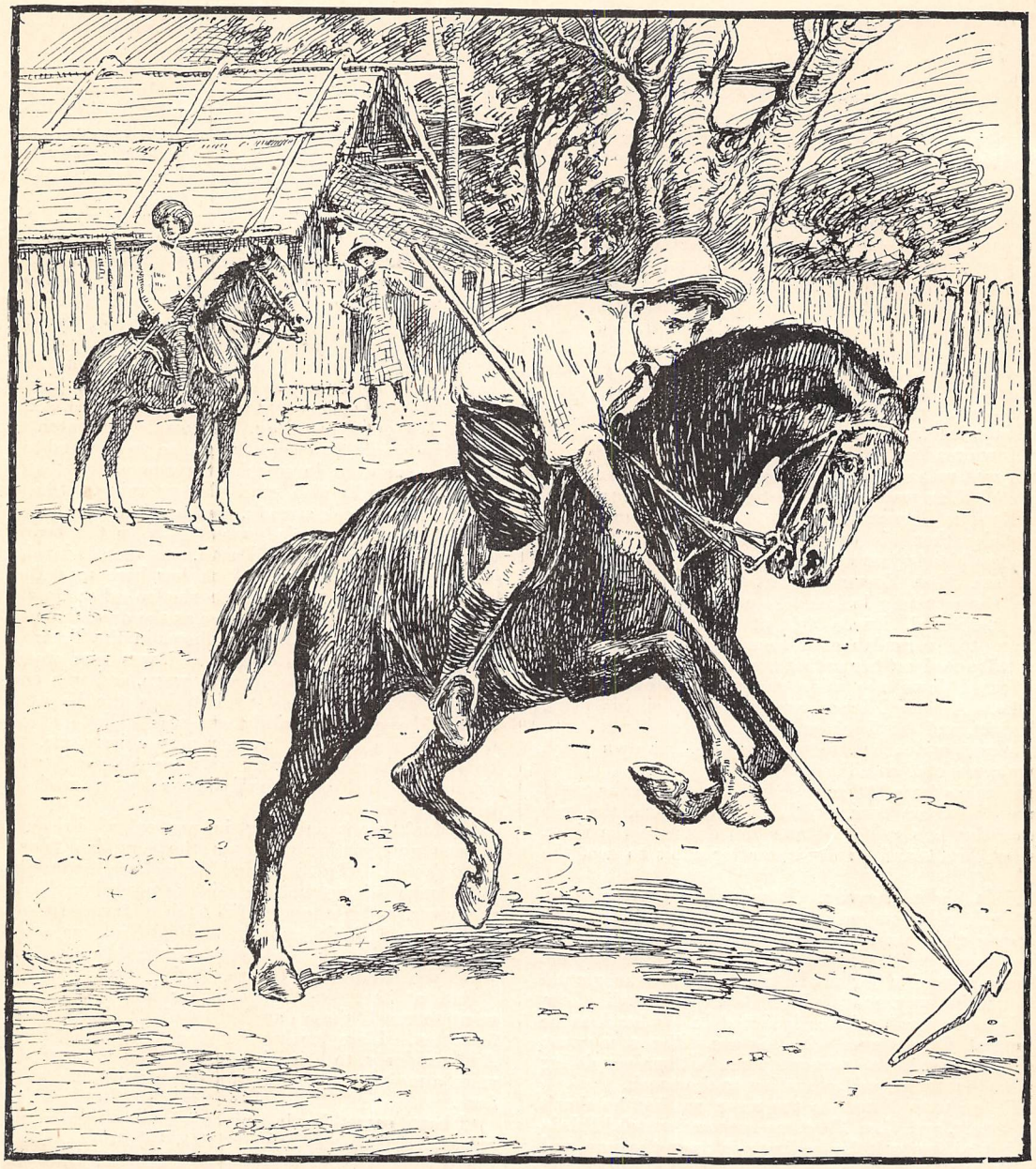
'I don't want anything in particular,' Frieda explained now, sitting down on the verandah floor by Duttia's side. 'Jai Singh and Michael are tent-pegging. But Punch is lame, and the sais has taken him down to the river, and I thought I'd fetch a puzzle from my room; but I don't want it, really. Tell me a story instead, Duttia. No, we'll talk of what you used to do when you lived in the Palace.'

But, at that, Duttia shook her head. 'I do not want to recall those days,' she said. 'They are better forgotten. I am far happier now. Nevertheless——' And, suddenly, to Frieda's surprise, Duttia dropped her voice almost to a whisper, and for a moment ceased to darn.

'I heard something last night,' she murmured; 'that, indeed, recalled that time. Miss Sahib, we thought, did we not, that Jai Singh was safe with his uncle dead?'

'Of course,' Frieda agreed, thrilled. She could not imagine at what Duttia was aiming; what secret her mysterious air concealed. But it would probably prove of small account. Duttia was apt to make much of little. But still it was quite possible she was about to reveal something exciting.

(*Continued on page* 42.)



"At his second attempt Michael lifted the peg a few inches."

"'I am almost sure there is a new plot afoot.'"

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' etc.

(Continued from page 39.)

'I WENT last night to the city,' Duttia continued, still whispering, 'to buy a roll of cloth for a skirt. And, as I bargained with the shop-keeper, I listened to the talk around me. The Miss Sahib knows how it is? First the man would say—"Six rupees." And I would say—"Three?" And then we would both wait awhile until he said—"Five?" And I answered—"*Four*." There was plenty of time in which to listen. And Miss Sahib, not once, nor twice, but *many* times I heard it said that Jai Singh's reign is almost over. There are scores who believe he goes in daily peril of his life; that a great, a secret danger threatens him.'

'But who wants to harm Jai Singh now?' Frieda questioned. 'I expect it's just talk.' She had been in India long enough to know that its cities are always full of rumours, quite without foundation for the most part. Jai Singh had lately had a touch of fever. For a couple of days he had been confined to the palace, and not able to ride; that alone might have started a tale that he was at death's door. But——'

'The Regent had many friends,' Duttia reminded her, a fact it was impossible to deny. 'Perhaps they seek for revenge, Miss Sahib. I do not think the talk was rumour merely. I am almost sure there is a new plot afoot.'

So much in earnest did she seem that Frieda was really impressed. She had better call Michael and Jai Singh, she decided, and let them judge. But, when she persuaded them to come to the verandah, Jai Singh would only laugh and scoff.

'Now that Duttia thinks herself a woman grown, she already gossips with the best of them,' he cried. 'It is always so in the zenana; often I have heard them. Chatter! chatter! chatter! Go, buy a parrot, Duttia, and talk with it, if talk thou must. Come, Michael. There is time yet for another turn.'

And off went the little Rajah, beckoning to Michael to follow, while Duttia shrugged her shoulders, and picked up the stocking again. 'He would not believe when there were plots against him in his uncle's life-time,' she said, 'until those plots were almost successful. The Miss Sahib remembers? He was always as obstinate as the washerman's donkey. It is useless to warn him. And, therefore, it is to my Miss Sahib and to Michael Sahib that I say—watch! watch!'

CHAPTER II.

There was time in plenty to discuss Duttia's tale as Frieda and Michael drove to the Palace next day in the small dogcart reserved for their use with Midnight between the shafts. Sometimes, with a pole to replace the shafts, they would drive Midnight and Punch as a pair, but Punch's leg was still too swollen to admit of his use.

Jai Singh had not appeared at lessons that morning, as the Rani had wished him to attend a meeting of the State Council. Instead, a wild-looking messenger on a grey, pink-nosed horse, with mane and tail dyed pink to match, had arrived to ask that Frieda and Michael might go the Palace that afternoon.

'I wonder if Duttia's plot is a real plot,' Frieda began. She and Michael had agreed that they would take it in turns to drive, and for the moment he held the reins.

'I told Father what she'd said last night,' Michael answered, 'and he didn't think much of it. And you know what Duttia is, Frieda. She's always very scary. Now, isn't she?'

'Yes,' Frieda agreed, and decided that on the whole she hoped that Duttia was romancing. There had been plots enough in the Regent's lifetime to satisfy the most exacting and if a new plot meant that Jai Singh must be closely guarded again, and would be forbidden to stir from the Palace, it would certainly not be worth the excitement.

'Father said, too,' Michael went on, 'that the Rani had asked the priests lately to name a lucky day to celebrate Jai Singh's escape last spring, because they (the priests) had said the day the Rani had chosen was unlucky. And that would be more than enough to start a rumour that something bad was going to happen to the Rajah. And it didn't mean that at all, but only that the priests wanted to be paid twice over for being consulted twice. Here, Frieda, it's your turn to drive.'

He tossed the reins to Frieda as he spoke, and they changed seats; and now she had to give all her attention to the business in hand. Already they were on the outskirts of the native city from which the Carnacs' bungalow was distant about a couple of miles, and the roadway was crowded with bullock-carts, *ekhas*, carriages, bicycles, horsemen, riders on camels, and an occasional motor. The nearest railway was still far from the city of Drind, and it had changed but little in the past hundred years. A few of the leading nobles of the State, anxious to be up to date, had imported cars which, more often than not, were out of use, in need of repair. Right across the main street lurched a motor-'bus, still waiting for a new wheel to replace one smashed six months before. And, if there was a chance space, it was thronged with foot passengers.

The people of Drind liked to dawdle in the streets through the warm afternoons. They had no liking for undue haste nor strenuous labour. They liked plenty of holidays, plenty of sights at which to gaze—grand processions and gay festivals. They liked a ruler of whom they could be proud—handsome and free-handed. If he oppressed them a little, they did not mind, if he treated them on the whole fairly, and was brave and excelled in sport. The subject of discussion now was the Council meeting of the morning. What had been decided? When, and in what fashion, would the great day be celebrated? There would be fireworks, of course—Drind was famous for its fireworks—but would there be a free feast for all, not only for the Brahmins and the beggars of the city? It was said a fight between two elephants was planned. Now that would be a great sight, a marvellous. Here, indeed, was matter for endless debate. And, so thick were the debating crowds, that though, again and again, Michael rang with his foot the bell that was fixed to the dogcart floor, Midnight could make no headway until the sais jumped down, and ran ahead to clear a track.

'Make way! Make way for the carriage of his Honour the Resident!' he shouted. 'Make way for the son and daughter of the Resident!' And at that, smiling, the people fell back. Major Carnac was

popular in Drind. He took pains to understand the people's outlook, and was careful not to infringe their ancient and honoured customs. And Michael and Frieda were well known in the city, and their friendship with the little Rajah approved. Slowly the dog-cart forged ahead until it could turn into the gateway of the Palace grounds, from whence a short drive stretched to the main entrance; and Michael took the reins again and drove with a flourish to the foot of the great flight of steps leading up to the huge doors. Down the steps at the same moment came the last of the Councillors to their waiting carriages. They wore coats of gay-coloured satin with jewelled ornaments in their head-dresses and strings of jewels around their necks.

(*Continued on page* 54.)

THE COW THAT PIERRE DREW.

PIERRE stood staring at the rough sketch of a cow, drawn on the whitewashed wall of a deserted hovel that stood where the road branched off. It was a small cow, with horns, and its head was turned in the direction of St. Loup, where the boy was going.

It was partly because Pierre was so fond of drawing animals himself, with a bit of charcoal or chalk, that he noticed this one particularly. But partly also because he remembered seeing two cows just like this one the day before the Germans came, and he, and his mother and little sister, had to fly. One was on the wall of a garden, the other on a barn. Who was it, Pierre wondered, who took the trouble to draw cows when the Great War was going on, and every one's thoughts full of it? It was a queer thing to do, and the boy, a shrewd sturdy lad of ten, made up his mind to speak to Corporal Martin about it. The Corporal had been badly wounded, and would never fight again; he was living near, and he and Pierre were great friends, and had long talks about the Army (and General Joffre, 'the best general in the world, look you,' Martin always ended).

Jules Lefroy, Pierre's father, was away fighting; and things had gone on quietly in their little home until the dreadful day when a terrified messenger suddenly warned them that the *Boches* were close at hand. There was only time to snatch up a few clothes and a little food, and escape. In fear and trembling, Madelon Lefroy, with little Marie and Pierre, walked for some hours, until, towards evening, they reached the grandparents' small farm, and found shelter there. Later, alas! they learned that the Boches had destroyed their cottage; the pretty, smiling hamlet was a heap of smoking ruins.

Pierre was soon at work, helping his grandfather. That very day the boy had driven some sheep for him more than three miles, and it was on his return that he caught sight of the cow sketched on the wall.

'I could draw a better one than that,' thought Pierre and felt for the bit of charcoal he carried in his pocket. The young artist then proceeded to 'touch up' the cow, managing to give the animal a very startled expression; he also gave the tail a wild twirl. Then, remembering that he had been told to hurry back, he started off running to make up for lost time.

Pierre was well on his way home when a thought flashed across his mind. The Corporal had talked one evening of the tricks of the terrible Boches—how they had ways of finding the right road, even when the French had pulled down the sign-posts, and how sometimes spies would go on ahead, and make certain signals or marks.

'I wonder if that cow was drawn by a spy,' said the boy to himself. 'Oh, how I wish I had rubbed it out!'

Should he run back now and do it? As he was debating this in his mind, Pierre all at once gave a great start. For he had come within sight of the little grey church of St. Loup, and from the tower a red flag was flying. He had been told what this would mean: the Germans were expected, and it was to warn the villagers of their approach.

Fear at his heart, Pierre began to run home, then he stopped: 'That cow! Ought he not to turn back and try and rub it out? Then perhaps the Boches would take the other road which led to Ferté, where French soldiers were encamped.' For a minute the boy stood with his brain in a whirl, trying to see the matter clearly. It was a long way back, and he was tired and hungry; besides, the Boches might catch him and shoot him. After all, the roughly-drawn cow might only be the work of some peasant lad like himself.

But somehow Pierre felt sure that it was a sign left to guide the enemy. The red flag beckoned to him to go home quickly; but suppose, by risking his life, he saved St. Loup? Surely his soldier-father would bid him turn back, come what might!

Another minute and the boy was retracing his steps as fast as his weary feet would carry him. Oh, how long the way seemed, how hard and dusty the road! But he dared not stop to rest; if he did, he might be too late. Ah, there was the whitewashed hovel at last, and there was the cow! Panting and breathless, Pierre ran forward, and with a quick glance down the road, fell to work, first with one coat-sleeve, then the other.

Very soon the cow was nothing but a big smudge. Then Pierre had a splendid idea. Going round to the other side of the hovel he began to draw, with his lump of charcoal, another cow, looking this time towards Ferté. He tried to make it like the first one, and, while he drew, he entirely forgot the expected enemy.

But Pierre's thoughts were recalled by the sound of shots and the smell of smoke and burning wafted by the wind. He heard cries that came from quite near, and with a terrified look around him, the boy darted under cover of the hedge. The cow was finished, fortunately; but the front rank of the Germans was so close now, that Pierre hardly dared move. But there was a tree standing just inside a field, and he managed to reach it and climb up into the branches. Crawling along a bough fairly high up, he hoped he would be safe, hidden by the leaves.

The sunshine lighted up the steel helmets of the Boches, as they marched along singing and laughing. At their first appearance Pierre did not dare look, but simply clung to his branch, trying not to shake with terror. But as the soldiers passed and passed, and nothing happened, he took courage, and ventured to peep between the leaves. Then he saw, to his delight, that the spiked helmets were taking the road to Ferté, not the one that led past St. Loup. Was it possible that his cow had sent them that way? If it were so, and he had saved his grandparents' home, and the rest of the village, how overjoyed he would be!

* * * * *

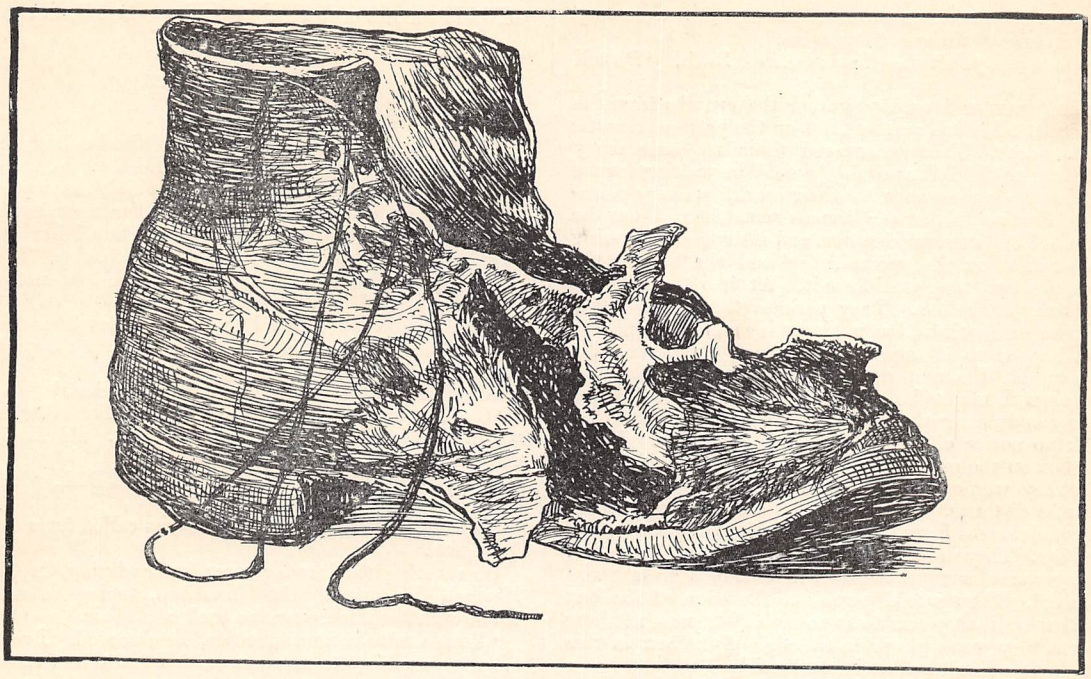
Corporal Martin, who had lost a leg the very beginning of the war, was sitting smoking his pipe, with a

"The cow was finished, fortunately."

grim face, in the door of his cottage. When he saw Pierre limping along, he called to him quickly, 'Run and hide, boy; the Boches will be here directly. Go; don't wait a second!'

For an answer Pierre threw himself on the ground near the Corporal. 'I can't go any farther,' he gasped, 'and the Boches are gone to Ferté. I saw them.'

His companion let his pipe fall in his excitement. 'To Ferté?' he exclaimed. 'Is it possible? Then they'll run up against our lines; my old Colonel will have



A PICTURE PUZZLE.

Find the three rats who ate the old boot.

something to say to the rascals.' He rubbed his hands. 'But is it really true? We heard they were marching to Renville and the road lies through St. Loup. Quick, where did you catch sight of the Boches, Pierre?'

The boy told his story; the Corporal interrupting him with exclamations of astonishment.

At the end Pierre asked modestly, 'Do you really think that cow was put there to point out the way, Monsieur?'

'Why, of course I do,' roared the Corporal. 'One of their miserable spies drew it, I haven't a doubt. But you spoilt their game, youngster'—he clapped Pierre on the shoulder—'and, please God, the Boches will be trapped. My Colonel will be ready for them; have no fear!'

The good news spread, and the frightened women and children came out of their hiding-places hardly able to believe it. Pierre was soon in his mother's arms. Later the villagers learnt that a detachment of Germans had been put to flight by a French regiment stationed at Ferté. Pierre was then considered an absolute hero; but he did not think himself one.

'It was all thanks to Corporal Martin,' he declared, 'for telling me what tricks the Boches could play.'

SHEILA E. BRAINE.

THE HAWKER.

THE hawker's taken his usual stand
(A bough of the twisted pear)
And from his pitch—as I understand—
Proceeds to announce his ware.

'A gooseberry bush, and some current trees—
Surrounded by scented flowers—
Sweet, juicy cherries; young, tender peas;'
You rogue—they're already ours!

You've eggs, you say, but they're 'not for sale,'
Your wife, with her speckled breast,
Jealously shelters, from storm and gale,
The bowl of your mossy nest.

Oh! yes, we'd buy of you—an we could—
But *what*—of your motley choice?
No knitted nest from the cool, green wood,
But, bird of all birds—your voice!

LILIAN HOLMES.

HOW TO TAME A ROBIN.

'COME into the garden, Ruth, and I will show you my robins,' said Nellie to her little visitor. 'They are so tame that they feed from my hand.'

No sooner were the two little girls in the garden, than a couple of robins came fluttering from a shrubbery and settled on a branch of a tree just over Nellie's head.

'What sweet little birds,' exclaimed Ruth. 'Will they really feed from your hand?'

'Yes,' replied Nellie. 'They come every day to be fed and are quite tame.'

'Do you think they will let me feed them?' asked Ruth.

'I'm afraid not,' was the reply. 'It was a long time

before they would come to me. At first they were very shy, and they still are of strangers.'

'How did you tame them?' asked Ruth. 'Do tell me.'

'Last winter I used to gather the crumbs from the breakfast table and scatter them on the path outside the garden door. This encouraged them to come every morning to be fed, and they would be waiting for me outside the garden door for their breakfast every morning. Having thus made friends with them, I put the crumbs in a little wooden box, and instead of scattering the crumbs on the ground, I placed the box on the ground where they would see it. At first they were a little shy of the box. They perhaps thought it was a trap to catch them, but in time they gained confidence and hopped to it immediately it was set down. No sooner did I set it down than they fluttered to it, although I might be standing quite near. I stood nearer and nearer the box each time, until at last they took no notice of me at all. Then instead of placing the box on the ground I would hold it at arm's length and they would snatch a crumb and carry it away to eat at a distance. I did not approve of this, so instead of breadcrumbs I put some grains of coarse oatmeal in the box. They are very fond of oatmeal, and instead of flying away with a crumb, they stayed to eat the oatmeal. They would perch on the edge of the box and eat until they could eat no more. It was not long before they would perch on the edge of the box in this way, while I still held it in my hand.'

'Do let me see you feed them,' said Ruth.

Nellie fetched from the house a little box, which had held sweetmeats.

'A saucer would perhaps do as well,' she remarked to Ruth, 'but the glazed earthenware of a saucer affords no grip for their little claws, like a wooden box,' she exclaimed.

She seated herself on a garden seat that stood on the lawn, and held out the box. At once the robins fluttered to her and, perching on the box, began to feed. Then she put the box in her lap, where the little birds made themselves quite at home. But when Ruth took the box and held it out to them they looked at her shyly with their little round eyes, but declined her invitation to be fed.

Every time that Ruth paid Nellie a visit she offered the box to the robins until at last they became friends, and fed from her hand the same as from Nellie's.

F. F. S.

NETS READY-MADE.

AN American paper tells us that in some of the forests of New Guinea there dwells a spider which, though not remarkably big itself, spins a web about six feet in diameter. For generations the natives have been using these spiders' webs as fishing-nets. At first the fishermen laboriously transferred these webs (or nets) from the supports upon which they had been placed by the spiders, and attached them to looped bamboo sticks. Afterwards they took to inducing the spider to spin his web in the loop of bamboo. Then they had only to take the stick from the ground and go after the fish. Armed with this net, the native fisherman dexterously catches fishes of one pound in weight, neither fish nor water being sufficient to break the spider-woven net.

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 35.)

CHAPTER V.

THAT evening, over a game of billiards, Dick had the whole story from the wrathful Captain.

'Plucky little beggar she is, that child,' he wound up. 'Miss Hamilton wanted to take her upstairs and put some cold cream on her face; but I heard her say, "Oh, no, it's nothing; don't let him think I care."'

'I'd like to have heard her telling the fool not to spoil the holly!'

'You should have heard the roar of laughter that followed her dignified exit! She was simply superb; and, as for Howell, he looked a worm.'

'Oh, you can trust Babs to come off top dog!'

'She's all over scratches, though, poor little beggar, and won't look pretty on Christmas Day. I'd like to throttle that ass of a Tillet-Howell!'

'Tillet-Howell, such a name, too!' said Dick. 'Silly owl's what he ought to be called!'

And 'Silly Owl,' of course, he was called from that day forth.

On entering the drawing-room, before dinner, Captain Mitchell discovered Miss Hamilton, trying to wind wool, with the skein over the back of a chair.

'You seem to be in difficulties,' he observed. 'I won't offer to come to your assistance, for I feel that I should only make matters worse; but I know where to procure you the most able assistant.'

'Oh, thank you; how good of you,' said Mora, as he walked off to fetch, she supposed, one of the children.

A minute or two afterwards, however, up came Mr. Tillet-Howell.

'I hear you want me to extwicate you fwom a maze of tangles,' he began.

'I never said so,' Mora broke in.

'I understood that you wequired assistance; and it certainly looks like it,' continued Mr. Howell, taking the skein, unbidden, from the chair, and holding it out; so that Mora could no longer refuse his aid. And, as it was no simple matter, the gong sounded before their task was completed. Mr. Tillet-Howell, however, joined the ladies earlier than usual after dinner, in order to renew his efforts; and it was a good quarter-of-an-hour before Mora was able to escape from him.

'I see that you have succeeded in converting the tangled mass into a ball, after all, Miss Hamilton,' observed Captain Mitchell, later. 'No doubt it was owing to the "dexterwity" of your assistant?'

No reply.

'Miss Hamilton, I addressed a remark to you.'

'You did, Captain Mitchell; I ignored it.'

He laughed.

'No good, Miss Hamilton! You can't stand on your dignity; you don't do it half so well as Sybil.'

She was obliged to smile, though she said indignantly: 'How dared you deliver me into the clutches of that creature!'

'Who, "Silly Owl," as Dick's christened him? Well, who passed him off on to me, this morning? Tit-for-tat, you know! I warned you I'd be even with you!'

'But you needn't have told him I *said* I wanted him; for I know I never did.'

'And *I* know I never said so. My dear Miss Hamilton, should I be likely to tell him such a thing, even if you had said it?'

When the children said 'Good-night' to their grandfather, he noticed the scratches on Sybil's face.

'Nice state in which to come into the drawing-room!' he exclaimed. 'If you come in here again looking like this, I'll give that brute of a cat away.'

The Hon. Mr. Tillet-Howell, who was close at hand, did not volunteer any explanation; and Sybil, though longing to clear poor Cinders' character, judged it prudent to remain silent.

'Sneak!' muttered Derrick, as they left the room. 'Does your face still hurt much, Bill?'

'Not unless I laugh; but my hands do, when I wash them.'

'Poor Billy, what a shame!'

'I like Captain Mitchell,' announced Sybil, presently.

'Yes, it was decent of him to tie you up in his handkerchief.'

'Bother! I never gave it back to him. Don't let me forget to-morrow, Derrick.'

'You can't give it back to him like it is now!' said her cousin. 'You'll have to wash it.'

'I suppose I shall! I wonder whether there'll be time, to-morrow. I'll put it in to soak, to-night, any way; what messy stuff blood is!'

'He called "Silly Owl" a lunatic!' chuckled Derrick.

'Did he? How ripping of him!'

'Yes; didn't you hear? I suppose you were too busy eating holly berries to listen! It's lucky none of those prickles went into your eyes!'

'Derrick!' Sybil called out, when they were in bed, 'when shall we see Rufus, to-morrow? Will there be time before Church?'

'Not likely; breakfast takes ages on Christmas Day, you know; at least it always did at home. And Dick wants to start early for Church, so that we three can go together. He says we can slip off while every one is getting ready.'

'That's jolly of him! Then we shall have to go after lunch, like we did to-day. But we can't, though, because Dick said he'd be with us, then, if he could.'

'Then we shall have to go before breakfast,' Derrick decided.

'All right.'

'Mind you wake me early! You're responsible for getting me out of bed, you know.'

'Derrick,' said Sybil, presently, 'what *were* you doing, this evening, at dinner-time? I couldn't find you anywhere.'

'When?'

'Oh, after we'd dressed; when they were having soup and fish and things; you were only down just in time to get the meat scraps for Rufus.'

'Was I?'

'You know you were; what *were* you doing all the time?'

'Never you mind. You shouldn't ask questions at Christmas-time.'

At this moment there was a knock at Sybil's door.

'Who on earth's this?'

'Timpie, come to give you a dose, I expect; good for scratches, you know!'

'Come in!' cried Sybil. 'Who is it?' And Miss Hamilton entered.

'I'm so glad you're not asleep yet, Sybil,' she said. 'I want you to let me put some of this stuff on your face; its awfully good for scratches; and then your grandfather won't be able to say nasty things about you.'

'Nasty things about Cinders, you mean.'

'Well, he wasn't particularly polite about either of you!'

'I've got Cinders here, poor little fellow; he's going to sleep with me, to make up for it; the idea of Cinders scratching me like that! He never scratches.'

And there, sure enough, was the black kitten, curled up in Sybil's arms.

'He's certainly very fascinating; but do you think it's wise to have him in bed with you?'

'Why not?'

'Suppose you were to lie on him? You might suffocate him.'

'Oh no, I won't! I've had him before, and he takes care of himself all right.'

'But, if he were to get on your face, he might suffocate *you*.'

'Oh, but he never does. He likes to be snug, under the bedclothes.'

Sybil's face and hands having been duly anointed, Mora proceeded to say 'Good-night,' but was besought by the children to 'stop and talk.'

'What happens to-morrow?' she asked. 'When will you have your presents?'

'In the hall, after breakfast; every one will. John will sort them out to-night and arrange them, early to-morrow, in separate heaps; but nobody's to be allowed to open anything before breakfast.'

'Aren't you going to hang up your stockings to-night?'

'What's the good? There's nobody to put things in them, now Aunt Joan's dead,' with a slight tremor in her voice. 'This is the first time we've been here for Christmas, you know; we used to live at Guildford when Uncle Dick and Aunt Joan were alive.'

'You poor little kiddies, what a sad Christmas it will be for you. But I'd hang my stocking up, if I were you, Sybil; there may still be somebody to play Santa Claus; you never know.'

'What time does the dancing begin, Miss Hamilton?' Derrick called out, presently.

'I don't know. As soon after dinner as we feel inclined, I suppose. You two will stay up, of course?'

'Don't know yet; Dick's going to tackle Grandfather when he gets a chance.'

'Then I should say the "tackling" was going on when I left the drawing-room; they seemed to be in earnest confabulation over something.'

'I say, what chance is there, do you think?'

'I don't know; but if he doesn't say yes, it will be because Dick doesn't want him to.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean that if Dick wants a thing very badly, I feel sure that he always succeeds in getting it; am I not right?'

'Perhaps you are! I say, you didn't really mind him throwing bits of holly on your head, did you?'

'My dear boy, no! What an idea!'

'He didn't prick your face, did he?'

'No, he did it far too skilfully for that.'

(*Continued on page* 50.)

"Up came Mr. Tillet-Howell,"

"'I ordered two down from the Stores.'"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 47.)

'WHO'S up here, keeping you kids awake?' asked Dick, entering Derrick's room at that moment. 'I say, it's all right about to-morrow night; I've succeeded, at last, in managing Grandfather.'

'Oh, hurrah!' from both children. 'How late, Dick? How late?'

'Well, he didn't exactly say. I asked him if you might stay up and dance; at first he said "No"; but I finally persuaded him to give in, on condition that you didn't go to bed at too unreasonable an hour. So I suppose you'd better not stay up later than twelve. Of course, he may send you off before, but, in any case, I don't suppose we shall keep it up much after that, so you won't miss a great deal.'

'Come in here, Dick; I want you.'

'All right; coming in half a tick. I know who's in there with you, Babs; and it's no good your thinking you can hide in the dark, Miss Hamilton: for if you can turn off the light, I can equally easily turn it on. I'm positively ashamed of you,' he continued, coming through to Sybil's room, 'talking to these youngsters at this time of night, when they ought to be wrapped in innocent slumber.'

'As, of course, we otherwise undoubtedly should be!' from Derrick.

'And, consequently, rudely disturbed by your inconsiderate elder brother,' remarked Mora.

'Never mind, they'd have had an extra quarter-of-an-hour's beauty-sleep; and I'm sure poor Sybil needs every minute she can get. My eye, Babs, you are an appalling sight, you know!'

'Am I? I don't care. I can't see myself, so it doesn't matter a bit to me. It doesn't hurt much, now.'

'That's a sensible way of looking at it,' said Dick, bending over her.

'Don't kiss me, Dicky!' cried Sybil, hastily; 'you'll be sorry for it if you do!'

'Why? What's up?'

'Miss Hamilton's been smearing her all over with axle-grease,' Derrick informed him.

'With *what?*'

'Well, no, not axle-grease,' laughed Mora, 'but I dare say you'd find it equally disagreeable.'

'Ugh!' and Dick hastily drew back. 'What's all that row going on?' he asked a moment later, 'have you taken the gramophone to bed with you, Babs?'

'No, only Cinders; and he's purring.'

'What a row! Can you sleep through it?'

'Dick, do you think it's safe to have Cinders in bed?' asked Mora.

'Safe for Cinders, or safe for Sybil?'

'Safe for either.'

'Oh, they won't hurt each other. These kids do much madder things than this and never come to any harm. Come on, Miss Hamilton, we must cut. Good-night, Babs darling; I'll kiss your hair instead. Good-night, Derrick, old man.'

'Good-night, Dick.'

'Dick,' began Mora, as they made their way downstairs, 'have you got anything you could put in the children's stockings? They weren't going to hang them up, because they said there was nobody to put anything in; but they seemed disappointed, so I told them to try and see. I thought perhaps we might find something.'

'Jove! I forgot all about it! What a blockhead I am. Mother always used to fill their stockings, and I used to get penny toys for her to put in them. I wish I'd remembered.'

'It's too late to get toys now; but couldn't we rummage about in the dining-room and bag some oranges and nuts?'

'We'll try; let's make a raid on the pantry and force John to shell out chocolates and candied fruits!'

The foraging party was so far successful that they acquired four apples, two oranges, some Brazil nuts, walnuts, chocolates and sweet biscuits; also some Elvas plums and preserved ginger, which they carefully wrapped in silver paper.

'This'll be about enough,' said Dick, 'but I tell you what we ought to get, and that's some carrots; we'll go and ask Mrs. Timmins for some.'

'But she won't have the right kind.'

'Is there more than one kind?'

Mora laughed: 'The sort to put in stockings are made of Marzipan. You great goose, you didn't think your mother put in real ones, did you?'

'I know she did; I used to dig them out of the garden for her myself. They don't eat them, you know; they give them to their ponies; so they do the apples.'

Mrs. Timmins was duly found and accosted.

'Carrots, Master Dick?' she said. 'Of course, you may have some carrots, as many as you like; do you want me to cook 'em for you?'

'No, thanks, Timpie, I want them raw; we're going to put them in the children's stockings.'

'Oh, Master Dick, I wouldn't if I was you. I'm always telling them they ought not to keep nibbling them raw things.'

'Oh, so they *do* eat them, do they?'

'There's nothing Master Derrick won't eat, just out of perverseness, and whatever he does, Miss Sybil must needs do, too.'

'Well, they won't eat these, Timpie, they'll give them to the ponies; we must have something to fill up with, because I forgot all about their stockings, and never bought any toys.'

'Bless you, Master Dick, I've seen to that; I ordered two down from the Stores,' and Mrs. Timmins produced a pair of magnificent white canvas hose, filled with all sorts of treasures.

'Why, Timpie, you're supreme! Those are first-class. Now, Miss Hamilton, what shall we do with all this collection? We're rather sold!'

'Not a bit! We'll fill their own stockings just the same. Why shouldn't they have two each?'

So the biggest carrots were sought out, Mrs. Timmins added a few rock-cakes and some ginger-bread; and Dick and Mora walked off in triumph.

An hour later they crept back into the children's rooms and successfully landed their booty without waking the sleepers.

CHAPTER VI.

After all, it was Derrick who woke first on Christmas morning. Switching on the light, he found that it was only half-past six, and was just about to lie down again, when the white canvas stocking caught his eye. It was hanging from the head of the bed with his

own bulgy one, which discovery caused him to change his mind about going to sleep again. He jumped out of bed, and scrambling into his dressing-gown, ran into his cousin's room, unceremoniously waking her by a vigorous shaking.

'Merry Christmas, Bill! Wake up, do! Our stockings have been filled after all, and there's a funny-looking extra one for each of us.'

'Don't, Cinders! Do be quiet,' murmured the sleepy Sybil. 'Oh, what's the matter, Cinders? Do leave me alone!' Then being at last thoroughly aroused: 'How splendid! Which shall we unpack first?'

'Oh, the real ones! They're sure to be best.'

'I wonder who did it?'

'Dick, of course! Who else would have thought of it?'

'I shouldn't wonder if it was Miss Hamilton. Don't you remember what she said last night, about somebody playing Santa Claus after all? Perhaps she meant to do it all along.'

'*I* say it's Dick. Yes, now I'm sure of it. Here's a proof,' and he held up a couple of big carrots. 'It was Dick who put those in; nobody else could know we'd want them. My eye, what whoppers!'

'But here's a pincushion in mine; Dick would never have thought of that! I expect it was both of them together. Anyhow, I shall thank her for the pincushion, and pretend I was awake all the time.'

'And these white muslin ones, too?'

'Oh no, I know who they come from right enough!'

'Who?'

'Timpie.'

'Oh, the old dear! But how do you know? Were you awake?'

'No; but one day I went into her sitting-room, she was packing up one for her own little niece; and it was just exactly like these.'

'Rollo and Midnight will have the apples and carrots, of course,' reflected Derrick, 'and Rufus the biscuits and ginger-bread; what's old Cinders to have?'

'These two biscuits without sugar on them, and a bit of the ginger-bread; he loves it. Oh, and half a rock-cake, and Rufus may have the others; we forgot them. We'll keep the chocolates and nuts and things ourselves.'

By the time Cinders had sampled his dainties and the other stockings has been opened and discussed, it was past seven, and the children decided to get up.

'Derrick,' cried Sybil, while they were dressing, 'I've been thinking we ought to give Howe something for Christmas; it's good of him to keep Rufus for us, and we're taking Rufus a feast, so it seems mean to leave him out.'

'But we can't take him bits of cold suet-pudding and old bones, so what's to be done?'

'Well, couldn't we give him my muffler? Miss Bruce made me knit one for the Sale of Work; it wasn't done in time for the Sale, but I've finished it since, and it really doesn't look half bad.'

'That'll do all right for you; but then I must give him something, or he'll feel hurt. I know!' he called out, presently, 'I'll give him my second-best knife.'

'But you'll want it yourself, now you've broken your best one.'

'Never mind; I'll manage all right with my two old ones, until somebody gives me another.'

(*Continued on page* 62.)

THE PRETENDERS.

'LET'S play at "Make-believe,"' said Anne,
'The copse is ccol and shady;
You shall be a grown-up man
And I will be a lady.

'Beyond the brambly hedge—d'you see?—
Just where that clucking hen is—
I know a clump of honesty
That's showing silver pennies.

'We'll creep into the shady dells—
It's *far* too hot where Nurse is—
To look for fallen foxglove bells,
And *make believe* they're purses.

'Will you be Mother, shopping here,
Or Father, in the City?
You *can't* be both at once—O *dear*,
Don't cry; it's such a pity

'To cry and spoil a game as grand
As this one I'm arranging;
You CAN'T be both; but, understand,
Perhaps you could keep changing!

'Now smile and wipe your tears away—
There's one just where your nose is—
Be Father first, and go and pay
For cigarettes and roses.'

'*And as you pass the bookstall, Dick,*
Remember the "Spectator"—
Now, hurry up and answer, quick!'
'*I'll not forget it, Mater.*'

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE STORY OF A STORK.

A STORK had made its summer home in a Norwegian village near to the house of a widow and her small son, Konrad. So tame was the bird that it would come when whistled for, and feed out of Konrad's hand. Every winter there was sorrow when it flew away to a warmer country. Every summer, when it came back, it received a joyful welcome.

Years passed. Konrad, grown up, left his home to become a sailor. One day, while his ship was cruising off the coast of Africa, she was captured by pirates. The sailors were carried off to a distant land, where Konrad was sold as a slave. He could, of course, send no message to his mother, who, as time passed and no news came of her son, thought that he must be dead.

The poor woman was very lonely now. The only thing that interested her was the stork which she still welcomed and fed for her boy's sake, until it, too, left her for the South.

Konrad meanwhile was toiling on, with many longing thoughts of his mother and home, fearing that he should see neither again.

But one day a strange thing happened. A stork came wheeling round Konrad, who, without thinking, whistled to it as he used to whistle to his dear stork at home. The bird answered his call, and Konrad recognised his old friend here in his winter home.

A happy thought came to the lad. Soon the stork would be returning to Norway. He would use it as a

messenger! He contrived to write a few words to his mother, telling her where he was, then fastened the writing to the bird's leg.

You can imagine the rest: how the widow found the letter: how friends helped to ransom Konrad: how he reached home at last.

A figure of that stork was carved on the door of the little village church.

HOW SHIPS ARE DOCTORED.

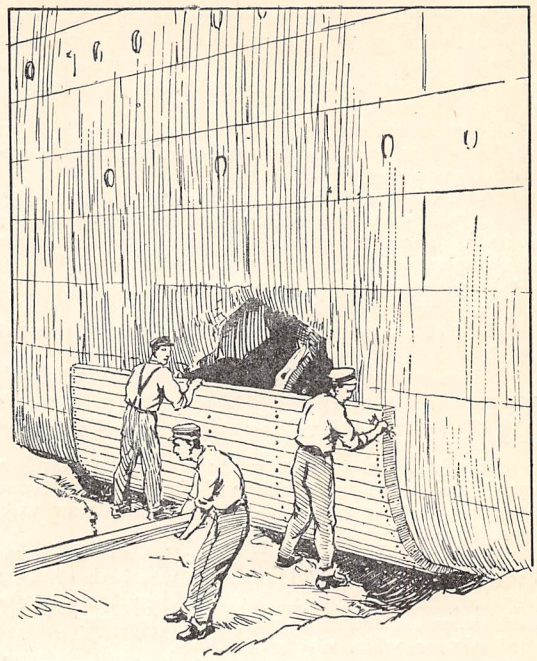
II.

FIRE is one of a ship's greatest enemies. Even without the added danger of a dry, inflammable cargo, there is always the chance that it may be impossible to extinguish it and the ship burnt right out. Sometimes the only way to save a vessel is to sink her, queer and contradictory though this may sound.

During the Great War, a British vessel lying in a French harbour was set on fire by an enemy spy, who somehow succeeded in placing an incendiary bomb in the hold. Very soon the fire had taken a firm hold and was burning fiercely, threatening to involve the wooden quay and buildings. It was decided that the only way to save the ship and quay was to sink the former, which was immediately done, and as she sank she heeled right over, her keel close to the quay and her decks perpendicular.

A case for the doctor indeed! In this instance the doctor was the Salvage Section of the Admiralty, who got to work on the patient without delay. Funnels and masts were removed, a number of powerful locomotives on the quay were attached to the wreck by cables, and, puffing and snorting, they tugged and strained, until they had pulled the vessel upright on a level keel again. The ship was then pumped out, raised, and towed to England to be repaired.

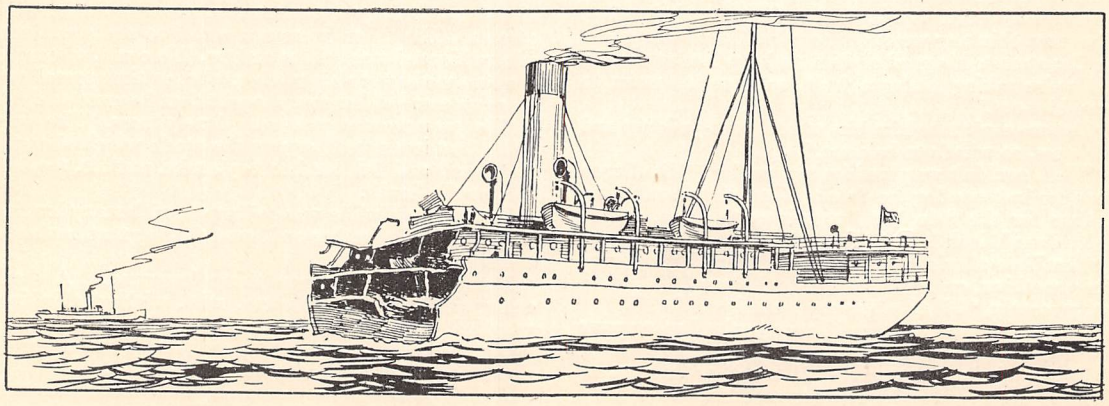
On more than one occasion when it was found impossible, owing to the extent of the damage, to save a whole ship, the salvors made the best of it, and saved half, for half a ship is better than none. Once a very damaged vessel was brought to England in two halves, the opening having been sealed up with ferro-concrete to keep the water out. A wonderful sight indeed it must have been to see half a ship quietly floating along as though it were the most natural thing in the world.



Putting on a 'standard patch.'

Some ship-owners once decided that one of their vessels would be much improved if she were lengthened. They called in the doctor, a clever engineer, and explained their wishes. What did he do? Well, he simply had the ship cut in two, the two halves hauled apart the requisite distance, and the empty space built up. When she was once again afloat, with newly painted hull, it was quite impossible to tell that she had been operated on.

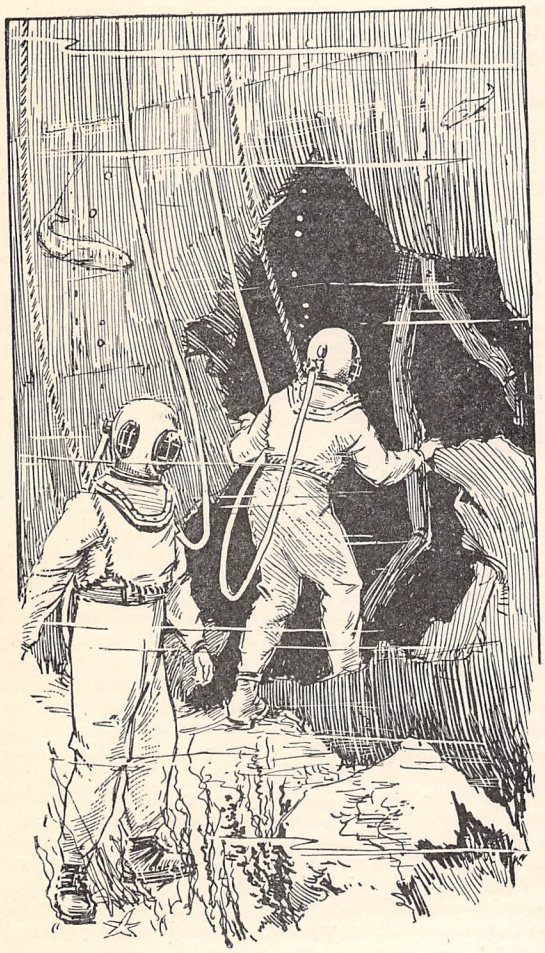
More than one sunken submarine has been salved from the bottom of the sea. Sometimes by the use of lifting craft, a special type of boat designed for this purpose. These boats have tanks, which, when full of water, cause them to sink several feet lower in the sea. Cables are then affixed under the sunken vessel and attached to the lifting craft. When the tanks of the latter are pumped



Salving half a ship.

out they rise in the water and so lift the wreck off the sea bottom, to carry her further in shore, or to the nearest port.

On the other hand, a submarine has been raised by sheer mechanical force. Cables were passed underneath her from the salvage boats and slowly wound up, until the submarine was near the surface. Then slung between the salvage boats, she was carried to safety.



Divers examining a sunken ship.

Once a British submarine sank during her trials with nearly fifty officers and men on board. She was located by divers as she lay with her stern firmly embedded in the mud, cables were attached to her bow and hauled up until the bow was out of water. Without loss of time a hole was cut in the steel hull with the aid of blow-pipes and the crew helped out, after being imprisoned for over two days' at the bottom of the sea. Eventually her stern was freed by sucking away the mud with very powerful pumps, after which the water was driven out of her by compressed air, and she rose unaided to the surface.

When a ship has been in collision or has had a hole blown in her side by torpedo or mine, and has been run ashore in order to prevent her sinking in deep water, a 'standard patch' has often saved her and enabled her to be towed safely into dock. This 'patch' consists of stout timbers firmly fixed over the gaping wound in the ship's side, the men working at low tide, or if the vessel be partially submerged, divers have to go down whenever the weather permits and do the necessary work. Once in dry-dock, the 'patch' is removed, and steel plates fitted in, so that the hull is as strong and smooth as before the ship's mishap.

Should a vessel be sunk at sea all the work will fall on to the divers, who will unload the cargo, put on 'patches' and make other temporary repairs, so that the ship can be pumped out and raised to the surface. It is a long business, for divers cannot remain down for any length of time, particularly if the water be deep. Often in rough weather work has to be stopped altogether until the storm subsides, when the divers will sometimes find that all their careful work has been undone by the weight of the sea; strong timbers smashed to matchwood and metal torn and twisted, for the strength of the sea is as the strength of a giant.

Then all the weary work must be begun again, for the Salvage Section will not be beaten, and unite tenacity and infinite patience to courage and skill. The work of the salvor is of the most risky description. Ever ready to fight the sea for the life of a ship, the men realise the might of the element with which they have to contend, and it is only owing to their knowledge and care that they so rarely have serious or fatal accidents to deplore.

They know the power of sea and wind, and may have to wait for weeks before they can get to work. Often it is only in short spells that they can operate. They then labour strenuously whilst the weather is friendly, knowing full well that they are working against time, that at any moment a storm may spring up and destroy, perhaps irrevocably, the stricken vessel and all evidence of their toil and care.

W. Herbert Holloway.

UNSELFISH SHEILA.

'IT'S too bad the donkey should go lame just now!' said Mrs O'Rourke a few days before Christmas, as she sat with her elder children, Sheila and Tim, by the turf-fire in their cabin on the mountain-side, while three tiny girls, Bess, Molly, and Baby Bridget, lay asleep in a big wicker cradle. 'I meant to take you two into Ballymary to see the shops, and to get a few things we'd want for the Christmas, but poor Neddy can't draw the cart and it's too far for you to walk—I don't know if I can get there myself, so you must only wait till another time.'

Sheila's blue eyes filled with tears. The O'Rourkes lived in such a lonely spot that a visit to the small town of Ballymary, five miles away, was quite an adventure, looked forward to for months. The children thought the poky little shops were perfectly splendid—especially with their rather tawdry display of Christmas goods!

It was a dreadful blow that the donkey should have gone lame, and Tim burst into a loud roar. He was a good deal spoiled, as he was the only boy, and he did not take things as placidly as gentle Sheila. He howled angrily and his mother said coaxingly:

'Whisht, *avic*, sure it can't be helped, and don't wake

up the little ones. You know poor wee Bridget was awake all night with her teeth. If I can't go to the town myself maybe Father will, if he can spare a day from the quarry, and anyhow, some neighbour will buy us a few groceries and a currant cake.'

'But that isn't like seeing the shops,' said Sheila sadly. 'I suppose, Mother, you couldn't ask Mrs. Lacy to give us a lift to town?'

'I wouldn't like to ask her, dear. She has all her own children to take in,' replied the poor woman. 'I'll try and give you some other treat even if you're disappointed now.'

Next morning, as the good woman went up to milk the cows for Mrs. Lacy, a neighbouring farmer's wife, her employer came into the cow-house, and said kindly:

'The children tell me the donkey is lame, so you can't take Tim and Sheila to Ballymary. We shall be going in on Saturday, and we'd have room for one child—I'm afraid we can't manage to squeeze in both—we'll be a pretty tight fit as it is. Can Sheila come with us?

'Oh, indeed, ma'am, it's more than kind of you to take one of them, but I'm afraid it must be Tim—he'd be apt to roar all day if he was left at home and Sheila is very good and sensible—she won't make a fuss, and I'll make it up to her some way later on,' said Mrs. O'Rourke.

'Please yourself, but I do think you give in too much to Tim!' said Mrs. Lacy, who would have preferred to take charge of gentle Sheila rather than self-willed Tim, but when Mrs. O'Rourke went home, and told the elder children what the farmer's wife had said, the boy exclaimed: 'I can go, can't I, Mother?'

'Why, I don't know—I don't like to keep Sheila at home,' said the poor woman doubtfully, but the little girl said cheerfully, seeing that Tim was about to begin yelling with rage:

'Never mind, Mother, let Tim go—he's two years younger than I—and maybe you'll take me to town when Neddy is better.'

So on Saturday morning the boy started on the Lacys' Irish car, his chubby face shining with soap and water, and a couple of pence in the pocket of his best suit, while Sheila watched him wistfully from the cabin door. She did not grudge her little brother his treat, but she did wish she could have gone too, and her father, who saw how disappointed she was, had given her a whole sixpence for herself, before he went off to work in the quarry. She had never had so much money before, but what use was it when one was miles from a shop, she thought to herself, as the car disappeared in the distance, but just then the whirr of a motor was heard on the road below the cottage, and a few minutes later kind old Doctor Kennefick, who had a great regard for good Mrs. O'Rourke, stopped his little two-seater just below the cottage, and catching sight of Sheila, cried gaily:

'Hello, little girl! Is your mother in? I'm on my way to Ballymary, but I hadn't time to wait for breakfast, and I told my wife that I wanted to call in here to see how Baby is getting on with her teeth, and I knew Mrs. O'Rourke would give me a cup of tea. I thought I'd catch her befor she started for the town—I suppose you're all going in as usual for the Christmas shopping?'

'I'm in, sir,' said Mrs. O'Rourke, advancing to the door, 'and I'll be proud to give your honour a cup o' tea. We're not going to Ballymary this year. The poor donkey went lame on us, and it's too far to walk, but Mrs. Lacy is after giving Tim a lift—the poor child was set on going!'

'And what about Sheila?' said the doctor, smiling down at the little girl, as he entered the small but extremely neat cottage, and seated himself on the settle by the chimney corner.

'I—I'm to go another time maybe—Mrs. Lacy had only room for one,' said Sheila shyly.

'I see! Well now, I'm going to Ballymary to visit a patient in the hospital, and then I'm to lunch with a friend. Would you like to come? I suppose you've never been in a motor, and you can amuse yourself in the town while I'm busy—perhaps your mother has some shopping for you to do, eh?'

'Oh, sir, do you really mean it?' cried the child, clapping her hands with delight. 'Oh, Mother! May I go?'

'To be sure you may, jewel, if the doctor doesn't mind being seen with a poor child in the town,' said Mrs. O'Rourke, adding: 'I'm sure I'm very grateful to you, sir. I hated to disappoint the girleen, and 'twas her that Mrs. Lacy really asked, but Tim was set on going, so Sheila gave in to him; but sure this is fifty times better—going in a real motor-car like a lady. Run off, Sheila, and wash your face, and put on your best frock, and be ready by the time the doctor has his tea,' said the good woman, bustling about to lay a clean cloth on the table, then she made the tea and cut big slices of bread and butter—she had just baked a large home-made loaf in the pot-oven that swung over the turf fire on the open hearth.

The doctor enjoyed his simple meal, and long before he was finished the child was ready in her homespun frock and clean white pinafore; she had no hat, but a small plaid shawl hid her glossy dark curls, and her rosy face beamed from its shade, full of joy, as she seated herself by the doctor's side, and they flew off at a speed which at first almost took her breath away; but she soon got used to the rapid motion, and much enjoyed the spin to Ballymary, up hill and down dale, and through deep glens.

The doctor set her down in the main street, which was full of carts and country folk. He put a couple of shillings into her hand, bidding her get some dinner and a little Christmas-box for herself, and meet him in the market-place at two o'clock.

What was the surprise of the Lacys and Tim, who were in the street as she appeared, to see Sheila in a motor! The little boy was inclined to grumble because he had never been in one, but Mrs. Lacy said sharply:

'Have done, Tim; if Sheila hadn't been so unselfish as to let you come in her place to-day, she wouldn't have had the chance of this grand treat, and I'm really pleased she got it—it's only what she deserves!'

MAUD E. SARGENT.

PRINCESS OOMA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' etc.

(Continued from page 43.)

'HIS Highness awaits his guests in the throne-room,' Michael and Frieda were told, and in the great hall, which stretched the whole width of the Palace front, they found Jai Singh. If his Councillors had been grandly dressed, he was far more magnificent than

were they. His coat was of cream brocade, hand-embroidered in many colours. His turban was of cloth of gold, and his ornaments diamonds and pearls. At his side was the sword of state, the property of the Rajahs of Drind for countless generations. The handle was a mass of precious stones, the scabbard of gold inlaid with silver. He stood waiting on the steps of an ivory throne carved with a pattern of peacocks. Above his head hung a huge cut-glass chandelier holding five hundred candles, and the walls of the Council room were draped with orange and red, the royal colours. Jai Singh had assumed an air to match all this magnificence which rather annoyed Michael. He liked the little Rajah best when he was least conscious of his importance. Now Jai Singh waved a condescending hand. 'Greeting!' he said.

'Are we going to stop in this room?' Michael asked, abruptly. 'What are we going to do?'

What *could* they do when Jai Singh was dressed so absurdly? Cream brocade coats and ivory thrones are nice enough to look at for a little, but not amusing. And, at the prospect of a wasted afternoon, Michael began to feel distinctly cross. He suspected Jai Singh intended to impress Frieda and himself; a suspicion that became a certainty when, instead of descending from the daïs, the little Rajah sat down, very deliberately, on the ivory throne.

'It is here I sit,' he explained, 'as head of the Council of State.' And, resting an elbow on his knee, he propped his chin on his hand, and gazed dreamily into the distance.

'But you're not the real head,' Michael reminded him. 'Your mother is while you're a minor.'

'That is true,' Jai Singh admitted, reluctantly. 'But my mother must sit behind the *purdah*. She may not show her face to the Councillors.' He pointed to a dark green semi-transparent curtain that hung behind the throne. 'She whispers her wishes in my ear, and it is I who give effect to them. She is Regent, but she is only a woman. Women cannot mix on equal terms with men.'

But a glance at Frieda's face made him change the subject somewhat abruptly. A tiff with either twin separately was amusing, but Jai Singh had learnt by experience that it was best not to unite the two in warfare against him, the resulting combination was too strong. Laughing, he stood up, and jumped the steps of the daïs, shedding his grand and languid air as he did so.

'Come. We will go first to my mother,' he suggested, 'and then into the gardens. I have a new air-gun with which we can shoot. I have told them to set up a target.'

And he ran across the Council chamber to a door on the further side opening into the zenana. In his uncle's lifetime the wing set apart for the ladies of the Palace had been very poorly furnished. The Rani had been allowed but little money, and had been reduced almost to poverty. It had pleased her brother-in-law to humble her in the eyes of the wives of the noblemen who visited her. But, now, on the marble floors of the zenana were the thickest of carpets and rugs. The walls were adorned with hangings of silk and huge gilt-framed mirrors. The most expensive European furniture filled its chambers. The Rani was proud of her grandeur, though, secretly, she preferred her private sitting-room, which she had arranged very simply, Indian fashion. She was waiting now, cuddled amidst a great heap of cushions on the floor. She was very small, very dainty, and in every way very like a child. She had led so secluded a life, she knew little of the world outside the Palace walls; but she tried hard to be wise and subtle for her son's sake.

'Welcome! welcome!' she called, gaily. And then, with a clap of her hands, she summoned her special attendant, Soma, who had once been Jai Singh's nurse, and bade her fetch refreshments. And, while Soma brought little boxes of Kabul grapes—each grape packed separately in cotton wool—and pistachio nuts and almonds, and sweetmeats and cakes—made from special and ancient recipes—the Rani talked of the Council and its decisions. 'In a month from now we will celebrate *his* escape,' she said, nodding at Jai Singh. 'As yet the priests have not fixed the day, but the second quarter of the new moon they think will prove fortunate. And no money shall be spared to do the occasion honour. His people shall learn that he is a king indeed.'

'I like not this delay,' old Soma grumbled. She was a privileged person, and joined in the conversation as she pleased. 'If I were queen of this kingdom I would see that the priests chose a day that suited *me*.'

'But thou,' Jai Singh teased, laughing, 'wert ever a tyrant.' He began to unbuckle the great sword as he spoke. 'Fetch me my riding-coat, Soma,' he ordered. 'We would shoot in the garden.'

'But who is the tyrant now?' Soma protested. 'Fetch this. Fetch that. Thus it is ever, little Prince.' But it was quite evident that in Soma's opinion Jai Singh could do no wrong. She was beaming as she stood waiting for the sword. Jai Singh was about to hand it to her when the Rani intervened.

'Thou hast forgotten, son,' she said. 'Thy cousin, the Princess Ooma, comes. Wait a little longer, then, to receive her.' And, turning to Frieda and Michael, she began to explain. ''Tis the daughter of the late Regent,' she told them. 'His only child. She comes to us on a visit. Her mother has gone on pilgrimage to a distant temple. I could not refuse when she asked me to take the girl. But . . .'

'We do not want her,' Jai Singh announced, frankly. 'At any rate, *I* do not. I do not like her. When she was little, she would bite and scratch like a cat. And she always wants to be first. *Always*.'

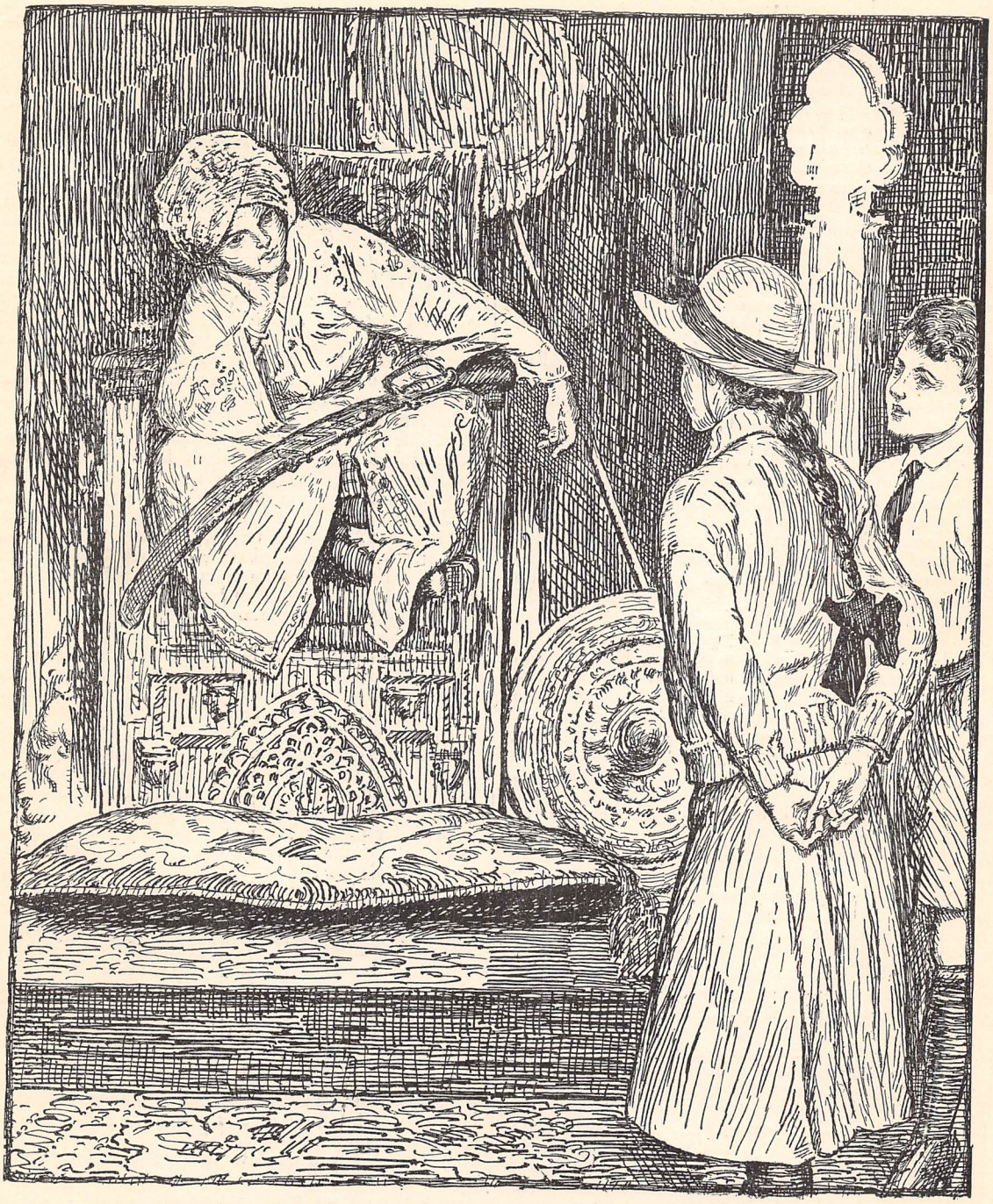
'She will not be first here,' said old Soma with decision. Then she put up her hand to her ear, listening intently. 'Hark!' she cried. 'Hark! She comes. The Princess arrives. I hear a noise in the outer courtyard.'

CHAPTER III.

'SHE comes,' Jai Singh echoed. 'We will watch. We can see her through that window. It opens on to the inner courtyard.'

He pointed to a window in front of which hung a reed *chick* lined with thin green muslin, so thin it was possible to see easily all that went on outside. In addition, the fingers of the Rani and her attendants had made a multitude of little slits, and Michael, Frieda, and Jai Singh, each with an eye to a hole, watched the arrival of the Princess.

(*Continued on page* 58.)



"'It is here I sit as Head of the Council of State.'"

"Ooma reached out and snatched it from her."

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' etc.

(Continued from page 55.)

THAT the Princess had come in state was evident. Through the archway, which led into the outer courtyard, lurched a palanquin, carried on the shoulders of sixteen men. It was hung with orange and red curtains, and the poles were gilded; the men were dressed in orange and red to match.

'The royal colours. *Thy* colours,' old Soma clucked, indignantly. Leaning over the little Rajah's shoulder, she was watching also. *Bapre-bap!* What insolence! And see the attendants she has brought. Are we to house this horde also?'

For behind the litter followed a dozen serving women in white, and, at the tail of the procession, came a couple of women outriders, sitting astride their horses. The Rani, who had come running to the window at Soma's exclamation, stamped her foot indignantly. 'I said the child could bring but one attendant,' she cried. 'But one. Go thou, Soma, and dismiss the rest.' And Soma, nothing loath, bustled down the zenana stairs, and her voice could presently be heard issuing shrill orders. But her opponents were by no means silent. A noisy argument ensued, and it was some time before the din subsided. Soma had won, it seemed. The women outriders vanished through the archway; the palanquin-bearers set down their burden close to the zenana steps and followed, as did most of the attendants. The few that were left ranged themselves in two rows leading from the palanquin to the zenana door. They held aloft two strips of white cloth, and thus formed a screen between which the occupant of the palanquin might advance. The curtains were drawn aside, and from it stepped a small, slim, upright figure, closely veiled.

'But she can't play with us,' said Michael and Frieda together, 'except inside the zenana, if she always has to wear a veil.'

'It is nonsense. Nonsense,' cried the Rani, vexedly. 'Ooma is only a child. She is younger than any of you. There is no least need for the veil. Moreover, her mother has asked that she may learn daily with you and my son.'

Frieda had but just time to wonder what Miss Everson would make of her newest pupil when Soma came panting back. She had left the Princess in an outer room that she might inquire ceremoniously of the Rani if she were ready to receive the visitor. The etiquette of the Court demanded that a new comer should be kept waiting for a short time at least before being granted an audience. And Princess Ooma had already made so unfavourable an impression that she might have been kept waiting far beyond the prescribed time had not Jai Singh intervened.

'The afternoon passes,' he cried, impatiently. 'Soon Michael and Frieda will say that they must go. Let us then send quickly for the girl, my mother.' And—

'The Princess Ooma,' Soma announced, a few minutes later. There was a little pause, and then into the Rani's presence strolled, very deliberately, a small girl, followed by a single woman attendant. With her veil had gone much of her mysterious dignity; yet, despite her youth, there was about her something forceful that made itself felt. She was a little like her cousin, but fairer, and, in expression, very like her dead father. He had been a man of quick temper and imperious will, and no one, looking at Princess Ooma, could doubt that in these respects she resembled him. She advanced with uptilted chin and mouth tight shut. She looked first at the Rani, and then at Jai Singh and the twins, and slightly raised her eyebrows, as though their appearance surprised her. In the midst of surroundings distinctly hostile, Princess Ooma was plainly determined to hold her own. But she had evidently been well trained in Court etiquette, and she replied politely and correctly to the Rani's greetings. Jai Singh waited until the set compliments had been exchanged—even he dared not cut these short—and until Ooma had nibbled a cake and sipped the sherbet—a little disdainfully, as though neither were quite to her taste. Then:

'Now,' he said, 'we can go. Bring me my riding-coat, Soma. Art thou coming with us, cousin? Or wilt thou stay in the apartments of the women?'

Ooma looked at him thoughtfully. It was difficult to guess what was passing in her mind; but, if she had meant to go on pretending she was grown up, apparently she suddenly abandoned the idea. Perhaps she had already realised that life outside the zenana during her visit was likely to prove less dull than life inside it, and that her whim might cost her too high a price.

'I am coming,' she answered, briefly; and without further demur, she followed into the garden.

A target had been set up at the end of a long paved walk, and beside it on the ground were half-a-dozen empty, upright bottles. An orderly stood waiting with an air-gun, another with a bag of slugs and darts, and at once the gun was offered to Jai Singh. The attendants took it for granted that of course the little Rajah would fire first. His guests were of small importance in their eyes compared to himself.

'We will draw lots,' said Jai Singh, a little reluctantly. He had, with some difficulty, grasped the fact that, unless he was prepared to play on equal terms with Frieda and Michael, they did not much care to play with him. But to give way to Ooma was a very different matter. To his relief it fell to his cousin to fire last. The little Princess watched the drawing of the lots without comment, and waited silently while first Michael and then Jai Singh fired. But, as Frieda took the gun, Ooma reached out and snatched it from her.

'I will fire next,' she said. 'Wait thy turn, girl.' But before she could aim Jai Singh had taken the gun away.

'It *is* Frieda's turn,' he said, while Ooma glared at him. And at that he laughed, enjoying himself immensely. If he were not yet quite sure it was right that he, the Rajah, should give way, he was quite certain it was good for Ooma. He laughed again as she clenched her teeth in a rage.

'I will not shoot—I will not shoot,' she panted, 'if I may not shoot now.'

'It does not matter,' Jai Singh assured her. 'It is of no importance. The more shots for us. And, perhaps, thou canst not shoot, Ooma? Thou art frightened, perchance? Run back to the Palace, then, and sit at thy sewing.'

'*I* cannot shoot? *I* am frightened?' Ooma stormed. Then she seemed to conquer her anger, and all at once grew more reasonable. 'Oh, yes, I can shoot,' she said. 'And I will *try* not to be afraid. I will show you.'

Smiling, she waited patiently for her turn, and when she had finished her score was the highest. Jai Singh and Michael had tied, while Frieda came last.

'And now?' asked Ooma sweetly.

And Jai Singh, not quite so pleased, pointed to the bottles. 'There are plenty more,' he said. 'Six for each. We will see who can break the most with six shots apiece.'

'Four,' said Michael, as his turn ended. Then 'five,' said Jai Singh, and Frieda accounted for four again.

Ooma, with a little laugh, took the gun. 'So I must break six, it seems,' she said. And one—two—three—four—five bottles she hit. Then, as she aimed very carefully at the sixth, from behind came a patter of footsteps.

'Princess! Princess!' the voice of her waiting woman called, and at the same moment Ooma fired and missed. In an instant she had swung round, and was pointing the gun at the woman. 'Fool! fool! *fool!*' she cried. 'I will teach thee a lesson. Thou wouldst cause me to miss. I will make of thee a target instead. Nay, thou shalt walk barefooted on the broken glass.' She lowered the gun, and pointed to the smashed bottles.

'Pardon, pardon, Princess,' the woman implored, crouching at Ooma's feet with upraised hands. She was a poor humble-looking creature with none of Soma's confidence. Across one cheek ran a purple bruise, and her upper lip was cut. Ooma pushed her away.

'Walk over the broken glass. Walk, I say,' the little Princess repeated. And at that Frieda started forward. Already the woman had removed her loose shoes; her bare foot hovered about the jagged fragments. Frieda caught at her skirt and pulled her away.

'She shan't do it,' cried Frieda, indignantly. 'She shan't do it, I tell you.'

(*Continued on page* 70.)

THE POND.

THE old pond by the village green
Is fringed with willows grey,
And round it bending rushes sigh,
And merry children play;
The grey goose leads her fluffy brood
Across its waters cool,
And thirsty cattle pause to drink
Beside the sunlit pool.

The ducks float o'er its calm expanse,
And dusky moor-fowl hide
Amid the sedges tall and thick
That grow on either side.
And lovely king-cups at the brink
Peep coyly in to see
Their golden flowers reflected in
Its waters radiantly.

The village lads set little boats
Adrift upon its breast,
Its colours change from blue to gold,
As sunset gilds the west;
And little winds that come and go,
Sigh through the rushes green,
That round its farthest borders weave
A close and verdant screen.

MAUD F. SARGENT.

FICTIONS ABOUT ANIMALS.

'OH, Maud's a salamander,' said a lady of her daughter-in-law, meaning that 'Maud' loved the fire. But the salamander is born in water, and hides in damp places.

There are many similar errors. Children have often been told that a camel can do without water for ever and ever so long, and when travelling can 'live on its hump.' It is true that camels have cisterns in their stomachs, and so can exist without drinking for several days at a time, but if deprived of water for a long period they would die of thirst.

The ostrich has also been unkindly misrepresented. What it really does is to lower its head along the ground, so that, as it sits upon the sand, its long neck is invisible. This is a case of 'protective colouring,' as in this position the bird is not easily distinguishable from its surroundings.

The toad has long been libelled as venomous, but, unless molested, it is perfectly harmless. Only at an enemy does it squirt out the scalding acid from beneath its skin. You can't blame it for doing that!

TWO NARROW ESCAPES.

DURING the Civil Wars the castle at Scarborough was twice besieged. When the war broke out, Sir Hugh Cholmley was governor of the town, and took the side of the King. The Roundheads laid siege to the castle towards the end of 1644, and in July, the following year, the garrison was compelled to surrender for lack of food. Sir Matthew Boynton was appointed governor for the Parliament, and for a time he was faithful to his trust. But after three years he went over to the side of the King, and there was another siege lasting from August to December, 1648.

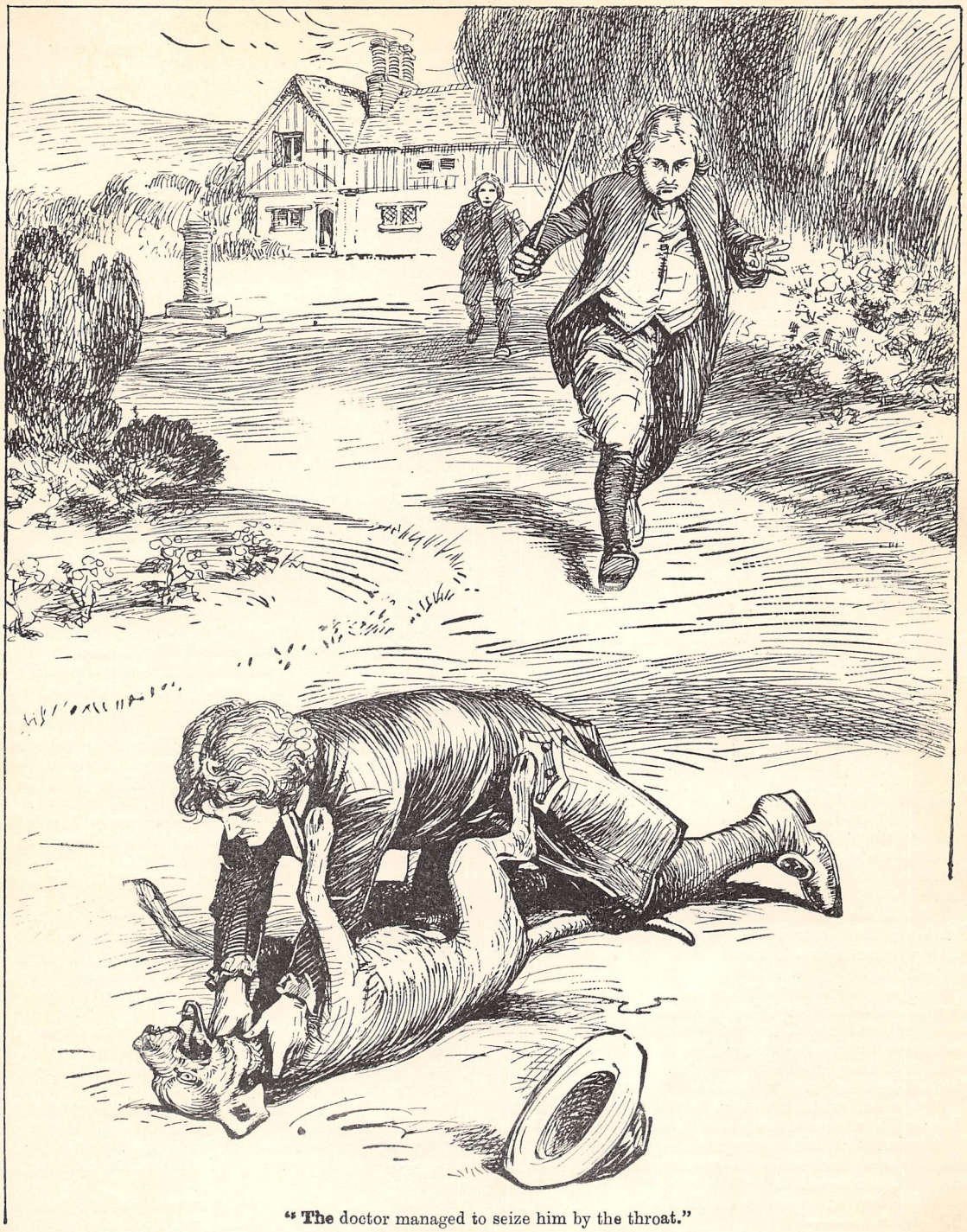
Two very remarkable escapes from death are recorded to have happened during the latter siege. In one instance a woman was sitting busy with her needle in the window of a house not far from St. Mary's Church. It was growing late in the day, and the light was fading. The window where she sat faced towards the east; and there was another in the room which looked to the west, and was lighter at that time of day. She gathered up her work and crossed the room to the west window, in order to have light by which to finish what she was doing. At that moment a shot, glancing from some other building, came in at the window she had left and made great destruction, but fortunately, without injuring the woman herself.

In the other instance a woman was spinning in the old-fashioned way with distaff and spindle in one of the upper rooms of an inn. Her distaff was stuck in her belt, and at the upper end of it, near her head, was the mass of wool, a portion of which was drawn out into a thread, the end of which was attached to the spindle, a sort of little top or tee-totum. She had set the spindle spinning by rolling it against her waist with the palm of her hand. As the spindle hung spinning in the air, and twisting the thread, she drew out more wool and lengthened the thread, until the spindle nearly touched the ground.

As she stooped to pick it up, so as to wind up the thread which had been made, a cannon ball came into the room, struck the distaff and knocked it to pieces. But the woman herself escaped unhurt. A.

"The woman herself escaped unhurt."

Old Time Sport in Mesopatamia



"The doctor managed to seize him by the throat."

THE DOCTOR AND THE DOG.

ISAAC BARROW, the famous mathematician, had a great dislike for dogs. The reason of this was that he had once had a very unpleasant experience in which a dog was concerned. Doctor Barrow was staying in the house of a friend who kept a fierce mastiff, which was chained up during the day and let loose in the garden at night to guard the house.

The learned doctor was an early riser. One morning he got up and went for a stroll in his friend's garden while the dog was still at large. The animal flew at him in a fury, but the doctor managed to seize him by the throat, throw him down, and lie upon him.

Now the mastiff was a prisoner; so also was the man! What was Barrow to do next? He thought of killing the dog (though I do not see how he could have done so). Then he reflected that this would be unjust, as the dog had only done what he thought was his duty. So Barrow did nothing but shout as loudly as he could, and presently was heard by some persons in the house, who came out and speedily separated man and dog, to the immense relief of both.

This adventure gave the doctor an aversion to dogs, 'and,' says Sydney Smith (who tells the tale), 'I dare say, if the truth were known, fixed in the dog's mind a still stronger aversion to doctors.' E. D.

THE DOCTOR AND THE DOSE.

JUST let me see your tongue—Ah! thanks;
Your busy tail is still;
Your glossy nose is warm and dry;
Your appetite is—*nil?*
'That's so,' said Tim the terrier,
'I'm sick, and sad, and ill—
The dose to make me merrier
Would be a sugar pill!'

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. PILLEAU.

(Continued from page 51.)

'MERRY Christmas, Howe!' cried the children, half-an-hour later, as they arrived, well laden, at his cottage door.

'Same to you, Miss Sybil! Same to you, Master Derrick! It's fine an' early you're out an' aboot, to be sure.'

The old man was delighted with the muffler, which Sybil persisted in trying on him at once, tying it so tightly round his neck that he was in a fair way to be choked.

The two dogs did full justice to the collection of biscuits, cakes, suet-pudding, and scraps of meat. The precious ham-bone, which had been kept as a Christmas treat, was sawn in two, by Howe; and both animals were still busy, gnawing away at their prizes, when the children had to say 'Good-bye.'

It was ten minutes to nine when they reached the Hall, and Derrick went to take off his muddy boots, while Sybil hurried upstairs to get her hair brushed. Before she arrived at her room, she was met in the corridor by one of the housemaids.

'Wherever have you been, Miss Sybil?' she began, 'My orders are——'

'Merry Christmas, Jane! Come and do my hair.'

'My orders are, Miss Sybil, that you were to go to your grandfather in his room, the instant you come in.'

'Jane!' gasped the horror-stricken Sybil, 'whatever for? What's the matter? Has anything happened?'

'Judging by the master's face, Miss, I should say as it has.'

'Is—is Derrick to go too?'

'I don't know anything about Master Derrick; it's you I was told to send; and I think you'd best go quick, Miss Sybil.'

The child's heart sank as she hastened to obey the summons, and tapped timidly at her grandfather's door.

'Come in!' roared the Colonel.

'Merry Christmas, Grandfather! Do you want me?' asked Sybil, determined to put on a bold face.

'Want you?' thundered the old gentleman, 'want you! I should think I do want you! Mr. Tillet-Howell tells me he couldn't sleep last night because you'd filled his bed with holly and lined his pillow-case with the cursed leaves! What do you mean by it? How dare you do such a thing? How dare you?'

Sybil opened her mouth to say, 'I never did do it,' but suddenly remembered Derrick's refusal to say what he had been doing at dinner-time the night before. Obviously, he was the culprit, and she must shield him at all costs.

So she shut her mouth again and said nothing.

'Why don't you answer me?' resumed the irate Colonel. 'Can't you speak? How dare you play low tricks on my visitors? Don't you know that it's extremely ill-bred? You'll go straight to Mr. Tillet-Howell and apologise; do you hear?'

'I—I can't, Grandfather.'

'Can't! What do you mean? Can't indeed! Why can't you? Do you mean to tell me you won't say you're sorry? Aren't you sorry, pray, for doing such a disgraceful thing?'

'No.'

'What! You're not sorry! You dare to stand there and tell me you're not sorry!' bellowed the Colonel, getting red in the face. 'What right have you not to be sorry?'

Sybil longed to say, 'I can't be sorry for doing what I didn't do,' but she refrained, and kept silent.

'Why aren't you sorry, I repeat?'

'It served him right,' stammered Sybil, forced to say something.

'Served him right! What impudence! I never heard such impertinence. I'll make you sorry. Go to your room, at once, and remain there until Church time. You will not come down to breakfast.'

When Sybil reached her room, she found Jane waiting for her, brush in hand.

'You needn't bother about my hair, Jane, till Church time; I'm not going down to breakfast.'

'Oh, Miss Sybil! Why not? And on Christmas Day, too; what a shame!'

'Oh, it doesn't matter, Jane. I didn't do what he thinks I did; but I wish I had, so it's all the same. It was a jolly good idea,' she added, reflectively, 'it's worth going without my breakfast for, although I didn't do it.'

'You'll not go without your breakfast if I know it, Miss Sybil,' announced Jane; and she marched off, to return shortly with a sumptuous repast.

Meanwhile Sybil's absence was remarked in the dining-room.

'I can't think where Babs is,' remarked Dick to Mora; 'she always comes to wish me "Merry Christmas" when I'm dressing, but I've not seen her this morning.'

'We went out early, and when we got in she had to go and get her hair brushed,' Derrick explained. 'She will be down directly,' he added, wondering, privately, how she had contrived to be late, and what their grandfather would say to her; for, in the Colonel's eyes, unpunctuality was no slight offence.

'She will *not* be down directly,' he announced, curtly, 'she is having her breakfast in her room.'

'Oh, Grandfather, why? Is she ill?' asked Dick, anxiously.

'No, she is not ill.'

'Why, then? What's the matter?'

'Never you mind, sir; go on with your breakfast.'

'But I do mind; I insist upon knowing. It's Christmas Day, Grandfather; she must come down. If you won't tell me what's up, I shall go and find out,' said Dick, rising.

'Hey-day! Not so fast, sir. Go back to your place. Sybil will not come down until she consents to apologise to Mr. Tillet-Howell for filling his pillow-case with holly leaves.'

The story of the previous morning's episode being by now common property among the house-party, a titter ran round the breakfast-table at the Colonel's words, but died away as Derrick's clear voice was heard announcing:

'But she didn't, Grandfather.'

'Didn't! What do you mean? I tell you she did! How dare you interfere, sir?'

'She didn't do it,' the boy repeated, quietly but definitely.

'How dare you contradict me, sir! What's it got to do with you? How do *you* know she didn't do it?'

'Because I did it myself.'

'Oh, you did it, did you? But no doubt she had a hand in it.'

'She knew nothing whatever about it. I took jolly good care she shouldn't.'

'Why?' asked the Colonel, becoming interested.

'Because I thought that, if she didn't know, she couldn't get any of the blame when it was found out. But, in spite of my precautions,' he added, sorrowfully, 'she seems to be getting it all.'

'And what do you mean, sir, by such conduct? Do you consider that a gentlemanly way of behaving to your grandfather's guests?'

No answer. 'Do you hear me, boy?' bawled the Colonel. 'I repeat, sir, why did you do it?'

'Well,' began Derrick, slowly, 'I wouldn't have split if he hadn't told tales first; but now I don't see why I shouldn't,' and he recounted what had occurred during the decorations.

'Mr. Tillet-Howell,' said the Colonel, grimly, 'I apologise for my grandchildren. They do not seem to have grasped the fact that to take a paltry revenge for a somewhat unfortunate accident is not compatible with the laws of hospitality. Derrick, go upstairs and tell your cousin she may come down.'

'May I take my breakfast up with me, Grandfather?'

'No. As you seem to have been actuated, more or less, by chivalrous motives, I shall not punish you this time. You may come down again.'

In a little while Derrick returned with the following message:

'Sybil sends her love, Grandfather, and says she may as well finish her breakfast upstairs; she will come down afterwards.'

'Poor little soul,' murmured Captain Mitchell, 'I expect she's feeling pretty bad about it.'

'What!' thundered the Colonel, 'she refuses to come down? What nonsense! She *shall* come down. Dick, bring her down immediately, or I'll go and fetch her myself!'

Dick needed no second bidding. 'Come on, Babs,' he was saying half a minute later, as he caught her up in his arms, 'come down along with me.'

'Oh, Dicky, I *can't*.'

'But he won't be angry any more now, little girl, if you come.'

'It isn't because I'm frightened of *him;* it's all the others.'

'All the others? What do you mean? Nobody else was angry with you. Even Silly Owl himself looked sorry when he heard you were being punished. I don't think he quite realised what Grandfather is, or he wouldn't have told.'

'Oh, I don't care about *him*.'

'Well, every one else is on your side; they all laughed when they thought you'd given him tit-for-tat.'

'That's just it. Every one knows about it; and although I didn't do it, they'd all stare at me the same as if I had—and I couldn't stand that. *Don't* make me come, Dicky,' beseechingly.

'But, bless you, child, they won't stare in derision; it will be a sort of Triumphal Progress.'

'That would be almost worse; it's so dreadful to be cons-cons-what-d'you-call it?'

'Conspicuous?'

'Yes.'

Dick laughed and kissed her.

'Don't you understand, Dicky, either? Derrick doesn't understand, but I thought *you* would.'

'Bless the child, what a silly little thing it is! Now, listen to me, little girl,' setting her on his knee; 'if you don't come down it will look as if you're sulking. You don't want people to think that, do you? Grandfather will for a cert.; then there'll be another shindy, and you'll find yourself more "cons-what-d'you-call-it" than ever. The longer you put it off the more conspicuous you'll be.'

'Not if I wait till they're all unpacking presents; then I can slip into the hall without being noticed.'

'He won't be satisfied if you don't come in to breakfast; so come along down now, little girl, and get it over as quick as poss.'

'Oh, Dick!' with a sigh. 'And my place is such a long way from the door.'

'You needn't sit there. We'll wedge you in between Miss Hamilton and myself, and if anybody stares at you I'll soon settle them.'

'I wish I needn't.'

'But you will?'

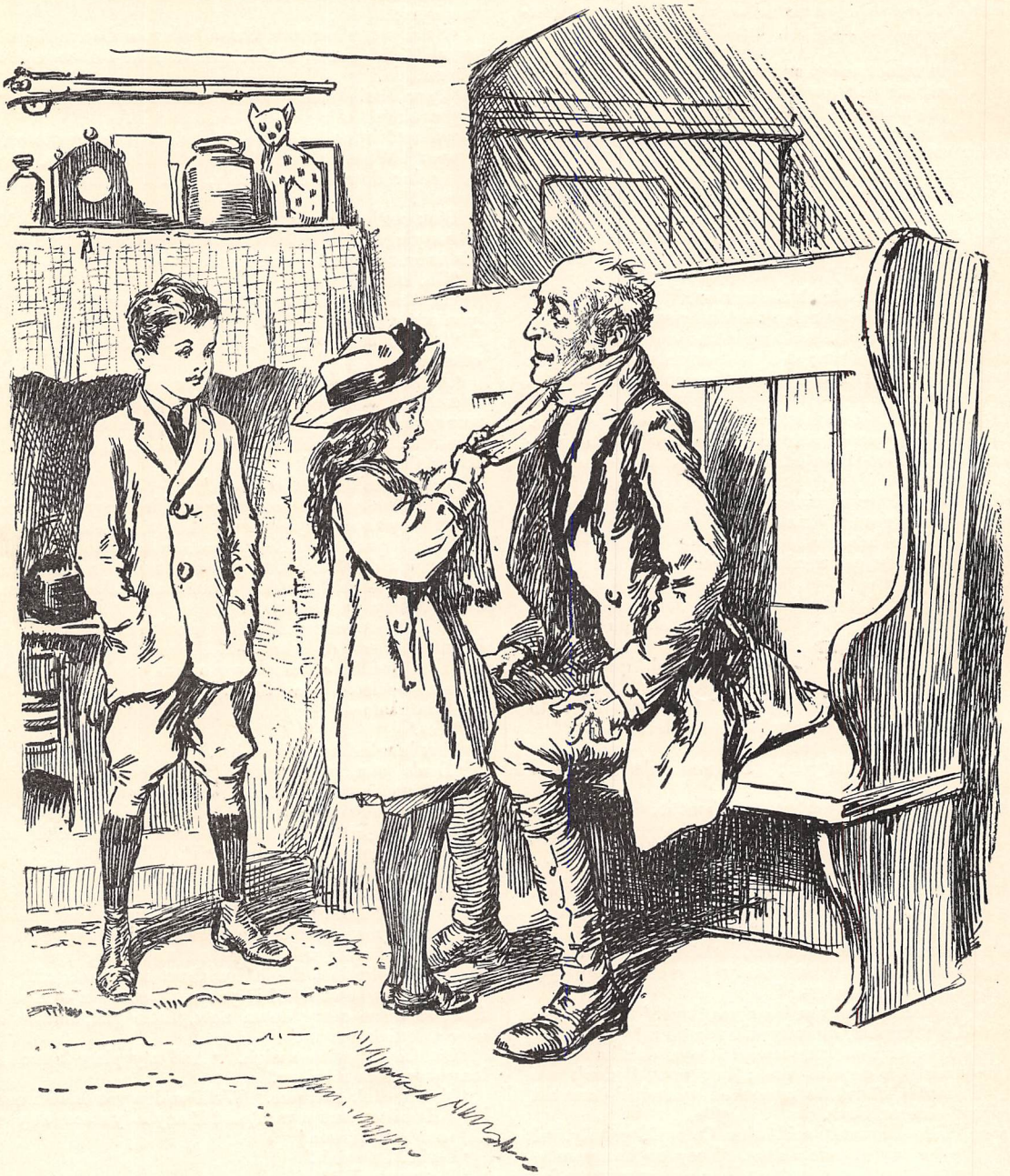
'I don't know.'

'To please me, Babsy?' coaxingly.

'Very well, Dicky,' slowly, 'but I must get my hair done.'

'Of course. 'That'll be a good reason for your not coming before. I'll go down and say you're coming as soon as it's brushed.'

(*Continued on page* 66.)



"The old man was delighted with the muffler."

"How they galloped over the soft springy turf!"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 63.)

THE chorus of 'Merry Christmases' that greeted Sybil a few minutes later was rather overwhelming, but she made up her mind to go through the ordeal, and slipped into the chair Dick had placed for her, with a grim determination 'not to funk it.'

Captain Mitchell waited upon her, bringing her sausages and bacon; but she refused them as politely as she could, saying:

'No, thank you, I've had my breakfast,' in such a subdued little voice that Dick felt a brute for having fetched her.

After breakfast they all assembled in the hall to open their presents. Among her many gifts Sybil found a handsome writing-case from Miss Hamilton, filled with paper and envelopes of all sizes and colours, an uninteresting-looking book from Mr. Tillet-Howell, and a pretty little one with a 'squashy' cover, as she called it, from Captain Mitchell.

When everything had been unpacked and duly admired, the party dispersed to dispose of their possessions, Dick and the children retiring to the schoolroom under a heavy load. A quarter of an hour later, Sybil, running through the hall and passing unwarily under the mistletoe, was seized from behind by somebody (who sprang apparently from nowhere) and given a hearty kiss.

'Got you this time, old lady!' And she found herself in Captain Mitchell's arms. 'Who boasted that she wouldn't be caught, eh?'

'It isn't fair to hide,' argued Sybil, but she did not struggle to get free.

'Never mind, I'll let you go now; and here's my Christmas present to you.' So saying, Captain Mitchell released her, after thrusting half-a-sovereign into her hand.

Sybil's eyes fairly danced, as a mental vision of innumerable dog-biscuits rose before her. Then her face grew suddenly grave as she held out the ten-shilling-bit to him saying, 'But you've forgotten, you've given me a present already.'

'You mean that rotten little book? Oh, that's——'

'It's *not* rotten,' Sybil broke in. 'It's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and I love them better than anything.'

'Do you really? What luck!'

'Rather! And I've never had a copy of my own. Both the boys have got them as school prizes; but I don't go to school, so I haven't one.'

'Then I expect theirs are swagger editions, with the school coat-of-arms engraved on them? As you're really so fond of them, I'll get you a decent one.'

'Oh, no, no! I love my little copy. It's got a squashy cover that smells nice; and I *think* I can get it into my pocket. Derrick and I have competitions; we learn bits at odd moments, and Dick hears us say it all in bed on Saturday nights. We know the whole of "Horatius" and most of "Lake Regillus" now.'

'I say, can't you have a Saturday night to-morrow, although it will really be Friday? And I'll come and listen.'

'I don't know whether the others would allow that; but perhaps I'll say them to you one day.'

'Done with you! I shan't let you forget.'

'I must go and dress for church now; take this, please,' and Sybil held out the half-sovereign.

'Nonsense! It's yours. That trumpery little copy of the *Lays* doesn't count; it's not half so nice as Derrick's knife. I only got it because I couldn't think of anything else to give you. And,' he added in his own mind, 'I didn't know then what a ripping little kid you were.'

'Am I really to keep it, then, as well as the book?'

'Of course, dear; you deserve an extra present, to make up for beginning the day so rottenly. You behaved jolly well over that, taking all the blame for what you'd never done. Silly Owl let you in for more than scratches, the brute!'

'Examining Sybil's wounds?' queried Dick, joining them at that moment, with Derrick and Miss Hamilton. 'They do seem rather better to-day, Babs; not quite so "cons-what-do-you-call-it" as they were.'

'Not quite so *how* much?' laughed the Captain.

'Oh, that's the nearest Sybil can get to conspicuous.'

'Let's have a look,' said Miss Hamilton. 'So the "axle-grease," as Derrick terms it, did have some effect, after all; but not so much as it ought to have had,' on further inspection.

'Oh, I nearly forgot to thank you for the pretty little pincushion you put in my stocking,' said Sybil, suddenly.

'Which pincushion? What stocking?' from Miss Hamilton in assumed tones of innocence.

'Oh, *you* know, all right; and it's no good pretending you don't, Miss Hamilton. Did you think I was asleep when you and Dick came into our rooms last night?'

It was a bold stroke, but not a successful one, for Mora replied promptly: 'I *know* you were, you little monkey, so don't you pretend either. You were *fast* asleep; though I wonder we didn't wake you with laughing. Cinders was sitting on your pillow, making dabs at your face, alternately licking your nose and his own lips. He looked so comical that we went into suppressed fits, and shook and shook till we were red in the face.'

'Well, that's enough about Sybil's personal appearance,' said Dick, after they had all had a good laugh. 'What I want to know is, why you're not dressed for church, Babs?'

'It's my fault,' said Captain Mitchell. 'She'd have been ready as soon as you, if I hadn't detained her by a low act of meanness and audacity.'

'What was that?'

'I know!' broke in Derrick. 'You kissed her under the mistletoe! Hurrah, Bill, sold again! And you boasted you'd never be caught!'

'Well, cut along upstairs, now, and get ready,' commanded Dick. 'If you are not down in five minutes we shall start without you.'

At this awful threat Sybil made haste to depart, and, as she passed Dick, he whispered: 'Come down the back-stairs and we'll escape by the garden-door.'

Thus the children had Dick all to themselves during the service, and the walk to church and back.

'There won't be room for the whole crowd of us in the Hall pews,' he had said, 'so we three will sit together somewhere else.'

And as he stood between them, singing the Christmas hymns they loved so well, he thought of the many happy Christmases they had spent, when they had been all together—his father and mother, and Sybil's father, too. Even last Christmas, sad though it had been, had

seen his mother with them; this was the first time they had been quite alone; and they did seem quite alone, for their grandfather 'didn't count.' That austere, unimpeachable old soldier, though both fond and proud of his sons' children, had not succeeded in being considered one of them—had utterly failed to 'count.'

As he looked down at the two little figures singing lustily by his side, Dick realised that he was all that they had left; he must be everything to them now, comforter, counsellor, guide. How could he fill the place of both father and mother? He began dimly to understand what a responsibility was his. As his mind dwelt upon their whole-hearted devotion to him, he found himself thinking: 'They look upon me as perfection, and whatever I do they imitate; what if I were to lead them astray?' And Dick's heartfelt prayer that Christmas morning was, 'God give me strength for their sakes to do right.'

'I wish we weren't nearly back,' sighed Sybil, later, slipping her hand into Dick's as they approached the Park Gates. Having sat at the back of the church, they had been able to get out before the Colonel and his party, and were well ahead of them.

'I suppose we shan't see you again to-day, Dick,' Derrick joined in, with a rueful countenance, 'at least not to speak to; not what we call seeing you.'

'Oh, yes, you will, old man.'

'Can you be with us this afternoon?' asked Sybil, eagerly. 'You said you'd try, you know.'

'So I will,' was the reply. 'Anyhow,' the boy added to himself, 'I'll begin by giving them a good time to-day.' Then he added aloud, 'I'll escape after lunch, when they're smoking, and we'll go off somewhere. What shall we do? Who's for a ride?'

The suggestion was greeted with acclamation, and they settled to meet at the stables, at a quarter past two, to saddle the horses; for Christmas Day was a holiday for the grooms.

'Who's that?' asked Dick, anxiously, during the process of tightening Mahomet's saddle-girths, as a footstep was heard outside.

'Grandfather come for you, Dick, I expect. Oh, blow!'

'No, it's all right,' said Sybil, looking out, 'it's only Captain Mitchell.'

'Yes, it's only Captain Mitchell,' repeated the Captain himself, 'and he's quite harmless. What stealthy deeds are afoot?'

'We're only going for a ride,' explained Sybil; 'but don't split, or Grandfather might take Dick away from us.'

'You're quite safe, I'm not thinking of splitting,' replied the Captain, whose only thought at the moment was a wish that he might be invited to accompany them. But it was not to be granted, and a few minutes later he stood looking regretfully after them, saying to himself, 'What a jolly trio they are; pity they're so exclusive.'

And what a ride they had! How they raced Rollo and Midnight over Limborough Common, as they made their way towards the Brendon Hills; and when they reached their summit, how they galloped over the soft springy turf! Away, away; on, on; glowing with pleasure and excitement, till riders and steeds were breathless with their mad charge through the rushing air. Then a pause; but only a brief one; for the horses were as keen as their riders, and off they set again full speed till the children were wild with that absolute ecstasy of joy which no other exercise can bring.

They were suddenly recalled to earth by Dick's voice, exclaiming, 'By Jove, I'd forgotten all about such things as time!'

'Oh, Dick, we needn't go back yet?'

'Needn't we, though! Tea's at half-past four; we're having it all together in the dining-room, you know, and woe betide us if we're late. It's half-past three already.'

'It can't be!'

'It is, my boy; so right-about-turn, the two of you; we must get back every bit as quick as we came.'

'Quicker,' said Sybil, 'for we've the horses to groom.'

'Yes, and they'll want a thorough rub down; so come on.'

'Are we going back the same way, then?'

'We'd better, it's quickest. If we get down on to the road now, we can't gallop.' And away they went again on their mad career. Not a minute did they lose, and a quarter past four saw them back in the stables after the happiest afternoon they had spent since the summer.

They were all busy grooming their steeds when Captain Mitchell appeared, saying, as he broke the chorus of hissing, 'Had a good ride? I'll rub that pony down for you, Sybil.'

'No, no, don't you trouble!' cried Dick. 'One of our family precepts is that people who ride horses must know how to groom them. She can do it all right.'

'I see she can; and make the correct noise into the bargain! I'm only thinking that if you don't have a little assistance, you'll all be late for tea. The gong will go in less than ten minutes, and it might be advisable to wash your hands.'

'That's true,' admitted Derrick. 'I'd let him do it if I were you, Bill; we can go in to tea as we are, we're not muddy; but you'd better get out of your habit,' and, taking her cousin's advice, Sybil dashed off to the house. She flung off her habit, and in five minutes had scrambled back into her frock, and given a hasty brush to her hair. Just as the gong began to sound, she emerged from her room, tore along the corridor, and sliding down the banisters of the back staircase, ran through to the hall just in time to join the tail end of the party already filing into the dining-room.

(*Continued on page* 74.)

THE ROMANCE OF SHIP-BUILDING.

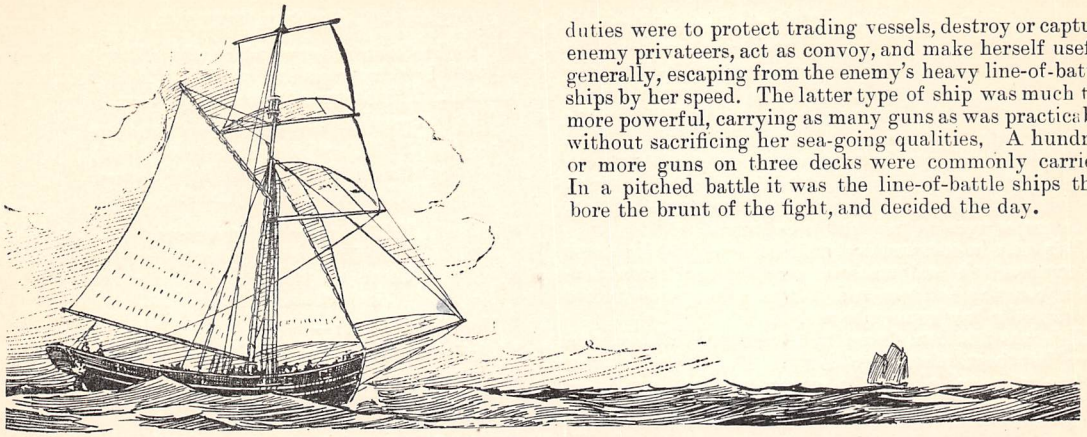
III.—FROM ELIZABETH'S TIME.

IN 1588 the great fleets of Spain, the 'Invincible Armada,' set sail to subdue England and carry religion and 'justice' to that 'apostate' kingdom. Nothing daunted, the English mariners, encouraged by Queen Elizabeth, prepared for the fray.

Fast ships were sent out for news of the coming foe, and the English fleet cruised off the south coast ready and eager to meet the Spanish fleet, which was largely composed of great many-decked galleons, heavy and difficult to handle. The sea was kind to England, for when the enemy hove in sight, a great storm sprang up, and the lumbering vessels of Spain, crowded together, with no room to manœuvre, were cast into confusion,

A Spanish Galleon and an English Freebooter.

many of them colliding. Round and about them hovered the little English ships, pounding the great hulls with their guns, escaping most of the return cannonade owing to their very smallness. The storm blew more and more fiercely. Unable to handle their lumbering vessels in such weather, unable to escape the fast-sailing little English ships, despair seized the Spaniards. A few managed to escape, and eventually



A Revenue Cutter.

duties were to protect trading vessels, destroy or capture enemy privateers, act as convoy, and make herself useful generally, escaping from the enemy's heavy line-of-battle ships by her speed. The latter type of ship was much the more powerful, carrying as many guns as was practicable without sacrificing her sea-going qualities. A hundred or more guns on three decks were commonly carried. In a pitched battle it was the line-of-battle ships that bore the brunt of the fight, and decided the day.

found their way, battered and worn, to their home ports, some ran themselves ashore, or were captured, but most of them were wrecked.

Many were driven far out of their course, and foundered off the rocky coast of Scotland. The 'Invincible' Armada was utterly beaten and dispersed.

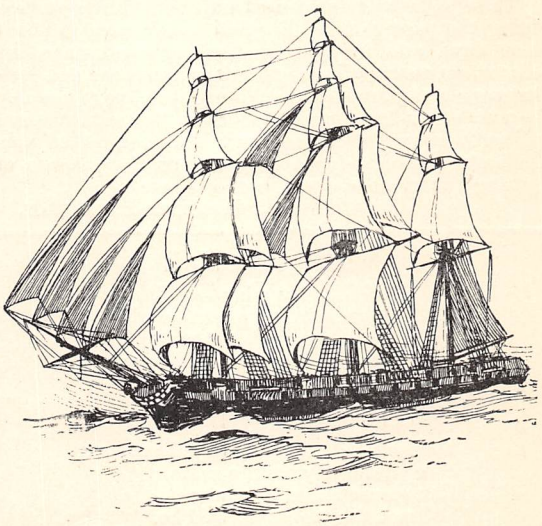
At the death of Elizabeth the Royal Navy proper possessed some forty ships, its officers and crews recruited from the freebooters and adventurers who had spent most of their lives harrying the Spanish and Portuguese on many seas.

The next improvement in our ship-building was when the Sovereign of the Seas was launched, a vessel of a hundred guns and with a tonnage exactly equal to the date of her launch, 1637. In this fine vessel the exaggerated poop and forecastle of the earlier ships were moderated, greatly adding to her seaworthiness. During her trials she was found to be too high, therefore a deck was cut down, when she proved to be an excellent ship, and was in almost all the actions against the Dutch.

At that time she was considered the best warship in the world. A contemporary description of her says: 'The length of her keel was 128 feet, the main breadth 48 feet, and the length from stem to stem 232 feet. She bore five lanthorns, the biggest of which would hold ten persons upright; had three flush-decks, a forecastle, half-deck, quarter-deck, and round-house. Her lower tier had thirty ports for cannon and demi-cannon; middle tier, thirty for culverins and demi-culverins; third tier, twenty-six for other ordnance; forecastle twelve, and two half-decks; thirteen or fourteen more ports within board, for murthering pieces; besides ten pieces of chace ordnance forward, and ten right aft, and many loop-holes in the cabins for musquet-shot. She had eleven anchors, one of 4400 lbs. weight. She was of the burden of 1637 tons.'

Under Cromwell's able government the Navy made much progress, and it was during this time that frigates were first built in England. The first constructed was the Constant Warwick, in 1640; she was modelled on the lines of the French frigates which were built and rigged with every appliance to secure speed, and were excellent sea-boats. The frigate's.

These were the two most important types of ships of the period, but it must not be supposed that the energies of the constructors were entirely concentrated on building ships of war. Far from it, the mercantile fleets of the various countries increased rapidly. English, French, and Dutch rivalled each other in building. The larger types, such as the East Indiamen, were well armed. Besides a few passengers and large crew, they had ample space for cargo, and often successfully evaded capture, or turned the tables on the attackers. In the Atlantic, West Indiamen took the place of the galleons that had brought untold treasure from the Spanish Main. There were also smacks, yachts, ketches, fire-ships, sloops, and numerous small vessels, many of which have altered but little with the passing of time. Various types were evolved, suitable for the particular work, or trade, in which they were engaged. Both warships and merchantmen were constructed not merely for an increase in size and speed, but due consideration was given to cargo capacity, and, in a lesser degree, comfort



A Clipper.

An interesting little vessel of the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was the naval cutter. In addition to the ordinary cutter's fore-and-aft rig she carried two square sails, and was well armed and manned. The vessels were much used by the Government for patrolling the coast. I think we have all read stories of the revenue cutters and smugglers, the pursuit, search for contraband, and wild fights on the shore. Though fast, the smuggler's lugger often outsailed her, and escapes were as frequent as captures.

It is only in comparatively recent times that lightness in construction and material received much consideration from the builders, and it was a long time before the tapering bow came into use.

This was first introduced by American builders, and very fast boats they turned out. The Boston clipper schooners were admirably contrived for combining stability, capacity, and unusual speed. They were sharp in the bow, deep in the stern, of great length, with long, slender masts.

The same principles were later applied to square-rigged vessels, and produced the famous clipper ships that used to trade to India, China, and Australia. Great interest was shown in the voyages of these clippers, which used to make the passage between the Downs and Hong Kong in one hundred and two or one hundred and three days.

When two or more left port for home a race would ensue, and amazing records were made.

How intense was the interest aroused may be gauged by the amount of prizes offered. A sum of twenty thousand pounds was offered for competition in the China tea trade alone.

The Americans achieved the greatest success with this type of ship, but their phenomenal speed was often obtained at the expense of other, and perhaps more important, qualities.

Often they were so hurriedly and carelessly built, that their cargoes were damaged, a fault of which the English-built clipper, well-constructed, if a little less speedy, was rarely guilty. Clippers were at the height of their popularity about the middle of the last century.

These ships were also used on the Atlantic service, doing the passage from England to America in about nine days, and in them the sailing ship reached its climax, no essential improvement on passenger and sailing vessels having since then being made, very possibly because steam has completely driven the sailing vessel off all passenger routes, and the energies of ship designers are entirely concentrated on the problem of getting the greatest speed out of steam.

W. Herbert Holloway.

THE FISHER.

A FISHER in a boat sat fishing;
Soon he heard a gentle swishing,
'Ha! a cod, a hake,' said he,
When, alack! what should he see
But a dozen—I declare—
Mermaids combing yellow hair!
He stared, he gasped, he gave a shudder,
Dropped his rod and seized the rudder,
Steered directly for the shore,
Ran eleven miles, or more:
'I'll not fish, no *never*,' said he,
'Till my shaken nerves grow steady.'

LACE TELLS.

LACE tells were songs which the pillow lace-makers of Buckinghamshire used to sing while they worked. This is one of their 'tells':—

'Up the street and down the street
With windows made of glass;
Call at Mary Muskett's door—
There's a pretty lass!

With a posy in her bosom,
And a dimple in her chin;
Come, all you lads and lasses,
And let this fair maid in.'

Here is another:—

'A lad down at Olney looked over a wall,
And saw nineteen little golden girls playing at ball.
"Golden girls, golden girls, will you be mine?
You shall neither wash dishes nor wait on the swine,
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
Eat white bread and butter and strawberries and Cream."'

The 'golden girls,' we are told, were the gold-headed pins which marked the 'footside' of the lace.

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' etc.

(Continued from page 59.)

CHAPTER IV.

'SHE shan't do it,' Frieda repeated, holding tightly to the woman's skirt, and then Michael came to her help. He had not grasped the situation quite as quickly as Frieda, but he would certainly have interfered sooner had she not done so. As a matter of fact, he had not believed that Ooma would persist, nor that the woman would obey. He had felt sure she would draw back at the very last moment.

'Look here,' he began, turning to Ooma. 'You know, Frieda's quite right. Of course that woman can't walk on these bits of glass. Why, she'd cut her feet to pieces. It was hard luck her spoiling your shot. You'd have won, I expect. But——'

'But?' cried Ooma, furiously, cutting him short. She looked as if she meant to hit Michael with the gun she still held. She raised it threateningly, but, slowly, lowered it again. 'But?' she repeated vehemently. 'Is she my servant or yours? Is it for you to name her punishment or for me? You, indeed! Who are you, you and your sister, that you should dare to give me orders? I, who am a princess in my own right.'

'They,' Jai Singh reminded her, 'are my guests. And I am the Rajah. Be silent, Ooma. Thou art my guest also, it is true, but thou art my cousin as well, and I will not have thee behave thus. Thou shalt not bring shame upon our house. Be quiet, little cat. Indeed, thou art a cat as I warned them.'

'Cat!' Ooma shrieked. 'Cat!' And, at that, she lost her temper completely. She flung the gun on the ground, and launched herself with a scream at Jai Singh, but he caught her by the hands and held her at arm's length, laughing.

'Cat! Cat! Mew, mew,' he teased, and down went Ooma's head, and she bit him in the wrist. Taken by

surprise, for a moment his grip loosened, and she tore herself away; but only to be captured by Soma, who, following the other woman leisurely, had just arrived upon the scene. Though Soma was old, her skinny arms were still strong. She held Ooma's hands crossed behind her, and shook her indignantly.

'At thy tricks already, child of a bad father,' she cried. 'What hast thou done? Thou hast hurt my Prince? Take care, or thou shalt have a good whipping 'Twould teach thee a much-needed lesson, I'll warrant: to be less ready to bite in future.' She shook Ooma again, and then looked anxiously at the little Rajah. 'Is the skin broken?' she asked. 'I will put some ointment on the place, dear heart. I have a pot by me, ready. A famous ointment it is. My grandmother gave me the recipe.'

But Jai Singh shook his head firmly; then just glanced at his wrist, which was bleeding rather freely, and rubbed it on his coat. 'I know thine ointments, Soma,' he laughed; 'they are worse than any bite.' Then he looked unconcernedly at his cousin. He bore her no ill-will for her share in the quarrel; he had rather enjoyed the little skirmish, and wished that Soma had not appeared. He could have mastered Ooma by himself, he was sure. Now, she might think herself in part the victor. 'Let her go,' he ordered, a wary eye on her movements. But Ooma, released, fled straightway towards the palace. She did not wish to continue the fight for the moment, it seemed, and Jai Singh, satisfied, picked up the gun.

'Come, we will shoot again,' he said; but by now it was time for Frieda and Michael to return. And the gun had been damaged evidently by its fall; the stock was cracked, and the barrel slightly bent. It would have to go to the armourer to be repaired. It was impossible to shoot with it in any case. Jai Singh flung it away impatiently, damaging it still further; then went with the twins to the dogcart which was waiting by the palace steps.

'I will bring Ooma with me to-morrow,' he called as they drove off, and for a little the two were silent as Midnight picked a way through the city streets. The prospect of Ooma's company was not particularly pleasing.

'I think Ooma's rather horrid,' said Frieda suddenly. 'I wish she hadn't come. Before we went into the garden, I asked Soma how long she would stay, and she said it might be for months and months—perhaps for a year even. The temple her mother's gone to visit is miles and miles away.'

'I don't like Ooma either,' Michael agreed. 'But I think she's going to have a horrid time,' he added, as he steered Midnight past a grunting camel, 'between Soma and the Rani and Jai Singh.'

Frieda nodded. The Princess was certainly not to be envied; even though her difficulties were largely of her own making. 'Nobody likes her,' she said. 'But then, I don't see how anybody could. And we've got to have her every day.'

'She can shoot, at any rate,' Michael remembered. It was something in Ooma's favour. Perhaps she could ride also. They began to console themselves with the possibility that she might grow less difficult when she was more used to them, and they to her. A fourth was often needed in their games; so much more could be done with two a side. And Duttia, who had once been very willing to play, was now too engrossed with her new duties to spare an hour even. She was waiting in the verandah for Frieda as, often, she had watched Mrs. Carnac's ayah wait for the return of her mistress from the evening drive.

'At what time does the Miss Sahib wish to retire? When would she like me to be ready to brush her hair?' Duttia asked primly, though she knew quite well that, except on special occasions, Frieda's bedtime was nine o'clock. And she would not unbend until she had unlaced her mistress's shoes, and changed them for another pair. She would have changed her stockings also had not Frieda objected.

'They're perfectly clean, Duttia,' she declared. 'I won't put on six pairs a day, just because you like taking them off and pulling them on. And, anyway, you tickle my legs when you do it. Oh, *don't* be grown-up all the time. Wouldn't you like to hear what we did this afternoon? It was ever so exciting!'

'It is as the Miss Sahib pleases,' said Duttia with apparent meekness, but very stiffly. Was it true she was not yet an expert with stockings? She must practise on herself with an old pair. It was the cold air the Miss Sahib felt, not the tips of her fingers. She would breathe on the leg softly as she drew the stockings off.

'The Princess Ooma——' Frieda began. And, suddenly, Duttia's dignified air vanished. She was hanging Frieda's coat in the cupboard by this time, and she actually dropped it in her excitement as she wheeled round to listen.

'The Princess Ooma?' Duttia repeated. 'But where did the Miss Sahib see the Princess Ooma? At the palace? But what was she doing at the palace? What business had she in the zenana?'

'Her mother had gone on a pilgrimage, and she is going to stay with the Rani,' Frieda explained.

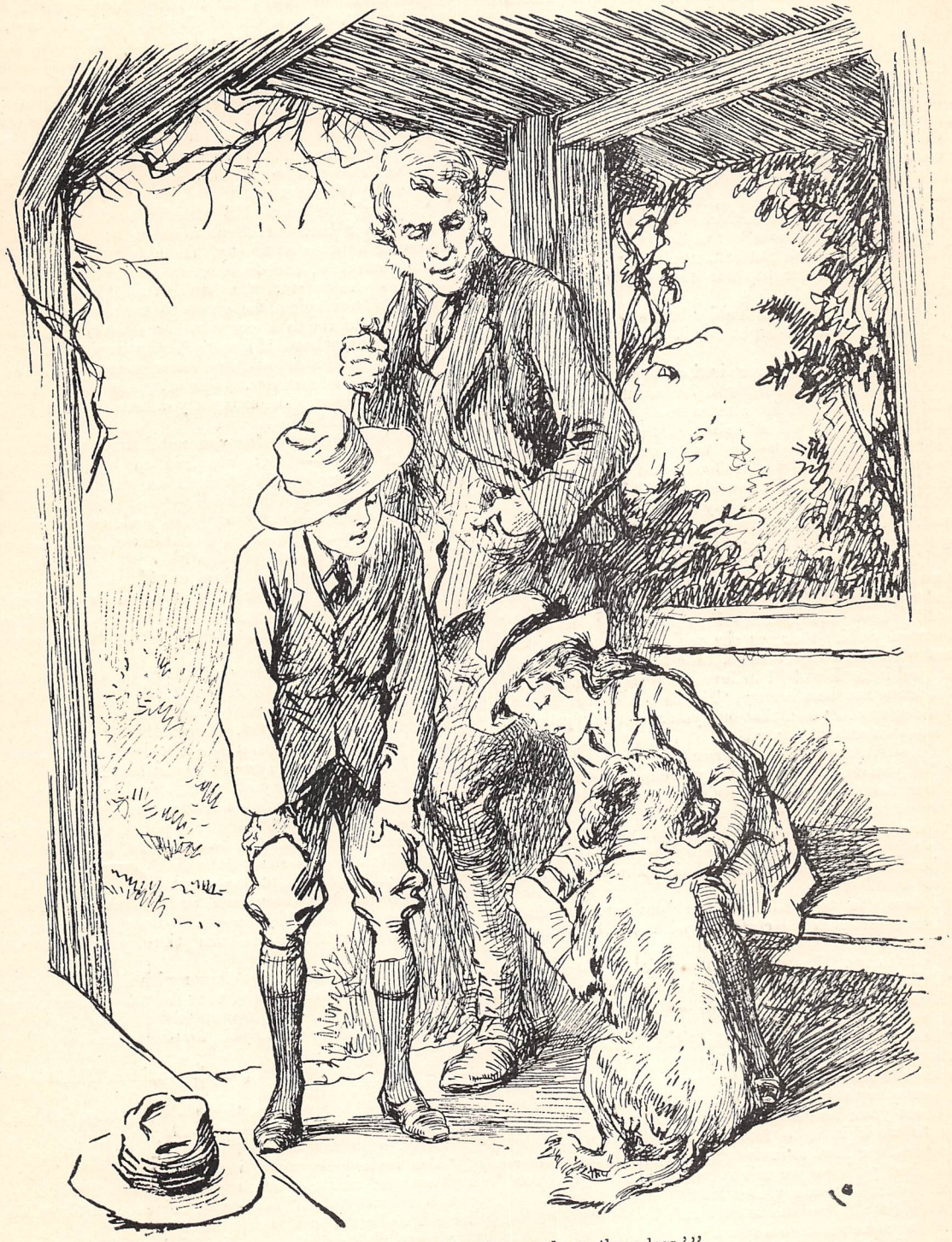
'I had heard the Regent's widow had vowed she would visit a distant temple; she wishes perhaps to make atonement for the sins of her husband,' Duttia suggested. 'But why has the Princess not gone with her? A very violent child, they always said. The hardships of the road might have tamed her, and she is no baby to be hurt by them.'

'She's got a horrible temper,' Frieda agreed, and told Duttia all that had happened. Duttia listened very attentively, nodding her head from time to time as if Ooma had behaved exactly as she expected.

'I have never seen the Princess,' she said. 'She did not come to the zenana while I was there, but I have heard much of her. She was an only child, and, when she was born, for a year the Regent would not look at it. He was so angry because she was not a boy. But she was so like himself, that as she grew older he could not make enough of her. Wherever the Regent went, she went too. She was the very core of his heart. He would never have her crossed in any way. A handful she must be,' Duttia concluded. 'Moreover, no doubt she is cunning as her father was cunning; she can plot as he could plot.' Very earnestly she looked at Frieda, and held up a warning finger. 'Miss Sahib,' she said, 'what did I tell you yesterday? Is not this proof already that I was right? The child could have gone with her mother, but she was sent to the Rani instead. Why? why? Miss Sahib, again I say—Watch! watch! If you would save the little Rajah, watch!'

(*Continued on page* 78.)

"'Take care, or thou shalt have a good whipping.'"



"'He hops around well enough on three legs.'"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 71.)

AFTER tea, as they left the table, Dick whispered to the children, 'I believe Timpie's got some chestnuts for us to roast; so come on, let's cut!'

Whereupon, they paid a visit to Mrs. Timmins, who received them with joy, in her little sitting-room. They sat talking to her until the bell sounded for the Christmas tea in the servants' hall, whereupon they retired to the schoolroom, armed with chestnuts and salt.

'Here, Bill, you watch the first lot, while I brush Cinders,' commanded Derrick, carefully arranging a row of chestnuts on the top bar of the grate, 'and Dick will tell us stories.'

'Oh, will he?' from his elder brother.

'Yes, *do*, Dick,' besought Sybil, 'tell us about Wellington.'

The children were never tired of hearing Dick's anecdotes of his school life, and he obligingly complied with their request till interrupted by a succession of small explosions, which indicated that the chestnuts were ready to eat. Sybil's first batch was so much appreciated that she was dubbed head cook, and commanded to embark on a second without delay.

'Your chestnuts are a jolly sight better than your toast, Bill,' reflected Derrick, as they sat in the firelight, watching for the second batch to pop.

'Hush!' Dick cautioned him. 'You won't be allowed to eat any more if you say that. Toast's still a tender point with Babs, remember.'

'I'll throw them at his head if he says it again,' observed Sybil; then, as she whisked off one of the nuts with the tongs, 'Here, take this, quick, Derrick, and peel it for Dick! I believe it's a good one.'

It proved to be a beauty, 'The best he'd ever tasted,' Dick declared. 'And that one you're peeling yourself, Babs, looks almost as good.'

'Bags I it, then!' cried Derrick.

'No, you don't,' said Sybil; 'you can help me eat up the burnt ones. I want Captain Mitchell to have this.' Whereat both boys began to laugh.

'I don't see what you're laughing at,' remarked Sybil, quite unperturbed, 'he's jolly decent to us. Dick's had my best chestnut, and I should like him to have my second-best.'

'I dare you to walk into the drawing-room, then, Bill, and offer him one chestnut, with everybody laughing at you.'

'I don't care. I want him to have it, so I'll go.'

'Bill, you can't! You couldn't expect him to eat it with the whole crowd staring at him; he'd feel such a fool, wouldn't he, Dick?'

'I don't know or care what he'd feel. All I do know is that if it were worth eating by the time she got there, we should have the whole gang wanting us to cook chestnuts for them. No, Babs, it won't do. If you've really set your heart on his eating the thing, the only way to work it is to fetch him in here. I know it's against our laws to invite grown-ups into the schoolroom, but perhaps we might make an exception for once. What do you say, Derrick?'

'All right; I'll go and fetch him.'

'Oh, no; she must go herself.'

'Yes, I'll go; only keep it hot till I've got him.'

She marched boldly off to the drawing-room, but when she caught sight of Captain Mitchell making polite conversation to the imposing Dowager Lady Bouverie, she felt suddenly foolish, and wished she had not come. But to return to the schoolroom without the Captain were to court merciless ridicule; so, taking refuge behind a screen, and peeping through the cracks, she waited till he moved away from the Dowager. Then she emerged, and approaching him said, shyly, 'Please, can you come into the schoolroom for a minute? We want you.'

'Rather! Of course I'll come,' was the reply, as he strode after her. 'Hulloa, is it a booby-trap?' he inquired, a little anxiously, as he began to open the schoolroom door, and discovered that the room was in darkness except for the firelight. 'I suppose it wouldn't be playing the game to turn on the light? But I *should* like to know whether a bucket of water will fall on my head if I open this door any farther?'

'Oh, no; we've no evil intentions towards you,' said Dick. 'On the contrary, we're all generosity. Didn't Sybil tell you why she brought you here?'

'Not a word.'

'She was so sorry for you not having any cake at tea, you know'—(Dick who had cut the Christmas cake, had given Captain Mitchell an extra large slice, and then chaffed him about it!)—'that she wanted to make sure you didn't go hungry, so she's cooked you a chestnut—a whole chestnut, just think of it! Can you possibly manage to eat *all* of it?'

'You wait and see! Where is it?'

'Give it to him, Derrick; *what* have you done with it?' demanded Sybil, shaking her cousin by the shoulders as he sat on the hearthrug. 'I told you to keep it safe.'

'So I have kept it safe; quite safe. You were such ages fetching Captain Mitchell, Bill, that I couldn't resist temptation any longer—and it's safe inside me.'

'You've eaten it? Oh, Derrick!' There was real tragedy in Sybil's tone, but she added hastily: 'Never mind; I'll roast some more, if he can stay.'

'Oh, yes, he can stay all right,' the Captain assured her; 'and will you really do me another, Sybil?'

'Of course,' replied Sybil, as she placed a fresh batch on the bars; 'these may be even better than the last. I can't think why you lazy boys didn't do some while I was away,' she added, to her cousins.

And so they talked nonsense and ate chestnuts, and upset the salt into the fire—half on purpose—to make a pretty blue blaze; and the time passed all too quickly.

Then followed Christmas dinner with all its attendant joys, and about ten o'clock they began to dance, and then the children had a thoroughly good time, all the grown-ups dancing with Sybil, for she waltzed well and was as light as a fairy.

'You *will* dance with me, won't you, Miss Hamilton?' asked Derrick.

'Of course,' began Mora, then added, hastily, 'Oh, no, I forgot; I can't; I'm offended with you.'

'Why, what have I done?'

'You invited Captain Mitchell into the schoolroom, and not me; and he came and boasted to me about it, in that horrid way of his,' raising her voice for the Captain's benefit, as he waltzed past them.

'It wasn't Derrick's fault, I did it,' called back Sybil, who was dancing with him.

'But the boys agreed to it, and I hate you, all three,' cried Mora after her.

'You don't hate Dick—I saw you dancing with him; so play fair and dance with me too; and if you want to come into the schoolroom, why don't you have tea with us to-morrow?'

'May I really? That's a bribe I can't resist,' said Mora, and they waltzed away together. 'But what will Dick and Sybil say? You haven't got their permission for such a breach of schoolroom law.'

'Dick won't be there, so he can't object, and Bill does what I tell her; but she'll be glad for you to come or I wouldn't have asked you.'

The dancing was not kept up much after midnight, so after all the children were able to join in the Sir Roger de Coverley. Everybody took part in it, including Lady Bouverie, who, as the Colonel's partner, trod the measure with an imposing stateliness.

And as the children mounted the old oak staircase, on their way to bed, they were obliged to admit that Christmas-day had not been the lamentable failure that Derrick had predicted.

CHAPTER VII.

When the children reached Howe's Cottage the next day, well provided with scraps and bones, they were amazed to find Rufus in the garden with the old forester. At sight of them the dog ran up as fast as he could on three legs, and greeted them with yelps of joy.

'Why, Howe! Do you allow him out, then?'

'Waal, Master Derrick, it doan't seem as if it can hurt 'un; he hops around well enough on three legs, an' it don't seem to hurt 'un—not so far as I can see.'

'How splendid!' cried Sybil. 'Do you think we could take him for a walk, then?'

Howe shook his head. 'I wouldna' take him far, Miss Sybil,' he said.

'No, not far, but just a little way; just down the road for a bit where it's quite flat.'

'Well, Miss Sybil, it would make a sort of change for 'un, an' I don't see it would do any harm.'

So they gave him his dinner, brushed his coat, and took him for a little walk down the road. He was delighted with the arrangement, and got along amazingly fast on three feet. When they had been walking for about ten minutes, Derrick suggested a rest; so they sat upon the bank of the side of the road, regardless of wet grass, as what children will not, when there is no grown-up at hand, to threaten them with dire consequences? Rufus sat on their knees, smearing their clothes with mud, while he thrust his cold nose alternately into each child's face and licked their cheeks.

'You know it's awfully risky bringing him here,' observed Derrick; 'suppose Dick were to come along! Now I come to think of it, I believe he is going into Dunsford this afternoon, so he might ride past at any moment.'

'Oh, Derrick, what an awful thought! But he's sure to find out sooner or later. Still, we might have taken him in the wood if we'd thought of it.'

'That wouldn't be much better, for they might be shooting there. Still, he can't be kept shut up in a cottage for ever, so we must risk something.'

Fortunately, Dick did not appear on the scene, nor did any one else, and Rufus was safely delivered over to Howe after half-an-hour's airing.

'I say, we'd better hurry,' said Derrick, as they made their way home through the wood. 'Miss Hamilton's coming to tea, you know. Oh, no, I forgot to tell you.'

'Oh, is she? What a bore!'

'Yes, I rather wish now I hadn't asked her. I only did because she pretended to be offended last night, and refused to dance with me because we'd invited Captain Mitchell into the schoolroom and not her.'

'Oh, well, never mind; she's not half bad, really; only I wish it were Captain Mitchell.'

'I'll ask him, too, if you like.'

'Certainly not. It would be dreadful to have two grown-ups at once, although he is so awfully jolly. Oh, Derrick, I quite forgot to tell you that he's given us half-a-sovereign.'

'What! When?'

'Yesterday, after he kissed me under the mistletoe. He said I deserved an extra present for having such bad luck before breakfast.'

'Oh; then he doesn't mean it for me, too.'

'Don't be silly, Derrick, you know we always go shares.'

'Well, you'd better give it to Rufus, then it won't matter who it belonged to.'

'Yes, of course we will. I say, haven't we got lots now? Enough to keep him going all next term, I should think.'

(*Continued on page* 86.)

LOOK AFTER THE LITTLE ONES.

MISS MASON did not feel at all inclined to go out, although it was a lovely day, for she felt very weak and tired after an attack of the 'flu.' But her doctor had told her to get out in the air as much as possible, and she knew that if she made the effort she would feel all the better afterwards—so out she went.

She had not to go far to reach a beautiful park. Here she sat down on the first seat she came to, beside the carriage-drive, opposite the wide field in which a big Saturday cricket match was being played.

At the other end of the seat sat a man who was holding a little girl's hat.

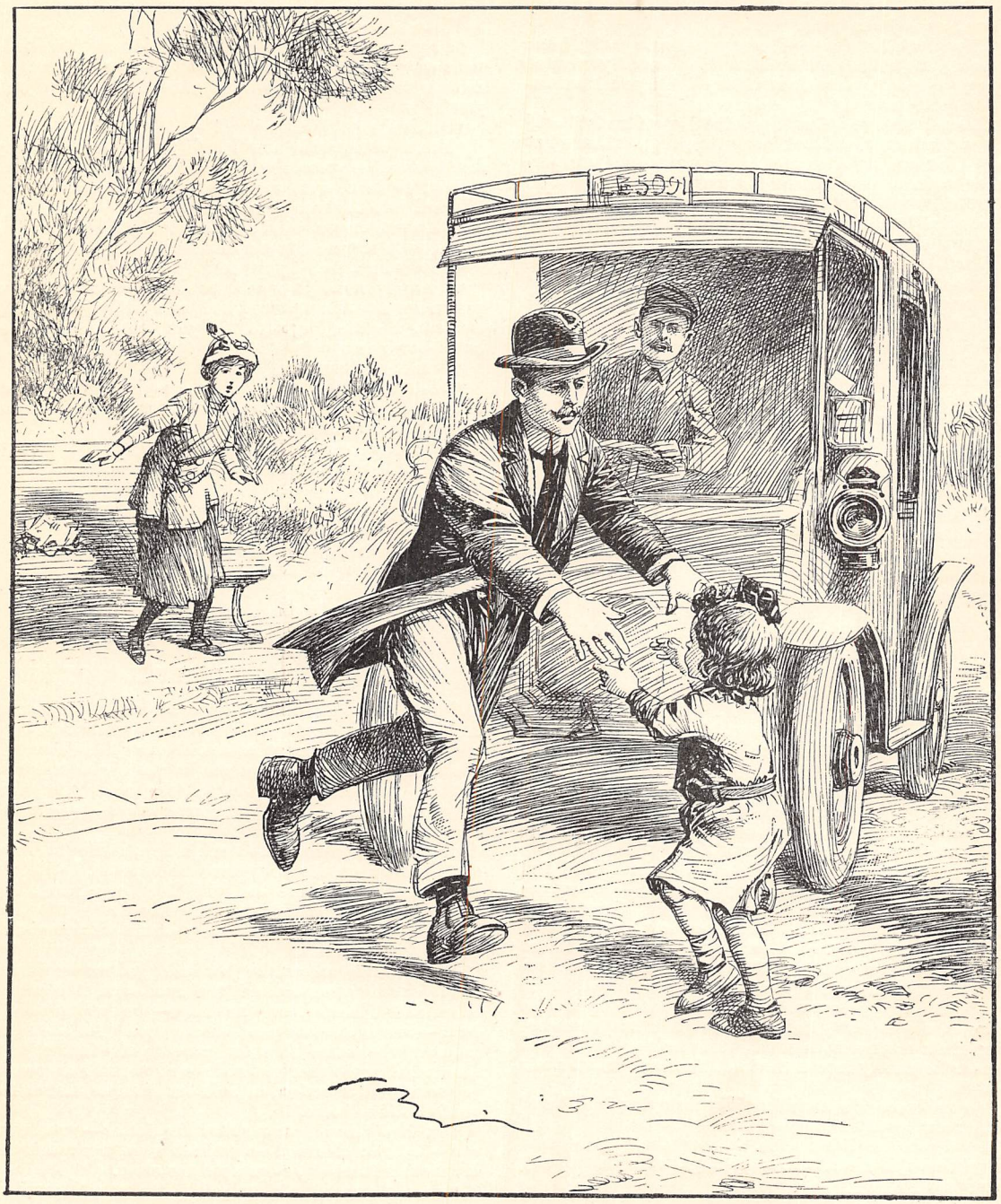
The child to whom the hat belonged was toddling about on the other side of the road, and it occurred to Minnie Mason that the baby—she was *almost* a baby—was in a somewhat unsafe spot. At the same moment the same thought came to the father, and, after glancing to the right and seeing nothing approaching from that direction, he held out his arms, and called to his child to come.

But Miss Mason saw what the father—strange to say—had not observed—a taxicab swinging round the corner from the left, close upon the child.

'There's a taxi!' she gasped, pointing to the swiftly approaching vehicle.

And then—*how* that man ran! Right in front of the taxicab he rushed, avoiding it by a hand's breadth, and caught up his little daughter in his arms, then stepped aside, just in time. When he came back to the seat, he said to the trembling lady:

'I didn't see that. Thank you! *thank you!*'



"Right in front of the taxicab he rushed."

How glad then was Miss Mason that she had made the effort and come into the park that afternoon!

We might draw several 'morals' from this little story. *Always obey your doctor* might be one; and *Look both ways*, another. But I think the best moral would be this:—Keep your eyes open and your brain alert and *look after the little ones.*

E. Dyke.

"A lion with his paws helped to dig the grave."

'NAMESAKES.'

I.—GEORGE AND MARY.

'WHOM were you named after?' That is a question that most of us have been asked over and over again, and the answer usually is that we have been given the name of our father, our mother, a godparent, or of some other near relation or dear friend. We all have other namesakes, however, whom we may never have seen, but who have made their names famous, and whose lives and characters may serve us as examples—or warnings.

In olden times, and in some countries still, it is the custom to give every child the name of a saint or angel. Nearly all Christian names, therefore, that are in common use to-day—apart from flower names and other purely fanciful ones—belonged in the past to some holy man or woman of the early ages; and now, in thinking of our 'Namesakes,' we will, to begin with, go back through the centuries of history, and learn something about those patron saints, as they were called, who lived and died long, long ago, but whose memories we love and whose lives and deeds will never be forgotten.

George and Mary—those two names are linked together in the minds of every English child at the present time, and they must have the place of honour on our list. Mary is, and has been for the last two thousand years, the best-loved and the most widely-used woman's name in all Christendom; and boys who are called George may well be proud, for they bear the name not only of England's king, but of England's own especial saint as well.

'St. George for Merrie England!' That was the battle-cry of our country all through the days of chivalry and romance, when English soldiers marched over the border into Scotland, and won great victories at Crecy and Poictiers and Agincourt. It dates back, indeed, to even earlier times still, for Richard Cœur de Lion defeated his enemy Saladin on St. George's Day, and, when he returned home, dedicated his army and his kingdom to the soldier-saint, who, it was said, had assisted and protected the Crusaders in their warfare.

As to St. George himself, history and legend are inextricably tangled together, and, indeed, so strange is the story and so marvellous are the deeds attributed to the saint, that many people believe that he never really lived at all, but is an allegorical figure—a symbol of the conflict that is always going on between good and evil.

George was a young Roman soldier, a native of Cappadocia—so the beautiful fairy-story tells us—who lived in the reign of the Roman Emperor Diocletian, and who, at one time, when travelling through North Africa to join his legion, came to a city called Selene, whose inhabitants were terrorised by a dreadful dragon, that, haunting a neighbouring swamp, used to come out at night to molest the people, and who even poisoned the air of the district with his pestiferous breath.

In order to propitiate this monster, the men of Selene offered their sheep and cattle, and at last, when the flocks and herds were exhausted, even their children had to be sacrificed. Finally it came to the turn of the king's beautiful daughter, but when she went out alone to meet her doom, the Christian warrior,

George, appeared, who rescued the maiden, and after a terrible fight with the dragon, overcame it and led it helpless and subdued into the city.

Later, times of persecution of Christianity came, and the brave young soldier, George, refusing to give up his faith, was first tortured and then cruelly put to death

Although St. George had been England's patron for so long, his name does not seem to have been used very widely until the seventeenth century, although in the East it was popular, and we find that a Russian sovereign, George, was the builder of the city of Moscow in the twelfth century. In early Stuart days there were three very famous Georges: the Duke of Buckingham, courtier and statesman; General Monk, the great soldier, who fought first for King and then for Parliament in the Civil Wars, and who finally brought about the Restoration and welcomed Charles II. back to England; and George Herbert, the saintly poet.

Of these three seventeenth-century Georges, the most picturesque and romantic figure is certainly that of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of King James I., who travelled to Spain with Prince Charles.

It had been arranged that the Prince of Wales should marry a daughter of the King of Spain, but Charles, wishing to see the lady before coming to a final decision, set out for Madrid, accompanied only by his friend Buckingham and by one servant. The two young men disguised themselves and took the names of Jack and Tom Smith. They reached Paris after many narrow escapes from discovery, and there, while standing among a crowd of ordinary spectators, Charles saw for the first time the beautiful French princess, Henrietta Maria. From Paris the adventurers went on to Spain, arriving safely at their destination, where they threw off their disguises and were welcomed with great feasts and entertainments of all sorts. The enterprise was a failure, however, and finally the negotiations were broken off and Charles married, not the Infanta of Spain, but the Princess of France.

As for the splendid nobleman, George Villiers, his life, too, ended in disaster, for the expedition which he led to the relief of the besieged town of La Rochelle proved unsuccessful, and later he was assassinated at Portsmouth.

Leaving the Stuart days and coming down to the eighteenth century, we find four King Georges in succession on the English throne, and there were besides George Handel, the great musician; George, Lord Byron, the poet; and, across the Atlantic, George Washington, who led the American colonists in their struggle for independence, and was the first President of the United States.

And now we must leave the name of George and turn to Mary. But to-day, when choosing a patron saint, instead of thinking about the Mother of Christ, after whom, in reality, every Mary in Christendom is named, or the other two Maries of the Bible, Mary Magdalene and Mary of Bethany, we will turn our attention to a much less famous saint, and remember for a few moments Mary of Egypt, the hermit, who, having repented of her sins, fled into the wilderness and lived there in solitude for nearly fifty years. Legend tells us that when she left Alexandria, her native city, Mary took with her three little loaves, and that this food, like the widow's meal and oil, never failed.

At last, after many years, the hermit-saint was discovered by an old priest named Zosimus, but she begged him never to betray the secr t of her hiding-place. He promised silence, and when he returned twelve months later Mary was dead, and these words were written in the sand at her side, 'Oh, Father Zosimus, bury the body of the poor sinner, Mary of Egypt, for Christ's sake.'

The good father did his best to carry out this command, but his strength gave way before the work was finished. A lion then came out from a neighbouring thicket, and with his paws helped the priest to dig the grave of the saint.

(*Concluded on page* 83.)

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 67.)

CHAPTER V.

'AND you say,' Miss Everson questioned, 'that Ooma doesn't talk English?'

'She didn't yesterday,' Frieda answered. 'I don't know if she can. But I'm sure she understands it all right. Because when the rest of us spoke English, I could see from her face that she did.'

'She will probably be more at her ease if I speak to her in her own language,' Miss Everson decided, and buried herself anew in a Hindustani manual.

She had not been as disturbed as Frieda had expected at the prospect of Ooma as a pupil, but chiefly owing to the fact that she had jumped to the conclusion a girl would be easier to manage than a boy.

They had made their own preparations to receive the Princess. The Badminton court had been marked out, and the net put up; and the saises had been warned the ponies might be needed. Punch's leg was so much better that half-an-hour's work would do him no harm. There were the pigeons to show Ooma—a hundred or so—and the big pigeon-house in which it was possible to stand upright. The carrier pigeons, which had just arrived from Lucknow, needed training. It might be amusing to take half-a-dozen in a basket a couple of miles into the country and let them loose. Or Ooma might like a game of hide and seek. They ran to wait for her presently at the gate.

'There they are,' said Frieda, shading her eyes from the sun with her hand. 'Look at the dust. I see them coming.' And, as she spoke, from out of a cloud of dust emerged Jai Singh on Sundra with Ooma beside him on a neat little Burmese pony, her own evidently, as neither Michael nor Frieda had seen it before, and there was no horse in Jai Singh's stables they did not know. The two were followed by half-a-dozen outriders, who drew rein as Jai Singh halted and slid from the saddle. After a moment's hesitation, Ooma followed his example. She looked round with raised eyebrows as if surprised. 'Is there no one here to receive us?' she asked. 'Where is the Resident? Does he not come to welcome the Rajah and the Rajah's cousin?'

'I have told her, but she will not believe, that there is no ceremony at lesson-time,' said Jai Singh, impatiently, while Ooma frowned until Frieda began to

praise her pony. It was like a miniature horse, very neatly built.

'I have three more to match, and I drive the four together often,' said Ooma importantly. 'My father taught me. Canst thou drive a four-in-hand, cousin?' she questioned. And, when Jai Singh was forced to admit that, as yet, he had not tried, she was almost restored to good-humour. And, after she had been taken to the drawing-room to be introduced to Mrs. Carnac, she followed the other three without protest to the school-room. Miss Everson, the manual still open on the table, advanced a little nervously to greet her. Unfortunately, she forgot what she had meant to say, and it was Ooma who spoke first. 'Who is this person?' she asked Frieda. 'If she is the teacher, tell her to go. I do not like the colour of her hair, nor the shape of her nose, and, in any case, I do not wish to learn to-day. Send her away.' She spoke very quickly, and Miss Everson only caught a word here and there, and clung to her impression that Ooma was shy. She summoned all the Hindustani she knew to reassure her.

'You must not be frightened, Princess. I will try to make the lessons as easy as I can at first,' said Miss Everson, slowly and carefully. 'Come. Do not be nervous. See. We will sit at the table. You shall have this nice little chair. And Frieda and Michael and Jai Singh shall read aloud, and you and I will listen.'

But Ooma made no attempt to obey. Instead, she again looked Miss Everson up and down contemptuously. 'Tell her to go,' she repeated. 'I say that she does not please me. And how queerly she speaks; like an ignorant coolie. Does she not know how to talk to a royal Princess? How can she teach if she needs to be taught?'

She drawled the question out, and this time Miss Everson understood and flushed. Too late she remembered the manual contained special forms of speech for special occasions and special people. Ooma undoubtedly had the best of the first round. Yet to apologise would almost certainly make matters worse; it seemed better to ignore her own error and Ooma's impertinence. Or, at any rate, to pass over both lightly. 'Well, Ooma,' she said, 'I suggest that I speak to you in English, and you answer in Hindustani, and then we shall both avoid mistakes. And now we will begin. Please listen carefully, as the reading will be in English.'

Already the other three had taken their places, and Ooma, after a glance at them, sat down too. Perhaps she had expected more support; perhaps she had decided that she would try for a while at least if she liked lessons. In any case she did not interrupt the reading, and was obviously a little interested in the lecture on Indian history that followed. Miss Everson, noting the fact, grew more hopeful. But when the twins and Jai Singh began to draw, and Ooma was given a pencil and drawing paper also, she sat idle, unwilling or unable to grasp what was required of her.

'You must try and draw those roses in that vase,' Miss Everson encouraged. She took up the pencil and sketched a line. 'This is how it goes. Begin on the vase. You will find it much less difficult than the flowers.'

'Difficult!' cried Ooma, scornfully. 'Why should it be difficult? If they can do it, of course I can. In a few days, a *very* few days, I shall be able to read as well and better than they. And to draw, what is that?' She snatched at the pencil, and pushed Miss Everson away. 'Leave me alone,' she said. 'I will show you how well I can do it. You are not to look until I am ready.'

'You are each allowed ten minutes, and then your drawings must be handed to me, and I shall pin them on the blackboard and discuss them with you, said Miss Everson, quietly. Her visions of a shy and timid child had vanished. But Miss Everson was not only very conscientious, she was also sensible—and she must be patient with Ooma, she had decided. The child was like a volcano, and exploded as unexpectedly. But she was evidently intelligent, and that at least was a point to start from. A sense of discipline could be gradually instilled. It was no use expecting too much at once from anything so wild. If she could draw it might encourage her, and make her feel more at home.

'Time,' said Miss Everson, presently, and as Jai Singh and the twins handed in their drawings, and Ooma followed their example, she pinned the sketches to the blackboard without looking at them closely, and then stepped back to criticise. Michael and Frieda had both done quite well, and Jai Singh had made a good attempt at the vase, though he had not been very successful with the flowers. But Ooma? Ooma's drawing was a tangle of meaningless lines; she did not seem to have grasped her subject at all. It might have been the work of a child of three or four, who cannot convey what it sees to the paper. Compared with her boast, it was ludicrous. Jai Singh did not try to hide his amusement. Before Miss Everson could speak, he laughed gaily.

'Why should drawing be difficult, Ooma?' he teased. 'Why, indeed? So you can draw as well as we can, can you?

'Hush! hush!' said Miss Everson, hurriedly. Ooma had flashed a glance at her cousin that only the word fiery could describe. 'You will do better another time, Princess, no doubt. I will find you something easier to sketch to-morrow. Don't be discouraged. You must just persevere.'

But it was in vain she spoke. Already Ooma was too angry to listen even if it had been possible to soothe her in any case. She sprang at the blackboard, snatched at the sketches, tore all four into fragments, and flung the pieces of paper at Jai Singh.

'You—you——' she gasped, and then her voice failed her completely. She hurled a book after the paper, dashed towards the verandah door, flung it open and ran towards the summer-house into which she disappeared. When lessons were over, there was still no sign of her, and Jai Singh, Michael, and Frieda took counsel together, standing in the verandah and looking across the lawn. A perpetual state of war could not be allowed to exist; it was both uncomfortable and absurd. And, in any case, Ooma could not be left in hiding indefinitely.

'She'll have to come home with me presently if she won't come and play now,' said Jai Singh. And, at last, the three of them strolled towards the summer-house, talking loudly to warn Ooma of their coming. They had not quite decided what they would say to her, but had agreed to ignore the morning's happenings if she would ignore them also; and, as she had not quarrelled recently with either Michael or Frieda, that one or other of them should propose a truce.

(*Continued on page* 82.)

"She hurled a book after the paper."

"She saw Ooma slip something into the man's hand."

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' etc.

(Continued from page 79.)

IT was Frieda, as it happened, who reached the summer-house first. 'Are you there, Ooma?' she asked, standing in the doorway. There were no windows and it was dark inside, but something moved undoubtedly in the far corner. 'Come and play with us,' Frieda suggested. 'Come and look at the pigeons.'

'No,' said Ooma's voice. But it was not quite as determined as usual.

'Oh, you'd better come,' Frieda urged.

There was a little pause, and then, from behind a wickerwork chair, Ooma slowly emerged. Her white dress was covered with cobwebs, her hair was dusty, and her cheeks tear-stained. She looked forlorn though still defiant. 'You do not want me,' she said sullenly. 'I do not like you, and you do not like me. Go away.'

'We do want you to play with us,' Frieda persisted. Despite herself, she could not help being a little sorry for Ooma now. As Michael had said, no one liked her at the palace; and three against one seemed hardly fair. 'There's heaps of things we can do if you'll come.'

Ooma gulped, and came a little nearer. By this time Michael and Jai Singh had joined Frieda, and the three of them sat down on the steps of the summer-house, and silently made room for Ooma. Cautiously, like a wild thing half tamed, she joined them. With arms round her knees, she rocked herself backwards and forwards for a moment. Then, pushing back her ruffled hair impatiently, she turned to Jai Singh. 'You laughed because I could not draw, and because you can draw a little,' she said. 'But there are many things that I can do far, far better than you can. It will be my turn to laugh soon. Who shot best with that toy gun yesterday? You know that it was I. Oh, I will soon show you what skill I have in all things that matter.'

'How will you show us? When will you show us? What things?' Jai Singh questioned. He had agreed that he would do his best to preserve peace, but, really, it was hardly possible. He did make an effort, however. 'What can you do?' he asked, more quietly.

'I can shoot with a real rifle,' Ooma boasted. 'And at real things. Not just at targets and bottles. I have watched my father shoot. I could shoot a bear, or a leopard, or a tiger. I have shot a stag already.'

'A stag. What kind?' Michael asked, interested, while Jai Singh sat silent. He would have been indignant had he been told that he was almost as quick-tempered as his cousin, but, in fact, there was little to choose between them in this respect, though he was never sullen as was she. And she had touched him again on his tenderest spot. She might be boasting only, but it was quite possible she was speaking the truth. She should prove her words, and he would show her that he could do better than she could. 'Enough, Ooma,' he cried suddenly, 'enough.' And he sprang to his feet. 'I know what I will do. I will ask Major Carnac if we may all go shooting together. He promised me long since that we should go into camp Why should we not go now? Then we will see who can shoot best, you or I. Or Michael or Frieda,' he added, laughing, his temper completely restored, he was so pleased with his plan. 'There are tigers in plenty in the State of Drind. Yes, and game of all kinds. Come, let us find Major Carnac and ask him at once.'

CHAPTER VI.

But, eager as Jai Singh was for an immediate answer, he was forced to wait for a little. There was much to consider which could not be settled in a moment. And the Rani must be consulted also, Major Carnac reminded the little Rajah. But he promised that he would come to the palace next day for the purpose, and by that time would himself have come to a decision; a decision to which Miss Everson's report helped him greatly.

That the Princess Ooma needed time before she could take her place in the schoolroom there seemed no doubt. It was impossible to extract from her any promise of better behaviour in the future, and no one had sufficient authority to make her yield. As a visitor only in the zenana, she was to a great extent in a privileged position. No doubt Soma, if allowed a free hand, could reduce her to submission. But on the slightest ground rumour would build a tale of an ill-treated Princess. The Rani had been firm on the question of attendants. There was all the more reason why she should insist that Ooma was properly treated by her own. She could and would do nothing more to help.

But if Ooma were allowed a little more liberty first, she might grow used more easily to the strange routine. She would see much, not only of Jai Singh, but also of Frieda and Michael in camp: more than she could do in a short daily visit. She would share in everything they did, and might come gradually to friendship with all three. Thus Miss Everson argued, and Major Carnac was inclined to agree with her.

It would be a great thing if Ooma could be won over. It might put an end for ever to the old feud. There was still a faction in the State attached to the Regent, if but a small one. Though Major Carnac did not believe in the plot Duttia thought she had discovered, he did wish that this faction should be reconciled. He was very fond of the little Rajah, and anxious that when he came of age he should rule over a loyal people. And it was time, as Jai Singh himself insisted, that he should learn to shoot. Major Carnac went to the Palace next day, therefore, quite prepared to propose a fortnight in camp, and found the Rani delighted with the prospect.

She was tired for the time being of State Councils and State business. She, too, wanted to play. And she loved novelty, and welcomed the idea of a little change on her own account, as well as on Jai Singh's. From behind the curtains of her tent she could watch much that went on, though she could take no share in the sport itself. There would be the stir of a big encampment, the tales, the jokes. Moreover, a fortnight in camp would help to fill the interval before the great day of rejoicing. The priests had not yet fixed upon a date, but were all still agreed that for some while yet the omens would remain unfavourable.

But the Rani meant to camp in comfort, and also with due pomp. Jai Sing, eager to start on the moment, had to be as patient as he could through a great overhauling of tents and tent furniture. The huge store-

rooms of the Palace were ransacked, and their contents overflowed into the courtyards. No list of stores was ever kept, and much that was valuable came to light which had amused former Rajahs for a little while, and had then been thrown aside and forgotten. The rulers of Drind had never reckoned the cost of a whim, and the Rani was no less extravagant. She was eager now to have the walls and ceiling of Jai Singh's tent covered with orange satin, and ordered a folding bed for him of red lacquer and gilt, with table and chairs to match, and only abandoned the idea when she found they would take at least six months to make.

At last her preparations were completed, and the Court was ready to start. Three hundred camels and five hundred carts had been collected to carry the tents and baggage, and a score of State elephants for shooting purposes. Every servant of the palace who had the shadow of an excuse was prepared to attach himself or herself to the expedition. Had not Major Carnac at this point intervened, there would have been no game left for miles around. The noise alone of the advancing army would have cleared the countryside. But, after an interval of persuasion and argument, the procession was reduced to more reasonable proportions.

Major Carnac's own outfit was very simple. He always preferred to travel as lightly as possible. Michael was to share his father's tent. There was a little tent for Frieda and Duttia; while a third was to be used as sitting-room and office combined. Neither Mrs. Carnac nor Miss Everson were joining the camp at once, as Mrs. Carnac was still weak from an attack of malaria, and Miss Everson was to keep her company until she was strong enough to travel. Duttia had been afraid that an older ayah than herself would be sent with Frieda, and almost swelled visibly with importance as she perched herself on top of a pile of luggage on a cart. Frieda waved to her gaily as she and Michael cantered past to the outskirts of the city, where Jai Singh and Ooma were waiting for them. Major Carnac was to follow a little later in the day, as, at the last moment, he had been detained. The Rani had marched out at dawn. She had chosen to travel in a palanquin, and the bearers could not cover much more than three miles an hour.

Both Ooma and Jai Singh were also in the highest spirits. Ooma had not been again to the Carnacs' house, but she had been more or less peaceable, Jai Singh had reported. She had been quite polite to the Rani, and had not fallen foul of Soma or himself more than a dozen times a day. She had changed her waiting-woman for another, much younger, of the name of Beeja. Beeja belonged to a jungle tribe, Ooma had explained, and would be most useful in camp. And she had asked that Beeja's husband might be employed as a *shikari*, since he was a clever tracker. And, already, Jai Singh announced, as the four turned their ponies towards the forest, the man had brought a good report of game.

'There will be enough for every one,' he laughed. 'A tiger for us each. My father's *shikari* is at work also. And my mother has promised that, if the sport is good, she will give a big reward to all who help.'

'A big reward,' Ooma repeated. 'It will be earned. You will see.' She had dropped a little behind with Frieda, while Jai Singh and Michael raced ahead. Punch still needed care and could not be pressed. Ooma's pony was fretting to race also, but she reined it back with a strength somewhat surprising in one so young. 'A big reward,' she said again; then she glanced sideways at Frieda as they cantered, level.

'Yes?' Frieda asked, for the glance had been almost a question. But Ooma stared at her so blankly, she felt quite uncomfortable, and began to talk hurriedly. 'We've brought those carrier pigeons into camp,' she said. 'We've trained them a little, and we thought we would let one loose a-day with a letter for Mother.'

Ooma nodded, but she did not seem much interested, and it was Frieda's turn now to glance at her. The high spirits in which the Princess had begun the ride were no longer so evident; but, on the other hand, Ooma was smiling to herself as if pleased with some secret thought. And, all at once, Frieda recalled Duttia's warning.

It had slipped from her mind for the time being. Duttia had been so busy, she had forgotten to allude to the plot again; or, perhaps, no longer believed in it. Frieda had forgotten it also. But now she found herself recalling Duttia's tale suddenly as if that secret thought of Ooma's had some connection with it. She remembered it once more that evening as she ran to her tent to fetch a rug in which to wrap herself by the camp fire.

The sun had just set and the night air was chill. All over the camping-ground little fires were twinkling—cooking-fires of the various castes. The white roofs of the zenana tents showed clear against a background of trees. Grouped together were the elephants, huge and restless. From the camels came a bubbling and a grunting, while, beyond, the cart-bullocks munched placidly at their fodder while their masters smoked or gossiped, or stirred a steaming pot. All round the camp Frieda looked quickly. She was so happy, she could have danced with excitement. And then, beneath a tree near by, she caught sight of Princess Ooma.

Ooma was not alone. A man and a woman were with her. Beeja, the new waiting-woman and her husband, no doubt. Why should not Ooma talk to them and they to her? It was natural enough. Yet there was something in the attitude of all three that was not quite natural. Ooma—Ooma, the imperious—did not seem to be giving an order. She seemed to be petitioning instead; to be asking for something she was not sure she would obtain.

The three looked as if they were plotting, Frieda thought. Then she saw Ooma slip something into the man's hand—something that glittered. Perhaps the Princess was offering a reward on her own account? That was what she was doing; of course it was.

'And I'm just imagining plots,' Frieda told herself. 'I'm as bad as Duttia.'

(*Continued on page* 94.)

'NAMESAKES.'

I.—GEORGE AND MARY.

(*Concluded from page* 78.)

IN old pictures by the Italian and Dutch painters Mary is shown as an aged woman with long, flowing hair, and holding three little loaves in her hand.

It is strange to find that the name of Mary, like that of George, does not seem to have been very much used in England before the Middle Ages, and in England there

was no Queen Mary until the sixteenth century, although a Princess Mary, daughter of Henry VII., married first the King of France, and afterwards Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. At about this time on the Continent there was a very famous Mary in the person of the young ruler of the Low Countries, Mary of Burgundy, daughter and heiress of Charles the Bold, whose marriage with the Emperor Maximilian proved disastrous to her dominions, for it brought them into the power of Spain, and caused troubles and persecutions, and warfare that lasted for the sixteenth and seventeeth centuries.

Mary seems, indeed, to have been an unfortunate name for queens and rulers all through history. There was Mary I. of England, a most unhappy woman, whose memory is hated, but who, if the whole truth were known, was probably more mistaken than wicked, and who, no doubt, thought that she was doing her duty when she persecuted the reformers. It is strange to find that this queen, whose terrible nick-name is so well known, celebrated her first entry into London after her claims to the throne had been established, by freeing all the prisoners in the Tower, among whom were Stephen Gardiner, and her kinsman, Edward Courtenay, who had spent nearly all his life in captivity.

Another unfortunate Queen Mary was the beautiful Queen of Scots, who, with her attendant ladies, the four Maries, famous in stories and ballads, spent many years as a fugitive and a captive, first in her own kingdom, and later in England, and who finally was beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle—while her grandson's wife, Henrietta Maria, another Queen Mary—for, of course, Maria and Mary are only different forms of the same name—was deposed with her husband, Charles I., and after his death spent many sad years in exile.

Then there was Mary of Modena, the second wife of James II., who with her little son was obliged to flee from England one wet stormy evening in the year 1688, and who, like Queen Henrietta Maria, took refuge in France, making room on the English throne for another Queen Mary, her step-daughter, whose husband, William, was the son of Princess Mary, daughter of Charles I., who married the Prince of Orange.

We go on for a century now, and in France find Queen Marie Antoinette, who, like her namesakes in England and Scotland, seems to have been born to an unhappy fate. Her story is, perhaps, the saddest of all, and we see her robbed of all her state and magnificence, hated by her people, thrown into prison, and at last sentenced to death, and meeting her fate on the scaffold with a courage worthy of a great queen.

And now leaving courts and palaces behind us—yes, and prisons too, for our namesake queens had their share of suffering and hardships, we must think of other Maries who have made their names—and ours—famous.

There was the beautiful Mary Sidney, sister of Sir Philip, in whose honour the romance *Arcadia* was written, and who was a poet herself; while another English Mary, living at the same time, but of a very different type, was the girl soldier, Mary Ambree, who accompanied the British troops:

'When captains courageous, whom nothing could daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt.'

Mary Ambree herself, from all accounts, seems to have been fully as brave as the captains themselves, for we find her, according to the old ballad that tells her story, donning armour and, sword in hand, mounting the walls of the beleagured city, defying the foe, and winning the admiration even of the Spanish leader, Alexander Farnese.

Among more peaceful Maries we find Mary Moser, a painter, who shared with Angelica Kauffmann the honour of being elected a member of the Royal Academy; Mary Carpenter, the philanthropist, who did so much for starving and friendless children; and Maria Edgeworth, the author of the stories that delighted the little boys and girls of a hundred years ago, and still are read with pleasure. A. A. M.

THE PERSEVERING LAPWING.

WHILE ploughing up a mangel field in Kent, a carter found a lapwing's nest with two eggs in it. The kind man moved it to another spot, and the bird returned and laid two more eggs. In due course she began sitting, and though the nest had to be moved eight times while the harrowing and drilling went on, four lively little lapwings were safely hatched out.

PRECIOUS LITTLE SHIPS.

TWO or three hundred years ago the clever craftsmen and jewellers of Holland and some of the German towns, such as Nuremberg, were noted for the manufacture of 'nefs'—quaint and beautiful little models of the picturesque full-rigged ships of the period—which they wrought in silver, and sometimes even in gold, usually for presentation to some monarch, or other notable persons, who had occasion to visit one of the great seaport towns of the day.

During the Middle Ages, these curious and beautiful little toys were often made to the order of the corporations of such towns, for presentation to distinguished visitors, and the manufacture continued till the close of the eighteenth century. The Dutch and Nuremberg workers in precious metals sent the 'nefs' out to most parts of the world.

An original one is almost priceless nowadays, and a reproduction before the Great War cost as much as two hundred or three hundred pounds, so the collecting of them was a hobby only possible for very rich people. The name came from the French 'nef,' or Latin 'navis'—'a ship'—from which the word 'Navy' is derived. 'Nefs' make most lovely and effective table ornaments, but in olden days they were often used to hold wine: the hulls being large enough to serve this purpose, and the bows being converted into spouts, a sort of tube often projecting just beneath them, which could be corked up, while the wine filled the hold. Sometimes a bottle of some costly wine was locked up safely in the silver ship, which was usually from one and a half to two feet long. This was an advantage in the days when people were dreadfully afraid of being poisoned, and it was a great thing to have a receptacle in which a royal person could keep a bottle of rare wine safely locked up!

As the 'nefs' were made to run on little wheels, they could be rolled over the table from one person to another, and occasionally they served as fruit-stands, or simply as centre-pieces. The hulls were almost always richly embossed and chased, and the whole 'nef' was of silver or gold, down to the masts, spars, sails, guns, rigging, flags, and the tiny crew. Above the

TWO PICTURE PUZZLES.

Find the Lion's mate, and the Shepherd's two Sheep-dogs.

wheels, dolphins, whales, and other maritime creatures sported; or grotesque figures, representing demons or 'beasties,' such as appear on gargoyles; while the figure-heads often represented a beautiful woman, or perhaps Neptune, or some other sea deity.

The worthy burgesses of some of the great towns of the famous Hansa League—such as Hamburg, Lubeck, and Bremen—sometimes not only used their 'nefs' as wine or fruit-holders, but as collection-boxes; and after dinners given in aid of charities, the 'nef' was wheeled about the table to the various guests, who dropped contributions into the hold.

These tiny vessels were so much esteemed in bygone days that monarchs often presented them to each other, and the collecting of 'nefs' may still be called a hobby for princes, so costly are the little models.

The late King Edward had a very fine collection of them, most of them perfect in every detail, and of great historical interest, as they are said to give a good idea of the progress of the British navy from the Middle Ages down to the introduction of steam.

Our present King was also a keen collector of 'nefs' when he was Prince of Wales, and has many lovely models; while his uncle, the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, when he was Duke of Edinburgh, had what was asserted to be the finest and most perfect collection in the world, consisting of about forty 'nefs,' many of them the work of the most famous of the old Dutch and Nuremberg craftsmen of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Silver 'nefs' were made as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century, and were perfect models of the quaint ships of the period.

Some good specimens may be seen in museums in various parts of the kingdom, while a few private individuals possess one or two old specimens. Modern reproductions, of course, are not rare, but they are comparatively lacking in interest. A miniature navy of these charming and costly little vessels is a most fascinating possession, though it is out of the reach of most of us.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

THE BLUE MOUNTAIN.

IMMEDIATELY west of Junction City, a few miles south of Danville, Kentucky, is a curious geological formation called 'Bald Blue Knob,' which has been an object of wonder for many generations.

From its foot to its crest its height is about two hundred feet. Except on the large flat top with a small knob in its centre, which is absolutely barren, this mountain is covered with vegetation.

The soil of the mountain-top is as blue as indigo. Many think that 'Bald Blue Knob' was at one time a volcano.

STRAIGHTNESS IS STRENGTH.

THERE was once a king who wanted to find out how his nephew's studies were progressing. So he called the boy to him, and, taking up a book of fables written in a foreign language, pointed to one of them, and told him to translate it. This the boy did excellently, winning high praise from the king. But the boy was an honest boy. He said, 'I had that fable for my lesson with my tutor the other day.' His uncle was greatly pleased with this candour. He took the boy to the garden, where he pointed to a tall pillar. 'Look at that,' he said: 'its uprightness is its strength.'

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. PILLEAU.

(Continued from page 75.)

'COME on, Miss Hamilton!' cried Derrick, half an hour later, as Mora appeared at the schoolroom door. 'Come on, let's have tea; you'd better pour out.'

'Certainly not! Of course Sybil will.'

'Oh, no, I never do. Derrick always does when we're alone.'

'Then it's high time you began. Come and do it at once.' And Mora moved her bodily to the head of the table.

'Will you have grown-up tea or children's tea?'

'Does that mean do I want it weak or strong?'

'No. I mean how do you like me to begin? We always put the tea in first, then the milk, and if people want sugar they can stick it in afterwards. But in the drawing-room they always do it backwards, and begin with the sugar and end up with the tea.'

'Well, you can do it just as you like, Sybil,' said Mora, laughing; 'schoolroom way is quite good enough for me. What are you going to do to-morrow?' she asked presently.

'Nothing particular, so far as I know,' replied Derrick.

'Oh, yes, Derrick, don't you remember? It's that wretched dancing-class!'

'What, do you learn dancing in the holidays?'

'We've got to, this time, and we don't want to a bit.'

'Who says you've got to?'

'Grandfather. Mrs. Meredith got round him. She lives at Dunsford, and a friend of hers is getting up a hateful holiday class. She asked Grandfather to send us, and of course he was too polite to say "No." It's supposed to be a sort of treat to us. Such rot!'

'But don't you like dancing-lessons? I used to love them when I was little; and you like dancing.'

'Oh, yes, that's different; and I like the classes all right during term time, because they mean getting off lessons. But what's the use of them in the holidays, when we've got lots of importanter things to do?'

But they had to go, all the same; and although they found the class distinctly boring, they reconciled themselves to it, on account of the opportunity afforded of procuring the collar for Rufus. The classes were held twice a week, and on the second occasion the children, not having any purchases to make in Dunsford, felt still less inclination to attend. On the Tuesday of the following week, as they drove unwillingly into town for the third class, Sybil remarked, 'They've opened a roller-skating rink in Dunsford now. Did I tell you, Derrick?'

'No. By Jove, I wish we were going there now, instead of to this beastly class!'

'So do I,' agreed Sybil, with emphasis; then, suddenly—'I say, Derrick, why shouldn't we?'

'What, and cut the class? Oh, Bill, do you dare?'

'Yes, I do,' decidedly. 'Nobody's any business to make us do lessons in the holidays; and—who's to know?'

'No, I don't suppose it would come out.'

'Have you any money with you, Derrick?'

'Yes, half-a-crown; but it really belongs to Rufus; it seems a shame to rob him.'

'Oh, but we've got half-a-sovereign extra for him, that he never expected at all, so it couldn't matter

spending just a little. I know it's only sixpence each, and I expect it will be only threepence for us, as we're under twelve. Of course, we shall have to hire the skates, but that won't be much. I wish we'd thought of bringing our own.'

'Yes; we haven't used them since the old Guildford days; but never mind, hired ones will do all right.'

And so these two naughty children got out at the Public Hall, where the classes were held; but no sooner had the brougham driven away than, instead of entering the building, they deliberately crossed over the road and walked down to the rink a little further on. There was no difficulty about getting roller-skates, and, in a few minutes, they were gliding merrily away amidst the eager throng. They had one or two tumbles at first, but nothing serious, and soon got into their stride, persuading their consciences that by thus racing up and down they were getting far more exercise than at the class.

Then they fell in with some friends of the Colonel, who, all unconscious that they should have been elsewhere, received them into their midst, skated with them, treated them to buns and chocolates, and altogether gave them a good time. The minutes fled all too rapidly, and it seemed but half-an-hour to the children, instead of nearly two hours, when Derrick whispered to Sybil, 'Come on, we ought to go now; we must be outside the Public Hall at a quarter to five, you know,' and, unwillingly, they tore themselves away.

'Hasn't it been ripping?' cried Derrick, as they took off their skates. 'It was a jolly good idea of yours, Bill, and I vote we do it again on Friday.'

But, alas! the pleasures of iniquity are short-lived, and the punishments of disobedience come quickly. As the children emerged from the Rink, with bright eyes and glowing cheeks, whom should they run into but Dick, coming out of the hairdresser's next door. Oh, awful moment! 'Hullo, kids! What are you doing here?' he asked. 'I thought you were sent in to a dancing-class.'

'So we were,' from Derrick.

'But, surely, the class isn't held in the Rink? No, I can hear the sound of skates.'

There was a pause; then Derrick spoke up, bravely: 'No, it's not held there. We haven't been to the class at all; we've been rinking.'

'You little sneaks!' cried his brother, angrily. 'Is this the way you behave when you're left to yourselves?'

'It's the first time we've done it, Dick,' said Sybil, humbly, 'and I suggested it. Is it really such a very bad thing to do?'

'Of course it is! It's disgraceful, and I'm ashamed of you both! I thought you had more idea of honour.'

'But how is it dishonourable?' argued Derrick. 'We didn't pay out of Grandfather's money; it was the shilling I got out of the plum-pudding.'

'That's not the point,' replied Dick, with severity. 'Grandfather pays for the classes, and to the classes he expects you to go. He *trusts* you to do this, otherwise he would send somebody to see that you did. In future he had better do so, for you have proved yourselves unworthy of his trust.'

'But we know everything at that silly old class already, so his money's wasted, in any case, whether we go or not.'

'Yes,' broke in Sybil. 'Lady Bouverie said on Christmas night that we danced exquisitely; and it must be true if she said so, because she doesn't generally say nice things.'

'But, Sybil, that's nothing to do with it,' continued Dick, in despair. 'Don't you see that if a person trusts you to do a thing, it's dishonourable not to do it?'

'Even if it's a silly thing?'

'Even if it's the silliest thing in the world. The principle remains the same. Surely you are old enough to understand that?'

'We'll promise not to do it again.'

'I'll jolly well see that you don't. Would you have liked Grandfather to have come along as you left the Rink?'

'No,' from both children.

'Then that shows that you knew you were doing wrong.'

'Of course we knew it was naughty—rather naughty; but not so bad as all that.'

'It was as bad as it possibly could be. I consider your behaviour low and despicable.'

'We're awfully sorry, Dick,' said Derrick, 'awfully sorry; 'and—and you won't tell Grandfather?'

'If you've a spark of honour left in you, you'll tell him yourselves, and take the punishment you deserve.'

They had reached the Hall by now, and, the brougham driving up at that moment, Dick hustled the children into it, banged the door, and went off to get his horse, for he had ridden into town.

As he made his way across the common, under the rising moon, he found himself wondering if he had been too hard upon the two young delinquents.

'Seems rather a shame to make 'em report to the Guv'nor,' he soliloquised; 'still, as they seem to have been born without any sense of honour, it's high time some one should instil it into them. Wish I could let 'em off, poor little beggars, but I can't go back on what I said.' Then, suddenly, 'I know what I *will* do, though!' And allowing Mahomet to break into a canter, he reached Limborough Hall a good twenty minutes before the brougham.

A few minutes later he entered the Colonel's study. 'Grandfather,' he began, going straight to the point, 'those kids have been up to mischief again, and——'

The Colonel swung round in his chair. 'What have they done now, hey?' he interrupted, knitting his brows.

'Well, sir, I'd rather not say. I can't tell on them; but I think they're going to own up themselves, and I wanted to ask you not to be too hard on them.'

The Colonel smiled in spite of himself. 'Bless the boy, what *does* he want? First you tell me that they've been naughty, and then you ask me not to punish them! In that case, what's the use of telling me at all?'

'Well, sir, I wanted to prepare you. And I didn't ask you to let them off altogether; only not to make it too hard.'

'That depends upon what they've done. If they've been annoying my guests again, by Jove, they shall suffer for it this time!'

'Oh no, it's nothing of that sort; and they don't seem to have understood that it was a serious matter till I pointed it out to them. But they understand now.'

The Colonel looked up at his grandson's eager face; and, as the boy stood there, tall and straight and earnest, his own expression softened, and he said, less gruffly: 'Well, well, my boy, we'll see.'

(*Continued on page* 90.)

"Meg had one or two tumbles at first."

"'Well, and what do you want?'"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 87.)

CHAPTER VIII.

MEANWHILE the brougham was steadily nearing the Hall, and the time was growing uncomfortably close when the children must face their grandfather. It had been an unusually silent drive, and they were not very far from the lodge gates when Derrick discovered Sybil to be crying. 'I say, Bill,' he began, 'for mercy's sake don't blub. After all, he can't kill us, and he's always cross, whether we're naughty or not, so this can't make so very much difference.'

'I'm not crying ab-bout Grandfather,' sobbed Sybil. 'I don't c-care a bit what *he* says ; only it's so d-dreadful that Dick thinks *that* about us.'

'*I* can't think why he's in such a wax about it,' observed her cousin, 'he doesn't generally mind when we're naughty. He never objects a bit when we play tricks on the visitors, or do lots of other things that I should have thought mattered much more than this.'

'But he says we're dishonourable ; and playing tricks isn't that.'

'Well, anyhow, buck up and stop crying; we're nearly back; and, whatever you do, don't cry before Grandfather, or he'll think you are afraid. And being cowardly is worse than being dishonourable—at least *I* think it is.'

So Sybil dried her eyes and assumed, at any rate, an outward calm; though, as the interview with their grandfather drew nearer, in spite of her bold assertion that she 'didn't care a bit what *he* said,' she began to find her courage was oozing.

'Come on,' said Derrick, as they got out of the brougham, a few minutes later, 'the sooner we get it over the better,' and clasping each other firmly by the hand they made their way to the 'Tiger's Den,' as they termed their grandfather's study.

'Come in!' said the Colonel, gruffly, in reply to their timid knock. 'Well, and what do you want?' he inquired, as they entered and Derrick approached his writing-table, looking rather white.

'Please, Grandfather,' began Derrick, 'please, we've come to own up. We cut the dancing-class this afternoon, and Dick says it was dishonourable—and please, we're very sorry.'

'What!' cried the Colonel, but far less severely than usual. 'Not been to the dancing-class? Then pray what have you been doing?'

'We went to the Rink,' said Sybil, 'and, please, it was most my fault, because I thought of it.'

Humph,' muttered the Colonel; 'the old story of Eve tempting Adam to do wrong ; and pray what was the reason of this iniquitous behaviour?'

'Because,' said Sybil, simply, 'we hate the dancing-class, and we love the Rink.'

'You are candid, at all events,' remarked her grandfather, drily. Then he continued, half to himself, 'Did I ever play truant myself when I was a lad? Well, well, I shouldn't like to say that I did not.' Then, after a slight pause, 'But you must understand that I paid for you to be taught dancing, not skating; and I must insist that in future my preference in this matter is respected. Can I trust you not to repeat this afternoon's performance?'

'Yes, Grandfather,' from both children, 'we promise, on our honour.'

'Very well, then,' said the Colonel, with an air of finality, 'and remember that your honour is the honour of the Russells.'

There was a pause; then Sybil asked, timidly, 'Please, what is our punishment to be?'

'Punishment? Oh, ah, ahem! As you have owned up, I am not so angry as I should have otherwise been ; but your punishment is a matter for your dancing-mistress to decide. The offence is more against her than me. I desire that you write to her this evening, and give a full explanation of the reason for your absence. You may go.'

'Oh!' gasped Derrick, when they were safely outside the door, 'what asses we shall feel when we see her,' but they came away with the feeling that Dick's black books were decidedly worse than their grandfather's.

'Well, Bill, I suppose we'd better write that letter, and have done with it,' said Derrick, after tea had been cleared away.

'I don't see the use of writing it when we don't know her address.'

'Oh, that sort of excuse isn't much good. Grandfather probably knows it, and if he doesn't, we've only got to send it to the Public Hall, and it will be forwarded.'

'Come on, then ; what shall we say?'

'Dear Miss Young, we are two naughty children, and we hope you will forgive us——'

'Don't be silly, Derrick! That sounds such rot.'

'Well, do you like this better? "Dear Miss Young, we hate your old dancing-class, so we went to the Rink instead, which is much nicer. We enjoyed ourselves very much. Yours sincerely."'

'*That* wouldn't be much of an apology.'

'Grandfather didn't mention an apology ; he said an explanation. Isn't that one?'

'Yes, but not the sort he meant ; we'd never hear the end of it if we sent that—and I'm getting sick of it.'

Finally, their united efforts produced the following, written in Derrick's best hand:

'Dear Miss Young,—We are not aware if you remarked our absence this afternoon. Should such be the case, we desire to make the following confession: "We erred from thy class, and strayed into the Rink oppersite, where we had two hours healthfull and inviggerating exercise. But we have now been brought to a knowledge of the error of our ways, and intend in future to resist all such temptations."

'Hoping you will accept this explanation, and chasten us according to our merit.—We remain, yours penni-tently, Derrick and Sybil Russell.'

'I vote we don't ask Grandfather for her address, or he will want to read it, and then if it's not right we shall have to do it all over again. You'd better address it to the Public Hall.'

'Righto!' and the boy directed the envelope with a flourish.

In the course of a day or two the letter reached Miss Young, who laughed heartily when she read it, and forgave the little truants on the spot. Thenceforth she was great friends with them, and they no longer found her classes an unmitigated bore.

Meanwhile their chief delight lay in the secret visits to Rufus. It was now over a fortnight since he had been rescued from the trap, and, as they had not once missed taking him his daily portion of buns and titbits, he was getting into much better condition, and his silky coat began to shine from the regular grooming. But now, alas! the time came, as it inevitably must, when Timpie began to ask questions. One morning Derrick begged for the end of a beefsteak pie, and after she had let him take it, the good old housekeeper said: 'But this must be the last thing I give you, Master Derrick, without I know what it's for.'

'Oh, I won't take this if you'd rather I didn't, Timpie,' said the boy, hastily.

'No, you can have that, dearie, as I said you could, but you know I can't keep on giving away what belongs to your grandfather.'

'Oh, but, Timpie, you know we've never taken anything except what you said you didn't want.'

'I know you ain't, my dear, and I'm not blaming you; but it isn't right of me to keep giving away even the scraps, unless I knows what becomes of them. Come, now, Master Derrick, won't you tell me what you do with them.'

Derrick shook his head. 'I'm afraid I can't,' he said; 'but it's nothing naughty.'

'I thought at first that you were playing at camping out, but you have been at it too long for that.'

'No, it isn't a game, it's quite serious,' said Derrick, and he left the kitchen with a sober face.

Shortly afterwards he returned with Sybil. 'Timpie,' began both children, 'can you keep a secret?'

'To be sure I can, my dears,' she replied.

'Well,' continued Derrick, 'if we tell you why we want the scraps, will you promise not to say a word to any one?'

Mrs. Timmins considered for a moment. 'Yes, Master Derrick,' she said, thoughtfully, 'I think I can promise you that; but, mind you, I don't promise to give you anything more unless I find the secret's a good one.'

'Oh, but it *is* a good one; it's a lovely one!' cried Sybil. 'It's this, Timpie—we've got a dog!'

'A dog, Miss Sybil? Where have you got it? And why has it got to be kept secret?'

'Well, we know Grandfather doesn't want any more dogs here, so we didn't dare ask him about Rufus. We found him caught in a trap, one day, and Howe's taking care of him for us.'

'What, that red setter? Fancy that belonging to you. I've heard of him from Daisy. She and Sam went to tea with Howe last Sunday.' (Sam was one of the under-gardeners, and was 'walking out' with the kitchenmaid.) 'They understood as he was minding the dog for a friend.'

'So he is,' said Derrick, 'and we're the friend. He's got a broken leg, but we set it, and it's getting on fine; and now he hops about on three legs.'

'And we spend all the money we get on dog-biscuits,' chimed in Sybil; 'but Howe says he must have meat as well, so you *will* still give us the bones, Timpie, won't you?'

'To be sure I will, honey. Why didn't you tell me about him before?'

'Well, we thought it best to keep him quite a secret; it's safer, you see. Even Dick doesn't know about him. And you won't tell Daisy he really belongs to us, will you?'

'Of course I won't. But if I help feed him, don't you think I ought to be allowed to have a look at him? Couldn't you bring him up one afternoon for Timpie to see?'

'Oh, I wish we could!' cried Sybil. 'But do you think we ought to, when Grandfather's said he won't have any more dogs here?'

'I'm sure he didn't mean it that way, Miss Sybil. He meant that the stable dogs and his own terrier was enough living on the place. There's plenty of visitors bring dogs here. I have them in the kitchen myself now and again. There's that Ben of Howe's—he's been in many a time with him.'

'But, Timpie,' said Derrick, 'I don't see how we're to get him here; at least, not yet awhile. He couldn't come all this way on three legs.'

'No, my dear, indeed he couldn't; but Howe's got a cart, you know, so he could drive him up, and come in and take a cup of tea.'

'Oh, yes! And we'll come and have tea with you, too. What fun it will be!'

'Which day shall it be, Timpie?' asked Sybil.

'Any day you like, my dears.'

'To-morrow, then, to-morrow! If Howe's not too busy. We'll go down now and see.'

And off they scampered, full of excitement at the new adventure; for an adventure it seemed to the children, what with the hoisting of Rufus into the cart, and the smuggling of him, unobserved, into the housekeeper's sitting-room.

(*Continued on page* 102.)

THE ROMANCE OF SHIP-BUILDING.

IV.—THE INTRODUCTION OF STEAM.

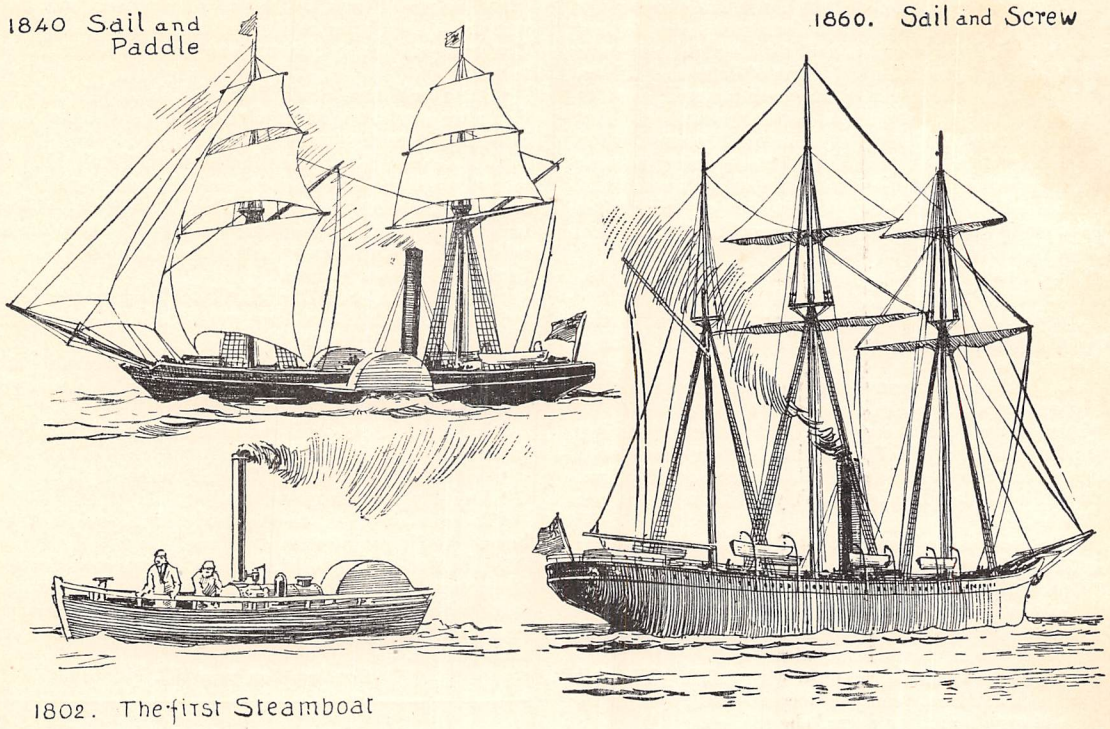
TO us, accustomed to think of the great liner, battle-ship, and cruiser as the emblems of sea power, it seems difficult to believe that as late as 1837, the year that Queen Victoria ascended the throne, our most powerful warships differed but little from Nelson's famous flagship, the *Victory*.

Since her launch some sixty years before, there had been practically no change in the design of naval ships, and the passenger boat was still slow and usually uncomfortable. The stately three-deck men-o'-war still represented the highest form of fighting efficiency, and in those days no one would have believed that in just over a quarter of a century she would be completly superseded.

Steam is responsible for completely altering the design of the ships of both Navy and Mercantile Marine, and of enormously increasing their tonnage and speed.

Take for example a sailing frigate of 1825. She would have a tonnage of not more than two thousand. She had to make way for the steam frigate, the finest type of which had a tonnage of nearly six thousand and a speed of sixteen knots. She in turn had to give way to the all-steel cruiser, the modern frigate, of great speed, and able, at a reduced speed, to travel many thousands of miles without coaling. Thus a second or third-class cruiser is larger, faster, and infinitely more efficient than the frigate ever was.

Compare the giant liner of to-day—of thirty, forty, and even fifty thousand tons—to the slow, stuffy, and uncomfortable passenger boat at the beginning of the last century, that was dependent on wind and weather,



and whose arrival could never be looked for with any certainty as regards time or even day.

All this is due to steam, and the clever engineers who have carried out, and improved on, the early inventors' ideas.

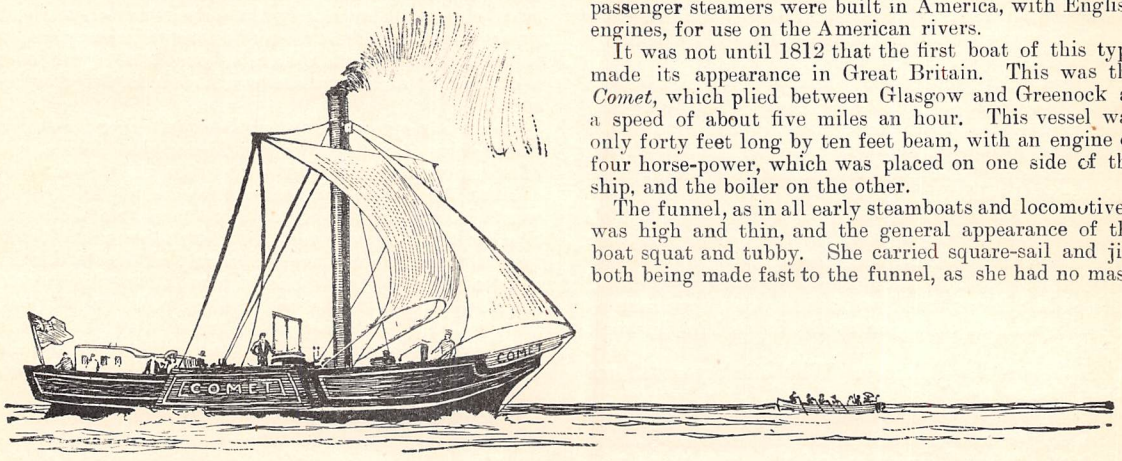
The first attempt to use a steam engine as a method of propelling a boat was made in Scotland, where so many fine vessels are now built, in 1788, when a double or twin boat was fitted with an engine and a paddle-wheel placed in the space between the boats. This first attempt only realised a speed of about three miles an hour.

In 1802, a small paddle steamer, the *Charlotte Dundas*, was built for use on the Forth and Clyde Canal as a tug, and proved quite successful, though slow; but the owners of the canal objected to her use, saying that the wash caused by her paddle injured the embankment!

After some further experiments the first regular passenger steamers were built in America, with English engines, for use on the American rivers.

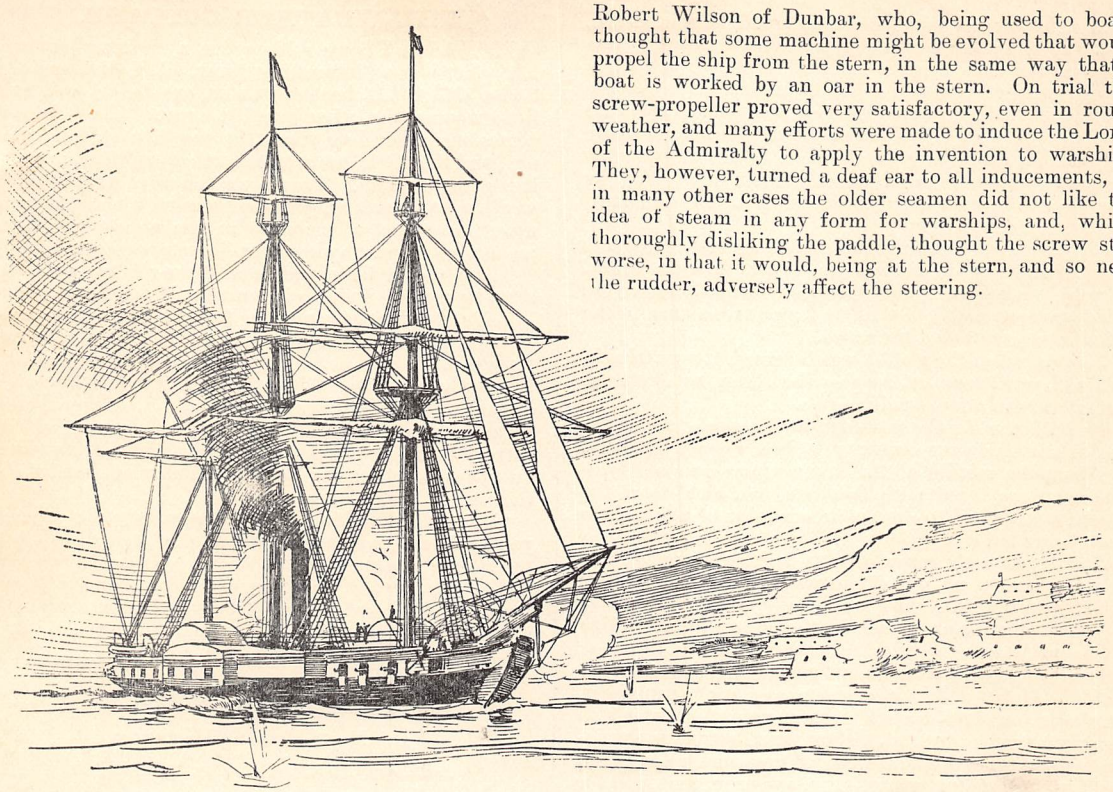
It was not until 1812 that the first boat of this type made its appearance in Great Britain. This was the *Comet*, which plied between Glasgow and Greenock at a speed of about five miles an hour. This vessel was only forty feet long by ten feet beam, with an engine of four horse-power, which was placed on one side of the ship, and the boiler on the other.

The funnel, as in all early steamboats and locomotives, was high and thin, and the general appearance of the boat squat and tubby. She carried square-sail and jib, both being made fast to the funnel, as she had no mast.



The First British Passenger Steamboat.

The Tub Race



A Paddle-Frigate in action.

Other similar vessels of larger dimensions were built, and in 1814 the *Glasgow* was launched, to become the standard of that early period for the design of river steamers.

In 1815 a small steamer ventured as far as Dublin, and thence to London, afterwards running a passenger service between London and Margate.

The first cross-Channel steamer between Dover and Calais started the service in 1819, still a small vessel, of about one hundred tons burden, and very slow.

In the same year an American steamboat, the *Savannah*, crossed the Atlantic, but though possessing engines, she sailed most of the way across. These early 'steamers' were, after all, just sailing-boats fitted with engines and paddles, and could usually sail faster than they could steam.

The first warship to be fitted with steam was the *Penelope*, a forty-six-gun frigate. She was cut in two, lengthened, and furnished with paddles and engines of six hundred and fifty horse-power. After this a number of vessels were specially built for the paddle, such as the *Terrible* of twenty-one guns and eight hundred horse-power.

Previous to this the Government possessed very few steamers, all of them small, mostly used as tenders and for towing vessels in and out of harbour, with an occasional sea trip, perhaps venturing as far as Gibraltar.

The screw-propeller was really invented in 1827 by Robert Wilson of Dunbar, who, being used to boats, thought that some machine might be evolved that would propel the ship from the stern, in the same way that a boat is worked by an oar in the stern. On trial this screw-propeller proved very satisfactory, even in rough weather, and many efforts were made to induce the Lords of the Admiralty to apply the invention to warships. They, however, turned a deaf ear to all inducements, as in many other cases the older seamen did not like the idea of steam in any form for warships, and, whilst thoroughly disliking the paddle, thought the screw still worse, in that it would, being at the stern, and so near the rudder, adversely affect the steering.

It was left to another, E. P. Smith, to reap the reward by having his screw-propeller adopted by the Admiralty.

Two years before this took place he had constructed a small ten-ton steamer of six horse-power and tried it on the Thames with complete success, and it was really this that at last induced the naval authorities to give the screw a trial. For this purpose a larger vessel was built with a view of thoroughly testing the invention, and the working capabilities of the screw-propelled ship. We may note here that the first screw consisted of only one blade, the improvement of two blades, and the modern screw of three or four.

The *Archimedes*, of two hundred and thirty-seven tons and eighty horse-power, was built and launched under official sanction, and the experiments showed that this was the engine of the future, as regards warships, for by its use the whole of the motive-power could be placed below the water-line, and therefore be less vulnerable to enemy shot and shell, whereas the paddle-wheel was, necessarily, exposed, and so could easily be put out of action by a well-directed shot. Another point in favour of the screw being that the sides of the vessel being unencumbered with paddle-boxes, more space was left for an increased armament. It also interfered less with the handiness of a vessel when under sail alone, for in those days all steamers were sailing-boats as well, steam being really an auxiliary, and it was found that when voyaging

with a favourable wind, the fires could be shut down, and the sails alone employed, without much loss of speed and with a great saving of fuel. Even when using the screw merely as an auxiliary to propel the vessel at a moderate speed, when she would otherwise have been becalmed, it was a saving of time and therefore expense, by shortening the duration of the voyage. It was this, more than anything, that led to its adoption by the mercantile marine, and was soon applied to most passenger-carrying ships.

Still another point that militated against the paddle was its liability to become fouled by floating wreck, thereby endangering the safety of the ship, and the paddle wheels and boxes offered great resistance to the wind, and so retarded the speed.

Just as, when the paddle was invented, it was tried in boats of small tonnage, so also the screw was first put tentatively in a few small vessels.

In 1842 the *Rattler* was built at Sheerness, and other steam vessels on the screw principle rapidly followed.

About the middle of the last century some old two-deckers were fitted with light engines, and later the screw was applied to the fine wooden line-of-battle ships then being built.

In early days the screw of a warship, when not in use, could be drawn up, out of the way, in a sort of well, or opening, when sails alone were being used.

Rapid progress was made in the conversion of sailing ships into screw-steamers, some having decks removed, others being lengthened, and when war with Russia broke out in 1854, Great Britain was in possession of a number of steam-driven ships, though the fleet, as a whole, was still largely propelled by sail. Many small steamers accompanied the warships, and were of great use as tugs and tenders, for landing troops, guns, and provisions, and for bringing away the sick and wounded.

The French also made great progress with the use of the screw, having adopted the model invented by a Swede, Captain Ericsson, who was also successfull in getting his invention accepted in America, though in England nobody would give it a trial.

Since that time many improvements have been made. Engines became more and more powerful, and in consequence ships relied less on sails, which gradually disappeared from steamers, though it was many years before the sail finally made its exit from the steam-propelled ship.

Masts have, since the introduction of steam, rapidly decreased in size; they are shorter, stumpy, and less in number, being used to take the derricks that handle the cargo, and in recent times for carrying the wireless installation, the aerial wires running from mast-head to mast-head.

In the Navy masts have been retained and the old 'fighting-tops' are now steel-built control stations, and in the larger vessels, such as the 'Dreadnought,' the mast is built in three pieces, in the shape of a tripod, thus if one 'leg' of the mast is shot away, it will still stand.

Steam has been of great use, quite apart from its propelling powers. Raising the anchor used to be a long and tedious business when it was done by man-power; now by the use of steam it is a quick and easy matter.

Taking or unloading cargo is now done by the aid of steam winches or by cranes on the quay. Coaling, always a dirty affair, is done by machinery: there is no end to the activities of steam. W. Herbert Holloway.

THE WEATHER COTTAGE.

NOWADAYS we seldom see a weather cottage. Yet it is an interesting thing. It looks like a toy Swiss châlet. It has two doors, one being used by a little woman, the other by a little man. The lady-doll comes out of her door when the weather is going to be dry, and the little man trots forth from *his* door when it is going to rain. They are a couple of truth-telling weather-prophets and, because their movements depend upon the amount of moisture in the atmosphere, their makers call them 'hydrometers' (water-measurers).

These useful little people and their house are quite easy to make. In an old number of the *Birmingham Weekly Post* I came across the following instructions:—

'It is the E string of the violin that makes the two figures weather-wise. They stand on either end of a board which is pivoted by a thin rod through the centre, so that the ends can swing about easily. The rod ends in a hook, and it is suspended from the roof of the cottage by a piece of catgut E string. The string twists or untwists according to the amount of moisture in the air.

'If you are making a weather cottage for yourself you will have to test the twist of the string before the figures are attached to the board. On an average day put a drop of water on the string and watch which way it makes the board swing. The end that swings out is, of course, the end for the little man.' E. D.

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' etc.

(Continued from page 83.)

CHAPTER VII.

BUT, though Frieda nearly persuaded herself there was no cause for alarm, again and again she found herself thinking of Ooma and the couple beneath the tree. They even found a way into her dreams. Though Frieda was a good sleeper, she usually dreamt a great deal; muddled dreams of which she seldom recalled much when she woke. She only remembered now that she had dreamt—through the greater part of the night, it seemed—that she had been struggling to defeat Ooma and her companions. But why it was necessary to defeat them, if they or she had been successful, was merged into the dreams she had forgotten.

She had waked very early, and she tried to go to sleep again. She might finish the dream, perhaps, or redream some part of it which would be useful. But, since dawn, the camping-ground had been buzzing and humming, and the thin walls of her tent let every sound through. It was too tempting. She must get up and see all that was to be seen. It was quite impossible to lie in bed for a superfluous moment. And, already, she could hear Duttia coming with a tea-tray. Breakfast was to be late in camp, not until eleven o'clock, and Frieda remembered she had promised Mrs. Carnac not to forget to have some tea and toast before she went out.

She sat up in bed, huddling the eiderdown round her shoulders, for the night had been quite cold, and the early morning air was chilly. Duttia put the tray on her knee, and rolled up the heavy curtain which hung across the tent door. Behind it was a chink through

which Frieda could see without being seen. There were so many things at which she wanted to look that she forgot her tea altogether for a moment. She could see the Rani's encampment in the distance, she could see people passing and repassing. She had a glimpse of Punch and Midnight being rubbed down by their grooms. The cook's boy was chasing a fowl around a tree; the carrier pigeons were being fed by the man who looked after them, and Michael and Major Carnac were having tea together clad in dressing-gowns, in the verandah of the sitting-room tent.

'The Miss Sahib's tea will get cold,' Duttia reminded her. 'And at what hour will she require her bath?'

'As soon as I've finished,' Frieda assured her, buttering toast in haste. 'But, oh! do come and talk a little, Duttia, and tell me about everything. You've seen ever so much more of the camp than I have, and I can't shout questions at you while you're fidgeting about. And it's no good your putting out that white dress. I'm just going to wear holland knickers and tunic while I'm in camp.'

Duttia sniffed haughtily as she put a frilly white dress she had insisted on bringing back into the camel trunk. But she could not resist Frieda's invitation. Moreover, she knew that the bath water was not quite as hot as Frieda liked it; yet she had already reproved the man who was heating it for his negligence, much to her enjoyment and his disgust. She sat down cross-legged on the floor by Frieda's bed, prepared to unbend for a little.

'I have been all round the encampment,' she said. 'In our quarter all is neat and orderly; in the other quarters all is confusion. But every one is happy; the villagers have brought food in plenty for sale, there is grass for the beasts, and wood for the fires. The Resident Sahib has said that everything will be paid for. In old days, when the Rajah Sahibs went camping, they took what they wanted and payment there was none.'

'And their camps must have been ever so much bigger,' Frieda thought. 'The Rani wanted to bring hundreds of servants.'

'There are quite enough as it is,' said Duttia, determined to adopt an English standpoint though conscious of a lurking sympathy with the Rani's point of view. What was the use of being an important person if you couldn't draw attention to that importance? However . . . 'Quite enough,' she repeated firmly. 'Many are known to me already, but there are many also who are strange. Among them, Beeja, the waiting-woman of the Princess, and Dibra, her husband.' And at that, Frieda remembered her dreams again.

'What is Beeja like?' she asked.

'She is a jungle-woman,' said Duttia, scornfully. 'Not trained in the ways of good service. Unskilled and unhandy. I do not know why the Princess employs her. She has a sharp face like a jackal, and a very sharp tongue. She rules her husband with it. She is a scold. I heard her.'

'And Dibra? What is he like?'

'Like a man who lets a woman scold him,' said Duttia as one who knows. 'But I have heard he is good at his work and no shirker. I think there will be sport in plenty. As yet the shikaris have not returned from their night's watching, but soon they will be here. And now it is time for Miss Sahib's bath. No longer must I loiter.'

And she bustled away to do a little more scolding on her own account, while Frieda finished her tea and toast, and listened to the water being poured into the tin tub which stood in the tiny bathroom screened off from the tent. So Beeja had a bad temper. Perhaps that was why Ooma had seemed a little less sure than usual; more suppliant than mistress. Ooma certainly knew all that there was to be known about bad temper and its results.

'The bath is ready, Miss Sahib,' Duttia announced.

And with a bound, Frieda was out of bed, into the bathroom, and splashing joyfully in her tub. Michael was waiting for her as she came out of her tent. Despite her best efforts, he could always dress just a little quicker than she could, as his hair took less time.

'Daddy is over there, talking to the head shikari,' he told her. And across the camping-ground they raced together. Jai Singh and Ooma were already with Major Carnac, and the shikari, looking round for approval, summed up his report.

'All is in good train,' he said. 'Of small game there is no end, and there are deer in plenty, as thick on the ground as a flock of village sheep. All night I sat by a water-hole, and watched the people of the forest come to drink. There were pig, too, and at the last a leopard, fresh from his kill. I will send my men to mark where he sleeps in the day.'

'And a tiger?' Jai Singh questioned eagerly. 'Did not a tiger come?'

'Highness,' the shikari admitted regretfully, 'there was no striped one Nightly I will watch. Daily I will search. But I think . . .'

'You think . . .?' put in Jai Singh impatiently as the man paused.

'You think,' Major Carnac finished for him, 'that if a couple of goats are sacrificed to the jungle spirits and their flesh given to the hard-working shikaris there will be better luck. Perhaps it will be possible to find a tiger at once?'

'Perhaps,' the shikari admitted blandly, and Major Carnac laughed. He had had long experience in dealing with such folk.

'It's an old trick,' he said in English. 'It's for you to decide, Rajah Sahib, what you would like to do. The men want the goats. They will certainly work the better for them. Very likely they've already marked a tiger down, but won't say where he is until they see how much they can get. But as for the jungle spirits . . .'

'Let them have the goats. Let them have as many as they want,' Jai Singh cried lavishly, and the shikari smiled and salaamed. Then Dibra, who with the lesser shikaris had been standing in a group behind him, whispered in his ear.

'There is an oracle at the temple where we must make the sacrifice, most noble,' he suggested. 'So Dibra says. And, since the spirits of the jungle will be happy, once they have been honoured, will not his Highness ask of the oracle what luck shall attend us? Doubtless, the spirits will direct that a favourable answer shall be given.'

The temple was quite close, it seemed—on the top of a little hill. And the oracle? An old, old man who sat in the inner court. Jai Singh was eager to consult him at once. He was not quite sure if he shared Major Carnac's opinion of the jungle spirits, but he was quite certain that an oracle was by no means to be despised. But, since the goats had first to be chosen carefully, and there were various ceremonies to be performed in connection with the sacrifice, Jai Singh had to wait for a while.

(*Continued on page* 98.)

"She sat down cross-legged on the floor by Frieda's bed."

"He was standing at the door salaaming a welcome"

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' etc.

(Continued from page 95.)

BUT the hours did not drag, despite Jai Singh's impatience; there was much to do. There was time before breakfast for a shot or two at a partridge near the camp; not at any great distance, lest other game should be scared. There was a carrier pigeon to let loose with a message for Mrs. Carnac—a message which had to be rewritten a score of times before it would fit into a small enough compass. There was the Rani to visit. She was twittering with excitement like a happy bird, and full of the dangers she was certain she had but just escaped.

'All night I heard the wild things prowling round my tent,' she cried. 'Quite close they came. One brushed against the ropes—a tiger, very likely.'

''Twas but a foolish lumbering bullock that had broken loose,' Soma grumbled. She had not enjoyed the night as much as had her mistress. She had been sent out a dozen times to investigate, and was determined it should not happen again. And, moreover, she had risen with the dawn on her own account, to search for herbs dew-wet, and was so weary she could hardly keep awake.

'But I have found a plant that is very good for the eyesight,' she told Jai Singh. 'I have poured boiling water on it and set it to steep, and to-morrow thou shalt bathe thine eyes and see as Rajah never saw before.'

'Um!' said Jai Singh, as he looked into the little brass pot which Soma was nursing carefully. Though he often laughed at her medicines, he could not quite rid himself of a belief in them. But the lotion she was now preparing looked extremely nasty, and it smelt abominable too, worse even than the ointment of which she was so proud. And, lest she should insist on bathing his eyes at once, Jai Singh cut short his visit to his mother, and went to inspect the elephants, followed by Ooma and Michael and Frieda. Only the largest of the tuskers had been chosen from the sixty or seventy the State owned. Each had been proved staunch and had faced a charging tiger already on more than one occasion. But they had been brought now more for ornament than for use, as Major Carnac had decided that, owing to the nature of the country, it would be best to employ beaters to drive the tiger towards a fixed spot where the guns would be placed. The elephants could help to some extent, and, if the beast were wounded, could follow it up.

Already the beaters were collecting, though they would not be needed before the next day at the earliest. A crowd of men, women, and children from all the villages around, armed with sticks and drums, old tins, and anything with which they could make a noise, and accompanied by half-a-dozen dogs as keen as their owners.

At sight of the little Rajah there was a clamour for 'baksheesh,' and he flung a handful of copper coins abroad with a lordly air.

'It shall be silver for a tiger,' he cried amidst shouts of approval. Here was a Rajah, most worthy, the villagers felt; there was no doubt of Jai Singh's popularity at the moment. Well pleased, he threw another handful. And in the hubbub that followed, Ooma muttered something. Only a word or two was audible, but enough to show that the princess was not pleased.

'In a little while,' she murmured while Michael and Frieda looked at each other. Was Ooma going to fly into a temper again, or was she hoping she would oust Jai Singh from his position once the shooting began?

Fortunately Jai Singh had not heard her, and by now it was time to start for the temple. He must interview the oracle alone, but, up to the gates, the three could go with him. Along a forest path they rode until they came to the foot of a little hill, rising abruptly from amongst the tree-trunks. Round the top ran a low wall, and inside the wall was a temple.

It was a humble little place, very old and half ruined; not interesting in itself, but there were tales of a passage that led from the inner court underground to the banks of a river beyond the forest. Up this passage it was said the oracle had come, and, since his arrival, the temple had received more offerings. But it was so far from any town, and depended so much on the support of villages only, most of them poverty-stricken, that its priest was a poor man. From the visit of the Rajah he no doubt hoped much, and he was standing now at the door, salaaming a welcome. With a wave of his hand Jai Singh disappeared into the temple itself, and Michael, Frieda, and Ooma sat down to wait for him.

There was nothing much to do but listen to the forest sounds and talk to each other. It may have been for that reason that Jai Singh seemed so long in returning.

But, presently, both Michael and Frieda began to wonder why he did not come back. It seemed hours, not minutes, since he had vanished. Surely, long ago, his interview with the oracle must be over?

CHAPTER VIII.

'What a long time Jai Singh is taking,' said Frieda at last, uneasily. But at once Ooma cut her short.

'Do you think the oracle must answer him immediately just because he is the Rajah?' she asked. 'At the right moment the answer will come and not before. Sometimes it is necessary to wait for hours and hours.'

'Have you ever been inside the temple?' Michael asked her.

'Once,' Ooma admitted. 'But that was long ago,' she added, rather hastily. 'I have never seen the oracle.'

'I wonder how it answers—if the man writes or speaks!' Frieda speculated. And, again, Ooma was ready with an explanation.

'He neither writes nor speaks,' she said. 'But he shakes his head backwards and forwards and from side to side. The first means 'Yes.' The second 'No,' I have been told.'

'It must be rather like that game we play,' Michael concluded. 'You know, Frieda: animal, vegetable, and mineral. I wish they'd let us in to ask some questions too.'

'What questions should we ask?' said Frieda.

'I want to play that game,' Ooma declared; and then, for a little, they all three forgot Jai Singh while Michael and Frieda explained the rules of the game, and each was the oracle in turn. Ooma was very quick, and soon grasped the general idea, but neither Michael nor Frieda could guess of what she was thinking. They gave up at last to Ooma's unconcealed triumph.

'It was the largest of the elephants,' she explained. 'And you could not find out. Aha! aha! aha! I am cleverer than you are.'

'But you said it wasn't an animal,' Michael objected. 'You shook your head from side to side when we asked. I'm sure you did.'

'Of course I did,' Ooma laughed. 'Why, you might have guessed quickly otherwise.'

'It's no good playing if you don't play fair,' Michael told her, and Ooma looked at him plainly puzzled. She grasped apparently he was not merely annoyed because he had lost, but it was evident she thought he was making an absurd fuss.

'Fair? What does that matter?' she asked. 'To win, that is what I want.'

She stopped, frowning, as the temple gate clanged, and down the hill came Jai Singh, chanting a hunting song at the top of his voice and in the highest of spirits.

(*Continued on page* 111.)

'NAMESAKES.'

II.—EDWARD AND ELEANOR.

EDWARD and Eleanor, in Plantagenet days, when England was a very little country, with an enemy Scotland to the north, a wild, unknown Ireland on the other side of St. George's Channel, and a rebellious Wales near its heart, those two names must have been as closely linked together in men's minds as George and Mary are to-day. In 1255, King Henry's long-legged son, Prince Edward, had just married the pretty little Spanish princess, Eleanor of Castile, and had brought her from her father's palace to Guildford, where, in the castle, apartments had been prepared with real glass—a rare thing then—in the windows, so that the new bride might not be chilled by the bitter winter winds of her northern home.

These two names, then, shall be the second pair in our 'Namesakes' series, and as Edward I., the Hammer of the Scots, must never be separated from his 'Dear Queen,' we will take this king and his wife together before thinking of the other famous Edwards and Eleanors of history and romance.

Edward was only fifteen years old at the time of his wedding, and Eleanor was five years younger; but children grew up early in those strenuous mediæval days, and the prince had already shown signs of the courage and enterprise that were to distinguish him all through his life. He was a fierce, arrogant man, certainly—that greatest of the Plantagenets—but he dearly loved his Spanish wife, who always exercised a good influence over him and shared his troubles and his hardships. Eleanor even accompanied Edward when he went to the Holy Land with his Crusaders, and said to her friends, who tried to persuade her to stay behind, 'Those whom God has joined should never be parted, and the way to Heaven is as near from Palestine as from England.'

The story of how, while in Acre, Prince Edward was stabbed by an assassin armed with a poisoned dagger, and how Eleanor sucked the venom from the wound and thus saved his life, is most likely only a fable, but it well symbolises the self-sacrificing devotion of this good princess, who was surnamed 'The Faithful' by her husband's subjects.

Eleanor was taken ill with a fever while Edward was leading his army against Scotland, and although he hastened to her, he only arrived after her death. That happened in Lincolnshire, but a queen must needs be buried at Westminster, so the body of Eleanor was brought southward by her husband, and at every halting-place a stone cross was erected to her memory. The last of these monuments was in fields that then lay between the two cities of London and Westminster, at what is now Charing Cross.

We must go back a little now, for Eleanor of Castile was not the first Queen Eleanor of England, nor was Edward Longshanks the first King Edward, although he is given that title in our history books. There was Edward the Martyr, who only reigned three years, and was murdered at Corfe Castle by the orders of his step-mother Elfrida, who wanted to set her own son on the throne; and then there was Edward the Confessor, one best and most beloved of the Saxon kings.

Those of us who bear the name of Edward have no need to go away from home to find a patron, for both these monarchs have been given the name of saint, and although there is very little known about the deeds and character of the boy king, who died when he was only seventeen, the life of St. Edward the Confessor is surrounded with a halo of legends, which, even if they are only fairy stories, testify to the beauty of his life and character.

Edward was chosen king by the English people after the death of the savage Dane, Hardicanute, but he does not seem to have been anxious for the great honour, for he was a quiet, studious man, deeply religious, and more suited to a cloister than a palace. The great work of his life was the building of Westminster Abbey, St. Peter appearing in a dream to an old monk at Worcester and bidding him go to the king and tell him exactly where the great new church was to be erected. Edward gave a tenth part of his whole wealth to the Abbey, and looked forward eagerly to its completion.

As time went on the saintly king himself saw wonderful visions, and one legend tells how, when he was returning from the dedication of a church built in honour of St. John, the saint himself appeared in the guise of a beggar and prayed for alms. Edward had no money with him, so instead he took from his finger a ring, 'large, royal, and beautiful,' and gave it to the poor man. Long after, and shortly before Edward's death, this ring was brought back to its owner by two pilgrims, who related how St. John the Evangelist had come to them in a vision, and, giving them the ring, had bade them restore it to King Edward, with the promise that he should soon be in Paradise.

There have been other royal Edwards in England—Edward III., who reigned for half a century, and his son, the famous Black Prince, who is one of the favourite heroes of history. This Edward was doubtless a brave and strong-willed man, like so many of his Plantagenet ancestors, and we must try to forget the acts of cruelty that stained his name during the long wars with France, and remember only his faithful love for his wife, the 'Fair Maid of Kent,' as she was called, and the generosity with which he treated his enemy, King John, who, after being captured at Poictiers, rode at the prince's side on the great victory procession through London; and who was treated, during his captivity, less as a prisoner than as an honoured guest.

Later we have two boy kings among our namesakes, Edward V., who was born in the prison of the Sanctuary during the Wars of the Roses, and who—a king who had never been crowned and who had never reigned—was murdered in the Tower by the hired assassins of his cruel uncle; and Edward VI., a gentle,

"Edward gave a ring from his finger to the poor man."

clever, well-meaning boy, who, if he had lived, might have made a good and wise monarch.

Then, from those Tudor times, we pass on through Stuart and Brunswick days, and come to King Edward VII., whose memory is still beloved in England, and to our own Prince of Wales, who, young as he is, has already had his share of warfare, and has

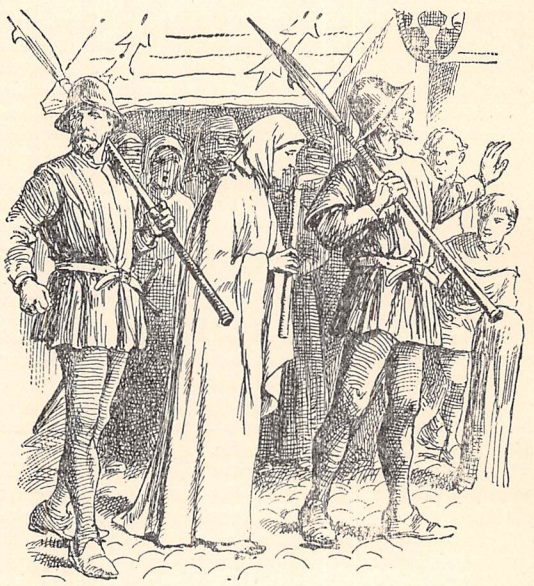
"King John rode at the Black Prince's side.

travelled far and wide through the lands of his father's great empire.

And now we will think of the Eleanors and the Helens and the Ellens of history and romance, for these are all forms of the same name, and are derived from a Greek word meaning 'Light.'

For our first namesake we must go right back through history until we come to the realms of legend and fable, and there we catch a glimpse of her who is called the most beautiful woman of all the world and of all ages, Helen, who, married to the Greek prince, Menelaus, and stolen away by Paris, son of the king of Troy, was the cause of the bitter warfare and of the long siege of which Homer tells in the Iliad.

A very different Helen comes next, and she brings us back to England again, for tradition says that St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine the



The Penance of the Duchess of Gloucester.

Great, was the daughter of the British Duke of Colchester. She was a very good woman, so we are told, and brought up her son to be a champion of the Christian religion. When she was quite old, the Empress Helena went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and there she discovered the true Cross and also the Holy Sepulchre. Legend goes on to relate how some of the nails of the Cross were enclosed in the helmet of Constantine, so that the weapons of his enemies might be powerless to injure him, and another of these relics being cast into the sea during a terrible tempest, the saintly Empress and her company were preserved from shipwreck.

Returning to the more sober facts of history, we meet with Eleanor of Guienne, a very great lady indeed, who, having first married the King of France, afterwards became Queen of England, and brought her vast heritage of Aquitaine into the hands of her second husband, Henry II. This Eleanor is one of our 'namesakes' who must be looked upon as a warning rather

than as an example, however, and another wicked Eleanor was the Duchess of Gloucester, wife of the 'Good Duke Humphrey,' as he is called, who, after the death of Henry V., became Regent of England. This man, proud and ambitious himself, found a fitting mate in Mistress Eleanor Cobham, for she, not content with being the wife of a great noble, looked higher still and schemed to place her husband on the throne.

The story of Eleanor's ambitions and disgrace seems almost incredible to us, looking back through the centuries, but historians of the time relate how the lady practised the black art of witchcraft, how she allied herself with several well-known enchanters, and how she fashioned an image of wax in the likeness of the king, and as this melted in the heat of a fire, hoped and believed that the hapless monarch would weaken and perish.

Witchcraft seemed a very real and a very terrible thing in those fifteenth-century days, and, although Eleanor was not condemned to be burnt at the stake, as would most likely have been the case had she been a more lowly criminal, the sentence passed upon her was a heavy one. We must picture a chill, muddy day in the year 1440, and then we see her being brought from her prison to the steps of the Temple, and, landing there, walking in the white robes of penitence, barefooted and with lighted candle in hand, up past the church of the Knights and into Fleet Street on her way to St. Paul's.

Three times did the unhappy duchess make her pilgrimage of disgrace through London, the city which

Elinor Mordaunt (in *Sense and Sensibility*).

she had hoped would hail her as queen, and then she was removed to the Isle of Man, where, so it was decreed, the rest of her life should be passed in captivity.

But we may have other namesakes besides those who really lived in history, and these are the Eleanors of romance, the women who owe their existence to the imagination of some poet or story-teller, but yet who may be loved and remembered and copied no less than the heroines of sober fact. We will go first to the work of our greatest poet and story-teller of all, and there, in

Little Nell.

Shakespeare's play, *All's Well that Ends Well*, is to be found the beautiful Helena, daughter of a poor doctor and ward of the Countess of Rossillon, who, having cured the King of France of a sickness, is given by him in marriage to the young Count Bertram. This man, angered at being forced to wed his mother's gentlewoman, treated her with cruelty, and the play shows how Helena, loving her husband, wins, at last, his love in return.

Coming down to much later times, we find a very charming Elinor in the pages of Jane Austen's novel, *Sense and Sensibility*, an Elinor whose love story was almost as troubled as that of her forerunner in Shakespeare's play, but who, also, found a happy ending at last; while, among children namesakes, there is the staid, precocious Ellen Montgomery, better known to our grandmothers, perhaps, than to the girls of the twentieth century, who met with so many homely adventures in *The Wide, Wide World*, and, last but by no means least, Little Nell, the pathetic child heroine of Charles Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*. A. A. M.

MECHANICAL DISH-WASHER.

'WASHING-UP' is not very pleasant work. But now a machine has been invented which washes and dries plates and dishes at the rate of forty a minute. All you have to do is to turn a handle and put the plates one at a time into the machine. The crockery is scrubbed, rinsed and dried, then carried along a moving platform and delivered in stacks ready for further use.

THE RESULT OF THE RAFFLE.

'THERE *would* be a row if Nurse found out we'd been,' said Dodo. 'I couldn't help thinking all the afternoon what she'd have said if she could have seen us—especially when I nearly forgot, and paid threepence into a raffle for some white mice.'

Ian looked up quickly from his book. 'I did,' he said with a grin of amusement. 'What a lark if I win them!'

'Oh, Ian, how *silly* of you! What should we do if you did? We could never hide them, and we should have to tell where they came from——'

'Oh, well, it's not likely I shall,' put in Ian. 'I really forgot all that as a matter of fact. I was thinking how ripping it 'ud be to keep them on the window-sill here. By the way, has Conway gone?'

Dodo shook her head. 'No, he's not going till after tea, but his room's all cleared out and got ready for Miss Gray. She'll be here in an hour. Ugh! How I shall hate her! Even her name sounds bad-tempered.' She stopped, and both children looked up as the door opened, and the panting figure of the housemaid marched into the room, and plumped a large wooden box on to the table.

'Just been left for Master Ian,' she said, and in another moment the door closed noisily behind her.

Dodo's fingers were trembling as she lifted the label attached to the box. 'Ian, it's the mice!' she gasped as she read. 'Look! It says you've won the raffle!'

Ian's eyes sparkled, and he began tugging at the string with feverish impatience. 'Where are we going to hide them!' he exclaimed. 'We can't keep them indoors, that's certain.'

'And anywhere in the garden Tabby will get at them,' added Dodo. 'They must be got out of the house somehow as soon as possible.'

'But how on earth can we do it?' asked Ian. 'After all, I can't see why I shouldn't keep them in my wardrobe till——'

'I know!' Dodo's face suddenly lit up with excitement, and the puzzled frown died away from her brow. 'We'll put them in Conway's hamper! There's heaps of room in it I know, because I helped him pack it, and it's stuffed up with straw at the top.'

'Good idea!' exclaimed Ian, excitedly. 'They'll get plenty of air, because you see there are holes in the box. I'd like to see old Conway's face when he unpacks!'

'He'll love them!' returned Dodo, enthusiastically. 'Where's your pencil? I'll write on the box, then you must take it down and stuff it in the hamper, while I keep guard at the drawing-room door.'

In another minute Ian was darting furtively down the back staircase, both his hands firmly grasping the wooden box, which bore an inscription in Dodo's sprawling writing—'From Dodo and Ian, and don't tell anybody.'

Dodo's vigil at the drawing-room door was a long one, and she was getting openly restive by the time Ian appeared. 'You have been *ages!*' she exclaimed in an impatient whisper. 'Did it go in all right?'

'Yes, in the end. I had to sit on it to stuff it down. There wasn't any straw as you said.'

The sound of approaching footsteps in the drawing-room was the danger signal to flee, and in an instant the two conspirators were scuttling down a distant passage to continue the discussion at a safer distance.

(*Concluded on page* 123.)

HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE A SAW-HANDLE?

THE drawing of a saw-handle was one of the tests in a wood-working class examination. Not one pupil could draw anything like correctly a tool which they were all using every day. All hand-saw handles, it must be remembered, are exactly alike. How rare is the faculty of observation. What a common thing it is to have 'eyes and no eyes.'

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 91.)

HOWE fully realised the difficulties of the situation but was willing to surmount them, and promised his pony and cart for purposes of transport.

'Will there be room for us all in the cart, Howe? And may we come and fetch him?' asked Sybil, eagerly, looking up from her task of brushing Rufus's ears.

Much to the children's delight Howe replied in the affirmative; and their next question was how early would Howe be able to start?

'We must come down quite soon after lunch, Bill, with the bones for Rufus, because we shall have to give him an extra good brushing.'

'Yes, and we must put him on a clean roller-bandage.'

'Better not. If we took off the old one, the splints might slip; much better to be safe and dirty, than to spoil everything by trying to be clean.'

'Oh, but we could put it over the old one; we simply *can't* take him like *that*,' asserted Sybil, emphatically. For now that Rufus was now no longer confined to the hearth, his bandage had become distinctly soiled, and was no longer a pleasing object.

'Well, come down when you please, Miss Sybil; but us'll not need to leave here before four o'clock.'

The children took Howe at his word, arriving at his cottage before three the following afternoon, so anxious were they to have Rufus ready in time. And after they had put on his clean bandage (over the old one, as Sybil had suggested), and his new collar, which he wore for the first time, they helped Howe harness the old brown pony, and tried to console poor Ben for not being one of the party.

'Why can't we bring him too, Howe? Timpie says he comes up with you sometimes.'

'So he does, Miss Sybil; but it wouldn't be wise to take 'un both at the same time; mebbee they'd get jumping about together, and that wouldn't be safe for the red one's foot.'

'No, and they might make such a noise that Grandfather would come in to see what was up.'

'What a lark if he did!' cried Derrick. 'He wouldn't know that Rufus belonged to us, and he couldn't say anything to Howe.'

'Don't be too sure about that, Master Derrick; an' if 'un do get poachin' later on, it's likely the master will make me get rid o' 'un.'

'Well, we'll see that he doesn't poach! Come on, let's get him up,' and Howe lifted him carefully in.

Sybil sat on the floor of the cart, with the dog's head on her lap, and held him firmly by the collar; while Derrick insisted upon driving.

When they reached their destination, Rufus was

much admired by Mrs. Timmins, who gave him a bowl of bread-and-milk, which she had specially prepared for him. And then they gathered round the tea-table, and a very merry party they were. There was hot tea-cake, home-made jam, freshly baked scones, gingerbread, and Christmas cake. Rufus sampled everything, and then retired under the table, while Howe regaled the company with his choicest yarns during the remainder of the meal.

Presently there came a knock at the door, and, without waiting for a reply, in walked Dick. Fortunately, Rufus was still sitting under the table, and Derrick promptly seized him by the collar, to make sure that he remained there.

'Timpie, do you know where—— Hulloa, I beg your pardon, I didn't know you had got a party on!'

'It's all right, Master Dick. What is it you want?'

Dick was shaking hands with the old forester. 'I've been meaning to come down and see you, Howe; when shall I find you in?'

'Well, sir, I be about in the forest a good bit,' began Howe, with a knowing look at the children, 'but if you let me know when you be acoming, I'll mind and bide in.'

'Don't go to-morrow, Dick,' advised Derrick. 'It's market day at Dunsford, and Howe's sure to drive in,' and he gave the old man a smart kick under the table, for the children had an engagement the next day which would prevent them from taking Rufus out of the way.

'Well, I'll come the day after to-morrow in the morning. Will that do?'

After an inquiring look at the children, Howe expressed his approval of the arrangement and the pleasure with which he looked forward to the visit.

'I do think you're a sneak, Timpie, to have a party without inviting me; and you kids might have told me you were coming, you know.'

'Bless you, Master Dick, I thought you was too old to want to come to tea with me any more.'

'Rot, Timpie! You know I'll never be too old.'

'Then you shall come as often as you like; you've only got to name your own day. I won't offer you any of this, for it's gone cold; but I'll make you a fresh cup, if you can stay.'

'Afraid I can't, this evening. I really came to ask if you knew what had become of my gaiters—the old ones? Rogers can't find them, and he said you might know.'

'Bless you, no, Master Dick! How should I know anything about them?'

'Well, don't be cross, Timpie. You always do know everything, you know, so you mustn't mind if people take advantage of the fact; and Rogers said perhaps you might have given them away.'

'Given them away? That's like Rogers's impertinence! More likely given them away himself.'

At this moment Rufus began to wag his tail, beating it against the floor, and causing both children to grin broadly.

'What are you laughing at, Babs? I believe you know where they are? You've hidden them?'

'I haven't, on my honour.'

'Then don't grin like an ape. Keep your chair still, and don't make that noise.'

This was too much, and both children began to laugh; and, at the same moment, Rufus, whose head had been between Derrick's knees, suddenly gave a loud sneeze.

'Whatever's that? Oh, I know; you've got Ben under the table! How is he, Howe? Still as savage as ever? He's always good friends with me. Let's have him out!'

'No, no, Master Dick; let the dog bide; it's always best to let a dog alone when 'un be sneezing.'

Dick laughed and went off in search of his gaiters. Thus Howe saved the situation.

CHAPTER IX.

'ARE you really going to Braddon's to-morrow, Derrick?' asked Sybil a few days later, as they stood by the fire, in the hall, waiting for the gong to sound. For some unusual reason, they were both ready for lunch in plenty of time, without having a scramble at the last minute, as was generally the case.

'Of course I'm going, and I hope it's going to keep fine.'

'What a bore! Whatever shall I do all day?'

'Oh, you'll find lots to do; you'll have to see to Rufus, for one thing; there won't be time for us to go down before I start. Mind you brush him well, and don't give him *all* the bones Timple gave us, just now, in case she hasn't any others for a day or two.'

'All right, *I* can look after him; but I wish you weren't going, all the same.'

'Going where?' inquired Dick, who had overheard the last sentence.

'To Braddon's—one of his school-friends; he lives only about an hour's journey from here, you know. Derrick's going to spend the day with him, and I'm wishing he wasn't.'

'Never mind, Babs, you shall go out with me; if it's a nice afternoon, I'm going to ride over to Dellerton, about some business for Grandfather; you'd better come too, if it's not too far?'

Sybil's face lighted up. 'Oh, no!' she cried, 'not a bit too far! I do hope it will keep fine.'

'Guess you're glad, now, that I'm going,' said Derrick, as they went in to lunch.

The children had their wish, for the morrow broke fair and bright. As the day advanced, the frost disappeared, and the warm sunshine lit up the wintry world. Derrick departed soon after breakfast, with a few last injunctions to his cousin with regard to Rufus.

Sybil felt very important as she set off alone, with the precious tin can, and spent quite half the morning at Howe's cottage, brushing and petting Rufus, and then helping the old man sweep out his sitting-room and put everything in order, ready for Sunday, when he expected company! Then she went back to the Hall and visited Benjamin-Bunny. First she cleaned out his hutch and gave him fresh straw, oats and water; then she combed his long, thick coat and gave him a run in the garden. After she had caught him and restored him to his hutch, she went up to the stables and visited each horse in turn, going fearlessly into their stalls and distributing sugar, carrots, and apples, with a knowledge of each one's particular taste, gained by much experience. Thus employed, the morning passed quickly enough, and the longed-for afternoon, which had seemed at first as if it would never come, arrived much sooner than she had expected.

(*Continued on page* 106.)

"Sybil sat on the floor of the cart."

"She heard Captain Mitchell's voice asking: "Is Dick in here?"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 103.)

DICK had decided to start at a quarter-past-two, but it was barely ten minutes past, when Sybil appeared in her habit, to wait for him in the hall. A few minutes later, he joined her; but, as they moved towards the whip-rack, the door of the Colonel's study opened, and their Grandfather called out: 'Is that you, Dick? I was looking for you just now. Why, where are you off to?'

'I'm going to ride over to Dellerton, to see Morton for you, about those ploughs.'

'Thanks, my boy, but don't trouble about that to-day. I'd rather you—'

'Oh, but I want to go, Grandfather.'

'Yes, yes, I dare say; but there's no immediate hurry about it. I want you to go shooting with Mr. Tillett Howell; he says he feels inclined for a good tramp.'

'But, Grandfather—,' began Dick, desperately.

'No "buts" for me,' interrupted the Colonel, frowning. 'Mr. Tillet-Howell has already gone to change, so don't keep him waiting.' And, before Dick could put in another word, the tiger had returned to his den.

'Awfully sorry, Babs,' the boy began, looking round, but Sybil had disappeared. 'Poor little kid,' he muttered to himself, 'she'll be awfully disappointed, but I don't see what's to be done,' and he went off to change his boots.

Meanwhile, Sybil had rushed off to the schoolroom, where she had flung herself in a heap into the wicker chair, intending to sob out her disappointment in seclusion. Nobody but Dick ever came, unbidden, to the schoolroom, and the possibility of being disturbed never occurred to her. Suddenly, however, the door opened, and she heard Captain Mitchell's voice asking: 'Is Dick in here?'

A thud, a scuffle and a dash, as the child endeavoured to make good her escape. But it was too late. The intruder had seen the forlorn little heap in the chair, and, stretching out his arm, he barred her passage. 'No, no, you don't get past me like that,' he said. 'Perhaps I've no business to come into the schoolroom, but since I am here, I don't intend to let you go off and cry all alone.'

And, before she knew what was happening, Sybil found herself back in the big chair, in Captain Mitchell's arms. And the Captain, forgetting that he had come to find Dick for the Colonel, thought only of the child's grief.

'I don't know what you are crying about, old lady, and of course I'm not going to ask; but I do insist that you cry comfortably.'

'Aren't you c-cross with me for crying?'

'Cross? No; whatever business should I have to be cross?'

'Derrick never lets me cry.'

'Well, I shall let you cry as long as you like—until you feel better. Cross! Of course not; I'm only sorry—awfully sorry, and I wish there were something I could do. Don't you think perhaps there is?'

Sybil shook her head.

'Well, whatever the trouble is, dear, I hope it will soon be all right.'

The child sighed. 'I won't cry any more,' she said, 'but it'll never be all right; I mean I shall never feel undisappointed.'

'So it's a disappointment, is it?' thought the Captain to himself; then, noticing for the first time that the little girl was in her riding-habit, a sudden light came into his eyes. 'Sybil, I do know what it is, and I dare say I can help you, after all,' he said, eagerly; 'you were going riding with Dick?'

'Yes.'

'And now he can't go?'

She nodded.

'Do you know why he can't?'

'Yes; just as we were going to start, Grandfather said he must go and shoot with Silly Owl instead.'

'Ah! Then I think we can mend matters yet, if we're not too late.'

'No, no! Don't say anything to Grandfather; it wouldn't be any good—and I oughtn't to have told.'

'I don't know that we need say anything to him,' and putting the child off his knee, Captain Mitchell strode towards the door.

Sybil caught hold of his arm. 'Don't go. Oh, what are you going to do?'

'Shoot with Silly Owl myself, of course; and you shall have Dick.'

Sybil gasped. 'What, go out with Silly Owl, *when you needn't?* Will you really do that?'

Captain Mitchell laughed. 'Come, it's not such a very awful ordeal, after all; I'd do a good deal more than that to keep you from crying. But we must be be quick, old lady, or they'll have started,' and, disengaging his hand, he marched off.

His first act was to seek out Mr. Tillet-Howell, whom he met coming out of his room. 'Hullo, Howell, you're just the man I want,' he began. 'Do you mind shooting with me instead of Dick? It appears he'd made some arrangement for this afternoon that his grandfather didn't know about.'

'On the contwawy, I shall be charmed to have the company of such a good shot,' replied Mr. Tillet-Howell, amiably; and with that assurance Captain Mitchell went off in search of Dick. He found him in the gun-room.

'Oh, it's you!' said the boy, looking round with an unusual expression of irritability on his face. 'I thought it might be Silly Owl. Is he ever going to be ready, I wonder?'

'Oh, but he's coming out with me.'

'No, he's not,' replied Dick, snappishly; 'at least, I beg your pardon; I mean Grandfather's just said that I'm to tool him around.'

'Has he?' said the Captain, with well-feigned surprise, 'he can't know. Well, of course, if you like to come too, old man——'

'No, *thanks*,' emphatically, from Dick.

The Captain laughed.

'No offence to *you*, you know,' said Dick; 'but I don't see any necessity for both of us to sacrifice ourselves. I say, have you ever been out with him before?'

'No, this is my first venture.'

'Then, take my advice, and look out all you know.'

'Yes, I've heard tell that he's a bit wild.'

'Wild! That hardly expresses it. I'd feel safer with a Kaffir that had never pulled a trigger in his life,' and restoring his gun to the rack, Dick walked off.

'It's all right, Babs!' he cried, as he entered the

schoolroom a few minutes later, 'Silly Owl's going out with Mitchell, so we can have our ride, after all. Come on!'

Sybil had wiped away all traces of tears with Captain Mitchell's handkerchief, which he had left with her, and it was with a very bright face that she took Dick's hand and went off with him to the stables.

'I sent Mahomet and Midnight back before I knew,' Dick explained; 'but it won't take us a minute to saddle them again if Joe's there.'

Joe was there, and, in a few moments, the cousins were really off.

'We're a good twenty minutes later than we need have been, and all through that Silly Owl,' remarked Dick, as they cut across the meadows. 'When Grandfather told him I'd take him out why couldn't he say that he was going out with Mitchell?'

'But he didn't know; Captain Mitchell hadn't asked him, then.'

'What? . . .' and Dick reined in his horse. 'How do you know? When did he ask him?'

'About five minutes before you came to fetch me; it couldn't have been more. Why don't you come on?'

'Because, if that's the case, I oughtn't to allow it; and I'm afraid I shall have to go back.'

'Dick!' in tones of despair.

'I don't know, though,' said the boy, meditatively, 'they'll have started by now; we should be too late,' and, to Sybil's intense relief, he moved on again.

'Don't you want to come for a ride, Dick?' asked the child, anxiously.

'Of course; but not at poor Mitchell's expense; he's not here to do my cast-off jobs.'

'But why should it always be you?'

'A host must do his own dirty work, Babs; he should never let his guests do it for him.'

'Then Grandfather shouldn't make *you* do it.'

'Unfortunately, he looks upon me as his fellow-host; but I can't help it now, it's too late,' and they rode on.

'But how did you know anything about it, Babs?' asked Dick, presently; 'and what made Mitchell ask him, at all? You didn't tell him about our ride?' reproachfully.

'No; yes—at least, he found out.'

'How?'

'He came into the schoolroom, and I was crying; and, after a bit, it all came out—I forget how.'

Sybil had turned very red. 'I'm dreadfully sorry about crying, Dick,' she continued, apologetically; 'I couldn't *help* it; and I never thought anybody would come in. He didn't seem to think me so very silly, and I don't think he'll tell any one—he isn't that sort.'

'No,' repeated Dick, 'he *isn't* that sort; he's a jolly good sort, Babs, and mind you thank him.'

And then they promptly forgot all about him, and in fact about everybody else, in the joy of the ride. It was quite one of Sybil's happiest afternoons, although it seemed to be so soon over. In reality it took them a good hour to reach Dullerton, and it was nearly four o'clock when they started on their homeward journey. As it gradually grew dusk, they began perforce to slacken their pace, and did not reach the Hall until after five.

(*Continued on page* 118.)

THE FIDDLER.

MANY years ago a poor old soldier was to be seen (and heard) every evening playing a violin in the public gardens of Vienna, while his dog held the cap for contributions.

One evening the old man had had no luck at all, and was in great distress. Sitting on a stone, he covered his face with his hands.

'Lend me your violin,' said a gentleman who was passing, 'and I will play for a little while. *You* must see to the taking of the money.'

The stranger looked kind, and the old fiddler trusted him with his instrument. The gentleman tuned it very carefully, and then began to play. At once a crowd gathered, for the playing was that of a master. The dog began to growl because the weight of the money was so heavy.

The player was one of the greatest violinists in the world. He was recognised with a hearty cheer for his kind act. The large sum collected kept the old man in comfort for many a day.

OUR BEST ACTOR.

WE had always acted a play on Mother's birthday—at least, ever since we were old enough to do so. As a rule we bought for twopence one of these pink paper books in which a well-known fairy tale is dramatised.

But this year Margaret decided to write a play herself for us to act. Margaret was the oldest of us, and was nearly twelve. She had won the prize for English Composition in her class at school, so perhaps it was hardly wonderful that she felt herself endowed with literary talent.

The play took her a week to write, and she expended much ink and paper on it, some of the former on her fingers and dress as well as on the paper, alas!

When it was finished she read it to us in the schoolroom.

'It seems to me that I have heard something very like it before,' Tom objected. Tom came next to Margaret in the family, and was just a year younger. 'There is nothing very original about a dragon or Prince or Princess.'

Mary pouted. 'Well, you can't invent everything new,' she said. Already she was finding the difficulty of being absolutely original in literature!

'I think it is lovely,' I said, and I did. You see, I am not clever like Tom or Margaret, and to make up any kind of story seemed wonderful to me.

'Well, I won't say any more against it if you will let me be the dragon,' Tom relented. 'But I simply won't dress up in these satin things again this Christmas and be a Prince; I've worn them already dozens of times.'

'Oh, let me be the Prince,' I pleaded.

'But what can I be?' Hugh suddenly intervened. 'There is no part for me.' There was not, for the play only comprised three characters—the Dragon, who had stolen the Princess, the Princess herself, and the Prince, who killed the Dragon, rescued the Princess, and, of course, married her.

'Well, then I'll have to make a part for you,' Mar-

"Susan created the neatest little page's suit for Hugh out of an old curtain."

garet comforted our youngest brother. 'Why, of course, you can be my page; you need never speak, only nod when you're spoken to.'

Hugh was content, for he knew his limitations. It matters not how well he knew his rôle beforehand; he was always powerless, through nervousness, to utter a word in front of an audience.

For a fortnight we thought and talked of nothing but the play. Of course, it had to be kept a secret from Mother, but Susan, our maid and never-failing helper, proved the greatest stand-by.

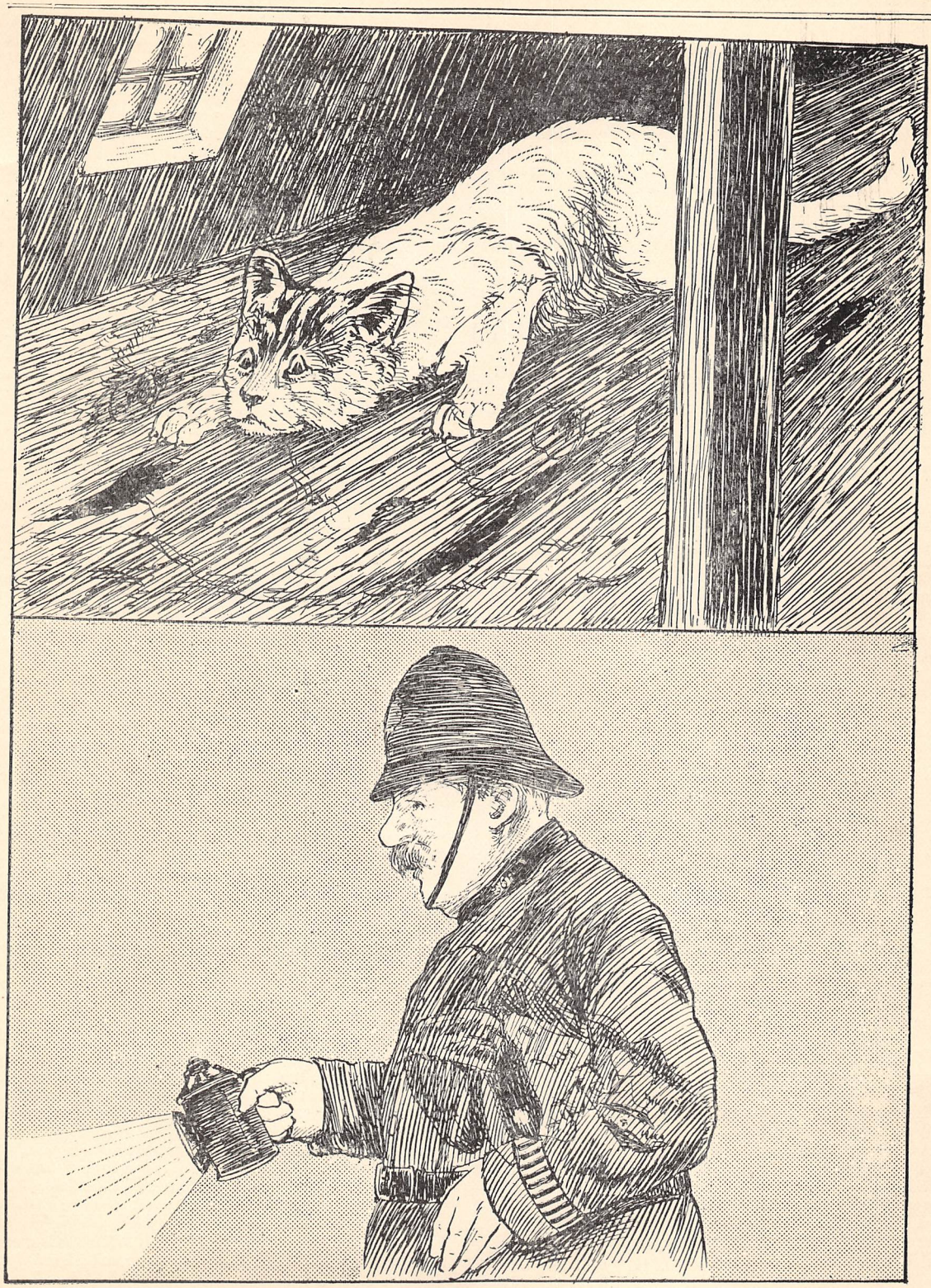
She it was who fashioned a long tail for Tom out of brown paper, and a head out of the Beast's head we had used in 'Beauty and the Beast' two years before, a head that would have struck terror into any heart. She also helped Margaret to make her dress, and created the neatest little page's suit for Hugh out of an old curtain. In the arrangements for the stage, however, we would allow her to take no part; something must be kept to surprise her!

The scene was to represent the dragon's cave, where Margaret, the Princess, was held captive, and into which I, the Prince, strayed by chance when out on a hunting expedition.

'It must look simply blood-curdling,' Margaret said; 'so that the audience shudder when the curtain goes back.'

The far end of the schoolroom was always used for our dramatic efforts, and for days before we kept it curtained off so that nobody should see what we were about.

(*Concluded on page* 131.)



TWO PICTURE PUZZLES.
Find three Rats for the Cat, and the Burglar for the Policeman.

A WAR ON THE THISTLES.

'TEDDY, I'll give you a shilling if you clear the thistles from these fields,' said Farmer Green to his grandson one hot July day, as the little boy walked beside him over the farm, switching at the tall thistles they passed with a big stick. Teddy and his sister Emmie were spending their holidays with their grandparents on Oak-grove Farm, a delightful change from the small, gloomy house in the great manufacturing town, where they lived with their parents.

'You seem to like knocking the thistles' heads off, so you may as well do the job thoroughly,' the old man added. 'But mind you cut the stems right down, or stub them clean out of the ground. If you only nip off the tops, they will sprout all the stronger below. If they are all cleared out at the end of a week, you shall have the shilling to spend at Westcombe Fair—I mean to take you and Emmie, if you're good children. You'll have to work pretty steadily, I warn you, but that won't hurt you, though it is holiday-time—it's a bad thing to be idle!'

'Oh! I like work, thank you, Grandfather, and it will be grand to have a shilling to spend,' said Teddy joyously. Very little money came his way; there was not much to spare at home, where he and Emmie were the eldest of a large family. 'You may be sure I'll make a clean sweep of those horrid old thistles,' the little fellow added.

'That's right, my boy,' said Grandfather, turning towards the house. When they reached it, Teddy ran in to arm himself with a stouter stick, and a bill-hook, before returning to the field, where he began to slash vigorously at the thistles.

Presently Emmie appeared, and exclaimed: 'Oh! Teddy! Grandfather says you're going to cut down all the thistles! I'm sorry. They're handsome flowers, I think, and how disappointed the goldfinches will be when they come to look for thistle-down!'

'That's just like a girl! What does it matter whether the things are handsome or not? As for the goldfinches, they'll find lots of down by the roadside, and on farms where people are not as tidy as Grandfather,' said the boy, importantly. 'Besides, we can't let thistles spring all over the fields and spoil the crops!'

'N-no, I suppose not,' said Emmie, doubtfully. 'Still, I'm sorry. The thistles are so splendid, with their tall stems and pink and purple flowers. Don't this big fellow look like a king?' she added, pointing to a great Scotch thistle that towered above the others, one large fully-opened blossom on the summit of the sturdy stem. 'The flower is like a crown—oh! Teddy, what a pity to cut him down.' as—'snap'—the boy severed the stalk and the head fell to the ground.

'Grandfather said it must be done!' persisted the little fellow. 'And you don't like thistles yourself when they scratch your legs.'

'That's a different thing,' said Emmie, going off to the garden to help Granny to gather gooseberries, while Teddy worked on steadily, cutting and slashing at the thistles with might and main. It was a very hot afternoon, and he soon began to feel tired. After a while he thought he would rest for a few minutes, as his hands were getting sore and blistered from the unusual work; so, putting down the bill-hook and stick, he laid himself under the shade of the hedge, saying drowsily: 'Well, I've done for a lot of those beastly thistles. If I go on at this rate, there will be none left in our fields by next week!'

'Oh, won't there? Don't be so sure of that!' said a queer, choky sort of voice near him; and, looking up with a start, the child saw a huge thistle standing stiff and straight in the hedge. To his amazement and alarm, there was a kind of face on the great green calyx, and two very sharp and angry eyes looked down at him. 'You think you're going to root us all out!' the thistle cried. 'But you're mistaken! You have declared War against us—we accept the challenge, and our armies are hastening to the fray. Behold them!'

Looking over the large field, Teddy saw a host of thistles marching across the grass, the long ranks headed by a great Scotch thistle, far bigger than the one he had beheaded, while a swarm of others—musk-thistles, spear-thistles, plume-thistles, and star-thistles—flocked behind him, all armed with sharp spines and prickles. They advanced fiercely on the boy, who sprang to his feet, and tried to ward them off; but they crowded closer and closer, their sharp thorns tearing his clothes and scratching his face, hands, and legs, till, after a short struggle, the giant thistle struck the bill-hook from his grasp, saying, 'Your evil designs are foiled, and you are our prisoner! Your grandfather shall learn the danger of interfering with *Us!* We shall hold you as a hostage till he promises never to interfere with us again!'

'But he—he c-can't!' cried frightened Teddy. 'He must root you out, or his crops would be ruined. You aren't a king, and those aren't soldiers—you are just horrid, mischievous weeds, so there!'

'Mischievous weeds, are we?' cried the angry thistle, turning a deeper purple in his rage. You shall pay for this—but your sister recognised my rank! We shan't hurt her when we punish the rest of the family. Soldiers! carry him to prison!'

Then the big thistles, which had grown till they were far taller than the boy, began to push and drag him along, till his foot caught in a briar, and he fell, opening his eyes with a start, to find he was lying in he shadow of the hedge, with Grandfather standing by him, laughing.

'So that is the way you cut the thistles down, Teddy? You have had a fine nap. Still, it's very hot, and I dare say the unusual work tired you, and you have got rid of a good many of the weeds,' he added, looking at the thistles lying on the ground. 'What's the matter?' as Teddy caught his hand.

'Oh, Grandfather! do hurry away—the thistle-army is going to keep me as a prisoner till you promise never to hurt them again! Where are the soldiers? They were here just now, and were dragging me off to the gaol.'

'You're dreaming, child, or have got a touch of the sun!' said Mr. Green. 'I don't say but there is an army of thistles, but they're not going to conquer us. You don't mean to say you're frightened, and want to give up the job? That would never do! Come in now and have your tea, then in the cool of the evening you can attack your enemies again,' laughed the old man.

'But they took away the bill-hook and scratched me—just look!' displaying his hands and bare legs; but Grandfather laughed more than ever, crying: 'Well, Ted, if you lie down and go to sleep in a hedge full of brambles, what can you expect? The bill-hook is close to you. You have had a queer dream, to be sure, but

it's all over! How Grannie and Emmie will laugh when we tell them the story!'

'Emmie thinks it a shame to cut down thistles; she said this big fellow was like a king—p'r'aps that's why I dreamt of one!'

'No doubt it was. Emmie is only a little maid, but I don't think she really believes that Scotch thistles are kings! Come on now, all the thistles shall have an armistice till af.er tea!'

MAUD E. SARGENT.

PRINCESS OOMA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' etc.

(Continued from page 99.)

'ALL is well. All is well,' cried Jai Singh. 'At last the oracle answered. For a long while I could get no reply, but in the end it came. There we sat, looking at each other. At least I looked at him, but he looked at the ground. And then—"Will good fortune attend our hunting?" I asked. And the oracle shook his head, backwards and forwards. Next I said, "Shall we find a tiger?"—and he shook it thus again. A third question I asked, 'Which of the shikaris will bring us most fortune?" One by one I named them until I came to Dibra. It is he.'

'I told you Dibra was clever,' Ooma reminded him. 'Perhaps now another time you will believe me.' And she laughed, very pleased, it seemed, with her little triumph.

'Take Dibra for your own, cousin, if you want him,' she added. 'Let him choose the tree from which you will shoot, and arrange the platform on which you will sit.'

'Perhaps,' Jai Singh temporised. To accept the offer meant a further triumph for Ooma, but he could not resist it finally. The interview with the oracle had made a deep impression on him, and he believed firmly in the answers he had received. 'I will take Dibra,' he announced a moment later, and even bore patiently with Oo na's superior smile. But with that smile she seemed satisfied. On the way back she was more natural and less on the defensive than she had been hitherto, and even seemed anxious to be really friendly with the twins.

'Ooma's all right,' Michael decided, in consequence, later, when he and Frieda had parted company with the other two and were having tea together. 'At any rate, she's all right when she doesn't lose her temper. I dare say she didn't really understand about keeping to rules. Jai Singh didn't either when we first knew him.'

'Yes,' Frieda objected, 'but he wasn't like Ooma. He didn't want to cheat, but he didn't think there ought to be any rules for him. Oh, bother,' she ended abruptly.

She felt a little mean; as if she were always running down the Princess behind her back. But, would Ooma ever play fair? Somehow Frieda doubted it. The little scene beneath the tree would connect itself with Ooma's behaviour that afternoon with an impression that the Princess knew more about the oracle than she would admit. And why was she so anxious to give up her own shikari to Jai Singh? Had she arranged with Dibra that he should spoil the shoot as far as possible? But very soon, in that case, the head shikari would grow suspicious and arrange for the man's dismissal. It was not likely he could be deceived for long when his own credit hung in the balance. Yet . . .?

'Oh, bother,' said Frieda again. Already Michael was rather surprised at her attitude, and Ooma certainly wasn't worth a quarrel with him. She began to talk of the carrier pigeon; to wonder how long it would take. And then an orderly appeared with a summons from Major Carnac. The shikaris had returned and with the best of news, though it was still early in the afternoon. Already the camp was seething with excitement.

'A tiger has killed. A tiger has killed.' From mouth to mouth the news was passing, while from all quarters a crowd gathered. The Rani sent a messenger to ask that the men might tell their tale within earshot of her tent, and thither went Major Carnac and the four children. They could hear the Rani and Soma whispering excitedly behind them as they stood against the tent door with the shikaris grouped in front.

'Great lords,' the head shikari began—he had been pleased with himself in the morning, but now pride almost oozed from him—'Already have our labours been crowned with success. Did I not say'—he shot a side glance at Major Carnac—'Let the jungle spirits be honoured and all shall be well?'

'Yes, yes!' came in chorus from his fellow-hunters.

'All is well. Last night to half-a-dozen trees we tied a bullock; a bullock to each tree. The six we found unharmed this mornimg. Yet we had chosen our trees with care. Not one but grew beside a track by which a tiger well might travel. Very cleverly we planned; we made no mistake. But our offerings to the king of the jungle were neglected; they found no favour in his eyes. Sadly we untied the bullocks and brought them back with us—all save one which, by chance, was overlooked. And that the poorest of the lot; scarcely a fit meal indeed for a striped one. And now, mark well what followed.'

'Wah, wah!' the crowd murmured, quite prepared to be deeply impressed in advance.

'The goats were sacrificed to the spirits; their blood flowed on the altar. The flesh was distributed and eaten, and, instantly, we remembered. "Go! Fetch the sixth bullock," I said to Dibra; and, when he reached the spot, lo, what did he see? The bullock dead upon the ground, and, at his throat, a striped one. Post-haste Dibra returned with the news; and now I go forth to mark, when the meal is finished, where the king of the jungle sleeps. To-morrow we will drive him from his lair, and will bring him to the mouth of the guns as cattle are brought to a fold. Rajah Sahib, have I your leave to go?'

'Go! Go!' cried Jai Singh, joyfully. He wanted to be very dignified; to appear completely unmoved and to conceal his excitement altogether, as though shooting a tiger was an every-day affair for him. But it was simply impossible. And, as the shikaris disappeared and the crowd dispersed, he ran towards the Rani's tent to claim Soma's ever-ready sympathy as he had ever claimed it from his earliest years.

'Soma! Soma! Dost thou hear? To-morrow I shall shoot a tiger,' he cried.

And Soma's cracked voice answered promptly with equal triumph, 'I hear, my Prince. I hear. And 'twill be a most mighty tiger—a tiger of tigers. I know it. I am sure of it.'

(*Continued on page* 114.)

"'For a long time I could get no reply.'"

"She pointed to a silver bangle on her wrist."

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 111.)

CHAPTER IX.

ROUND the tiger, and round the tiger only, from that moment, the whole interest of the camp centred. Where would he sleep when he had fed? From what pool would he drink? In what direction must he be driven so that he should be least suspicious, least likely to break away? Not a camp follower, however ignorant, but was ready with a theory, and Jai Singh and Ooma, Michael and Frieda, discussed all possible happenings at length. Jai Singh, still very excited, insisted on explaining just how the beat would be arranged. It was useless to try and stop him, though the other three knew already most of what he could tell them.

'When the shikaris have discovered where the tiger sleeps,' he said, 'then they will decide where the beaters shall go; it will be well beyond the spot. A mile, perhaps. On *this* side of his resting-place—but also far from it—they will choose the trees where the guns shall be placed. And to those trees, high up, they will lash little platforms.'

'And Dibra will take care that the branches and leaves screen those who sit upon the platforms,' Ooma supplemented. 'He will leave nothing on the ground that may make the tiger afraid, and he will be very careful that in coming and going there is as little noise as possible.'

'So do all shikaris,' Jai Singh retorted. Now that a tiger had been marked down, he was not quite sure he had done wisely in accepting Ooma's offer. What, after all, could Dibra do for him more than his own shikari? But, to his surprise, instead of seeking to triumph further, Ooma hastily changed the subject, and even urged him to continue his description of the beat.

'And then?' she asked. 'What will happen then, cousin?'

'Then,' said Jai Singh, appeased, 'the shikaris will return for us. They will guide us to the trees, and with us will go some of the beaters whom they have carefully chosen from the rest; men of good sense and not easily frightened. And we will all walk very, very quietly. You must not talk,' he reminded Frieda and Michael, importantly.

'As if we should,' they retorted, indignantly. 'It's you who generally do the talking.'

'No one must talk,' Jai Singh repeated, ignoring the interruption. 'The tiger may be awake already. He may have begun to wander. Stealthily, silently we will creep to our seats in the trees. I do not know who will sit with whom. That Major Carnac will tell us to-morrow. There will be two to a tree, I think. There is not room for more usually.'

'And the special beaters?' Frieda asked. She was not quite sure of their allotted task.

'They are called "stops." They will prevent the tiger from breaking out of the beat,' Jai Singh explained. 'That is why they must be sensible and courageous. Half will go to one side and half to the other. And they will be placed in trees, one by one, at no great distance from each other, so that they form two sides of a triangle from the point where we wait to the line of beaters in the distance. Between the tiger will be enclosed. Is it clear?'

'But how will the stops prevent him breaking through?'

'They will watch very carefully; and, if they see him coming, or if there is a movement in the grass, they will tap on the tree on which they sit. He will not know what causes the noise, and because he cannot understand it he will turn away. And, at a given signal, the line of beaters will advance, shouting lustily, beating on their drums, blowing on their horns, hitting the ground with their sticks. Behind the tiger there will always be a noise, and, unwounded, he will not face a multitude. If he has not tried to escape before, he will try now. To the right he will creep. Tap-tap. To the left. Tap-tap once more. And "Straight on I will go," he will say. "All is quiet there. I will seek a place where I may rest again until my hunger returns." And *we* will be waiting for him. He will slay no more.'

'It was rather hard luck on the bullock he did kill,' Frieda remarked. 'I hope he killed it quick.'

'Anyway, if the tiger is killed, it will save lots of other bullocks,' Michael reminded her. 'Father told me there's not enough game for the tigers round here, so they generally feed on the village cattle.'

'Sometimes they eat men,' said Ooma. 'When they are old, or have been injured, and so have not strength to kill a bullock even. My father killed a man-eater once. Inside it was a woman's bangle. See, I am wearing it now.'

She pointed to a silver bangle on her wrist, from which dangled two tiny bones.

'Those are tiger's bones,' she explained. 'They will bring me good fortune. And round my neck, sewn in a piece of silk, I wear his whiskers as an amulet.'

'I, too, shall have an amulet to-morrow,' Jai Singh murmured to himself. And then he ran off to superintend the cleaning of his rifle.

'He is so sure it is he who will shoot the tiger,' Ooma scoffed, as she looked after him. 'And why should it be he?'

'At least he will have first chance, Princess,' said Major Carnac's voice behind her. He had returned to discuss some details with the children just in time to hear Ooma's remark. She wheeled round to face him.

'First chance?' she protested. 'But why? That is not fair, as Michael and Frieda say. We ought to draw lots, as they made me draw lots for the air-gun.'

She stood, looking up into his face eagerly, while Major Carnac returned her glance in some perplexity. As a matter of fact, he had only just realised that she expected to take a share in the shooting of the tiger. Jai Singh had made no mention of his cousin when he had first proffered his request; and this not purposely, but because, in his excitement, he had thought only of himself. He had asked that *he* might shoot a tiger; that *he* might be taught to hunt. And, by the merest chance, neither Michael nor Frieda had happened to mention the rivalry between the cousins to their father, nor their own expectations. As Major Carnac looked from one to the other, it was easy to guess what those expectations had been.

He wished he had guessed sooner; that he need not disappoint them now. Yet, for several reasons, he considered it necessary that Jai Singh should not only fire first, but, alone of the four, should fire at all. To Michael, his own son, could not go an honour that by right was Jai Singh's. And, as far as Frieda and Ooma

were concerned, Major Carnac was certain neither could use a rifle of sufficient weight. Even the little Rajah might find a suitable weapon difficult to handle, and they were less strong physically than he. It was impossible to guess exactly how the tiger would act. He might come well in advance of the beaters, or they be almost on his heels. In the latter case, if wounded only, he would certainly turn on them. If Jai Singh failed to kill, Major Carnac hoped to make the defect good himself before damage was done. More than that he could not leave to chance.

It was a great pity, to himself he repeated. He could trust Michael and Frieda to understand. Their disappointment faced, they would enjoy themselves despite of it; neither was of the type that can only be happy if it gets exactly what it wants. They would adapt themselves to the situation and make the best of it, he knew.

But Ooma? How would Ooma be affected? She had shown by her question that she was at least trying to be reasonable. It must seem to her that, in return, she was being treated unfairly. It was more than likely she would decline to believe she was in any way unequal to Jai Singh. She would probably consider the death of a beater of small importance. How could Major Carnac best deal with her? By the most direct method, he decided, finally.

'I'm sorry, Princess,' he began. 'If I'd guessed what you were planning I would have explained sooner. Only Jai Singh will be able to shoot to-morrow because . . .'

He got no further, for a shrill scream from Ooma interrupted him. Gone in a moment was the self-control he thought she had won. She would listen to no explanation. She shrieked. She stamped. She flung herself on the ground, and tore up the grass by handfuls.

'I will shoot. I will shoot,' she cried. And not until she was unable to shriek any longer did she look at Major Carnac. Then, gasping, she sat up to judge of the effect she had produced. For a long moment she stared at him, and, gradually, she seemed to realise that she had accomplished nothing at all. She had not made him lose his temper. He was not even annoyed with her, and certainly he was no nearer yielding. He stood waiting politely until she was ready to speak. Into her eyes crept reluctant respect, though with an air of bravado she tried to conceal it.

'It is your turn now, Carnac Sahib,' said Princess Ooma. 'It will be my turn next.'

(*Continued on page* 126.)

CART-HORSE 'BRASSES.'

A LECTURER at the Horniman Museum has told us that the 'brasses' worn by the cart-horses in our streets are a direct survival of the amulets which used to bedeck the horses in the time of Julius Cæsar and the ancient Egyptians. Many of these decorations were symbols of the sun and moon, and were considered to be charms against the 'evil eye.'

The wearing of a perforated heart design is a relic of the old custom of hanging up in the chimney the dead heart of an affected sheep or calf. This, being pierced with nails and pins, was a charm to spoil the spell of a witch.

MIDSUMMER DAYS.

RED, red roses blooming in the garden,
Cherries hanging ripe upon the tree;
Merry gnats a-dancing,
Golden sunshine glancing,
Stores of honeyed flowers to tempt the bee.

Elder blossoms scenting all the highways,
Creamy-white amid their dark-green leaves;
Deep in dell and dingle
Crimson foxgloves mingle,
With the shining trails the ivy weaves.

Song-birds cease the tunes they loved to warble
Ere the sunny May gave place to June,
But the corn-crake's calling
Blends, as dusk is falling,
With the merry cuckoo's altered tune.

Gold-green lime-flowers droop in fragrant clusters,
Sweet dog-roses climb o'er bank and hedge;
By the sunlit river
Silvery willows quiver,
As the light wind murmurs through the sedge.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

THE ROMANCE OF SHIP-BUILDING.

V.—IRON AND STEEL REPLACE WOOD.

NEXT to the introduction of steam propulsion, the most important and far-reaching innovation in ship-building was the use of iron and steel for protecting or building the hull of a vessel.

In the Crimean War it was found that wooden warships were of little use for the purpose of attacking land forts armed with guns.

The advance of gunnery, slow though it was, operated to the disadvantage of ships with wooden walls. Fleets were unable to do much more than blockade, and it had become necessary to devise some means by which they might also attack.

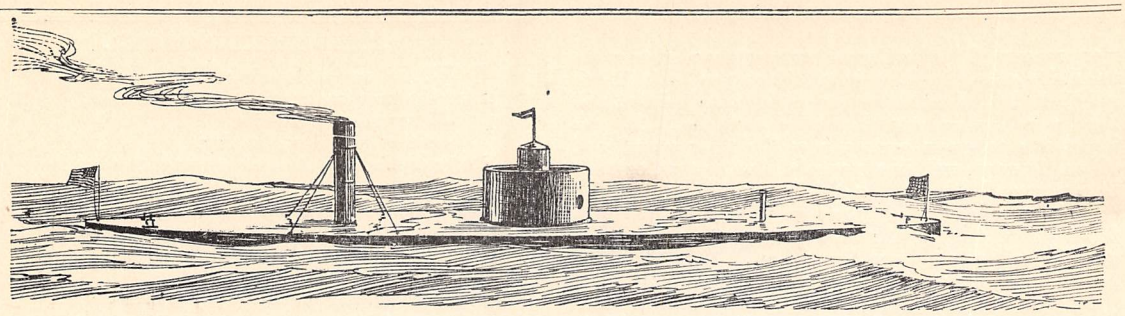
Iron had been gradually introduced for the construction of the hull of merchant ships, but it was thought not to be suitable for warships, chiefly owing to the fear that a shot passing through it would make a jagged irregular hole, difficult to plug. The idea of building floating batteries protected by iron plates originated with the French, who built several, following them up with a warship, *La Gloire*, the hull of which was covered with four-and-a-half-inch iron plates, which, with the poor guns in existence at the time, would make her well-nigh invulnerable.

England responded by launching the *Warrior*, an iron-plated frigate, in 1860. To protect her most vulnerable parts the armour with which she was cover d consisted of the hardest teak twenty inches thick, and five inches of the finest wrought iron. The plates were about sixteen feet long by four wide, and were mortised into one another, and bolted through the teak into the inner ribs of the ship.

This armour was considered thick and resisting enough to withstand the fire, at two hundred yards, of the sixty-eight-pounder, the heaviest gun in use at that time.

H r own armament consisted of thirty-six of these guns.

This vessel was, however, soon to be completely over-



An early American monitor.

shadowed by an American vessel, or rather, a number of vessels. In 1861, the first monitor was built in the United States, and absolutely revolutionised the design of warships.

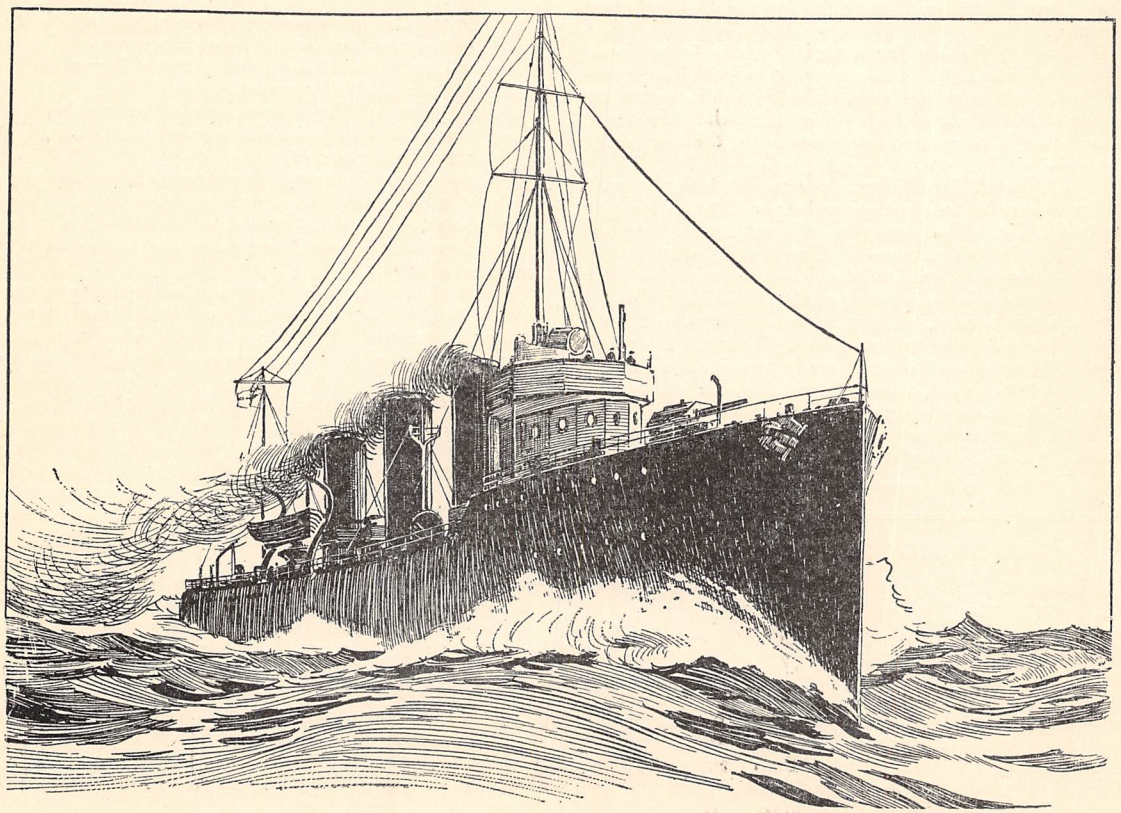
The monitor was a peculiar shallow vessel, as useful on a river as at sea. Quite flat, showing only a few inches above the water, she was heavily armoured, and a very difficult target to hit, except at close range.

On the deck was a very strong revolving turret which contained one or two guns, and afforded protection to the gun crew. The guns were fired through an opening in the turret which was kept as small as possible.

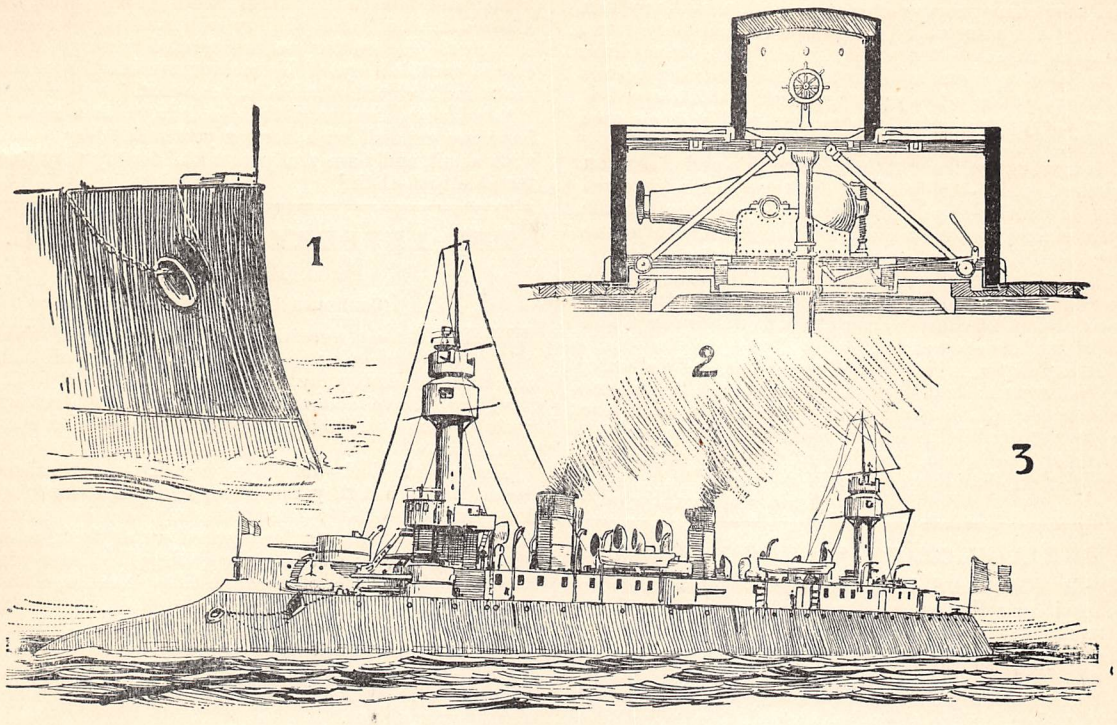
So well were these little vessels protected that, during the American Civil War, Admiral Dahlgren was able to report to the Navy Department that six monitors had between them received six hundred and twenty-nine shots, mostly from heavy ten-inch guns, yet not a single penetration of side armour, turret, or pilot-house, which corresponded to the modern conning-tower, took place.

This showed that the best vessels of European navies, such as *La Gloire* and the *Warrior*, would stand a very poor chance if pitted against the tough sides and great fifteen-inch guns of a monitor, which is the first vessel to deserve the name of 'iron-clad.'

Owing to their weight, and presenting such a small surface to the sea and wind, these floating batteries, for



A modern Destroyer at full speed.



1. Ram of British warship. 2. Section of a Turret on an early American monitor.
3. French battleship, showing exaggerated ram.

such they are, rolled and pitched far less then an ordinary vessel, it was therefore more easy to aim their guns accurately. Again, in a gale, where a vessel with much top-hamper, riding high out of the water, presented a large surface to the wind, and frequently dragged her anchors, the monitors, low in the water, were comparatively safe. During an action none of the crew were at any time exposed to the enemy fire. Even the anchor was under cover, fitted in a well under the bow, and was raised by a windlass in the hold.

The Americans made great use of these vessels during the Civil War, and they undoubtedly had a great effect on naval architecture.

Not only did they bombard forts and force them to capitulate, but also boldly attacked large ironclads with success, showing that they were a fighting force that could not be ignored.

Though this was the first time that the turret, moving on a pivot, so that the guns could be pointed in any direction, was used, it had been thought of half a century before. In the *Nautical Chronicle* for 1805 is an account of a 'moving turning impregnable battery' whose machinery was adapted to turn the most ponderous mortars with ease, according to the position of the enemy.

Two years later a similar battery was advocated: 'Its circular form would cause every shot that might strike it, not at the centre, to glance.' Thirty-five years later an inventor proposed to build a land tower for coast defence. the tower to turn on a series of rollers under its base. The idea being, as the tower slowly turned, to fire each gun on the instant that it came into line with the enemy vessel.

Though none of these inventions came to anything at the time, they were doubtless in the mind of the engineer who constructed the first turret-monitor.

The turret principle was adopted by all navies, and is still in use at the present time, in a greatly improved form. During the period that artillery was comparatively poor the French revived the ram, the weapon of the early mariners and Middle Ages.

The ram consists of a powerful beak, as we have seen in the war-galleys, but in this case is placed below the water-line, intended to sink the enemy by the force with which the vessel thus armed is driven against it, the ram tearing a hole into which the water would immediately pour.

Many of the French ships carried an enormous and exaggerated ram, which was never adopted by the British, who preferred a less showy strengthening of the bows.

In the Navy speed is one of the most impo tant considerations, and year by year some new improvement is made with engines or design. Thus we have seen ships constantly increasing in size and tonnage, but far from losing speed owing to their extra displacement, they are faster than ever.

The single screw has long since given way to the twin-screw, or even three or four.

But fast as the great battleships and battle-cruisers

are, they cannot compete for speed with what have been called 'mosquito craft,' torpedo-boats and destroyers.

In no case has the screw, allied to a steel hull, triumphed so signally as in these long, narrow vessels that, even twenty-five years ago could attain a speed of over thirty knots, and turn almost within their own length.

It must not be thought that during this period such an advance in ship-building, and drastic changes, occurred only in fighting-ships. The mercantile marine also made great strides, and from small beginnings came to possess large swift liners, complete with almost every luxury.

In 1837 the Peninsular and Oriental line established a weekly mail line between Falmouth and Gibraltar, with a small paddle-wheel steamer of about two hundred tons and sixty horse-power.

A little later, in 1840, the Cunard line had a steamer with accommodation for one hundred and fifteen saloon passengers, and many other lines followed, so that soon regular steamship lines connected this country with all parts of the world, and Great Britain became the greatest ship-building country in the world.

W. Herbert Holloway.

THE ADVICE OF 'A GOOD LOSER.'

SIR THOMAS LIPTON was touched when on visiting that great American prison, Sing Sing, after he had failed again in his *Shamrock* yacht race, the prisoners gave him a testimonial inscribed, 'To a good loser.'

Sir Thomas felt that the donors knew indeed what it was to *lose*, and to them he made the following little speech:

'I am very grateful to you, boys. There never was a man born who did not make a mistake. But the thing is, when we grow older not to repeat the same mistake, isn't it?'

ROBIN'S COMING-OF-AGE.

FOR Robin Redbreast just of age,
A scarlet waistcoat is the rage.

And every Robin needs must try
The very reddest one to buy.

If you and I could but go down
One autumn day to Robin Town

We'd see a crowd of Robins stop
To gaze in tailor Robin's shop,

Where waistcoats hang in shades so gay,
No dandy dick can turn away.

At noon the doors are opened wide,
And he who first doth step inside,

And hath enough of Robin gold,
To him the reddest vest is sold.

At least that's what I understand
From fairy-tales of Robinland.

Eileen Carfrae.

A STRANGE DESIRE.

'WHEN I was about six years old,' said a dear old friend of mine, 'I had a great desire to be an invalid, because I thought it must be so nice to ride in a bath-chair. One day I fell on the gravel-path in our garden and damaged my knees, making them bleed, and I hoped in vain that my injury would be deemed serious enough to procure for me the coveted luxury. However, I consoled myself by making my brother trundle me round the garden in his little go-cart.

'And now,' continued the old lady, with a sigh, 'I have my childish wish, for, as you know, dear, I can't walk at all, and I am really thankful for my very comfortable bath-chair.'

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 107.)

WHILE they were riding up the drive, and Sybil was lamenting to herself that it was all over, came the crowning joy.

'They'll have about finished tea in the drawing-room,' Dick remarked; 'guess I'd better have it with you, Babs.'

And so she had him all to herself in the school-room; and, when they had finished tea, and were feeling just comfortably tired and lazy, she lay on the hearthrug, with Cinders, and gazed up at Dick, as he sat in the big wicker chair, rejoicing her heart with tales of that place of inexhaustible wonders, 'Wellington Col.'

Later on he sought out Captain Mitchell. 'I say, I've got a bone to pick with you,' he said, entering the billiard-room, where he found the captain alone—'trying to break the balls,' as he expressed it, before dressing for dinner.

'Oh, what's that?' he asked with an innocent stare.

'You know, right enough, so don't fence. Why didn't you play fair and square with me, this afternoon?'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean that you hoodwinked me into believing that you'd invited Silly Owl to shoot with you, before Grandfather said he was to go out with me. And I never should have found you out, if it hadn't been for Sybil.'

'The little beggar! Did she give me away? I shouldn't have thought it of her.'

'It was done in all innocence—she simply didn't understand that there was any reason why you shouldn't take him off.'

'Neither do I.'

'But you knew that I shouldn't have allowed it, if I'd been aware that you were doing it on our account!'

'Oh, I knew that you'd behave like an ass, my dear fellow, and think that politeness necessitated your spoiling your little cousin's afternoon, without doing anybody an ounce of good.'

Dick laughed and looked foolish. 'Well, anyhow, you might have given me the chance of behaving like an ass,' he said, lamely.

'I assure you it was far kinder not,' decided the Captain; 'just think what a lot of fuss it saved: why, the whole thing was settled in less than five minutes.'

'You're a brick, and it was jolly decent of you,' said the boy, gratefully. 'All the same, I don't like your doing the Guv'nor's dirty work—that's my little job.'

'Tut, tut.'

'By the way, what cock-and-bull story did you tell him at tea-time? As I didn't come in with you and Silly Owl, he must have known that I got out of it.'

'I forget exactly what I said, but it satisfied him. I don't think you'll hear any more about it,' and the Captain left the room.

As he passed through the hall, he felt some one clutch at his coat, and, looking round, he found Sybil, who had been lying in wait for him.

'Hullo, what is it?'

'Nothing—only I wanted to thank you.'

'What for?'

'For being so perfectly splendid this afternoon.'

Captain Mitchell laughed at this magnified view of his conduct.

'Why do you laugh at me? I do want to thank you, truly; only I don't know what to say.'

'Then let's "consider it as said," as the Red Queen and Alice decided to do.'

'Did you have a *very* slow time?' asked the child anxiously. 'I've been wondering.'

'Oh, come now, Sybil, be honest and admit that you never gave me another thought after you'd left the house?'

Sybil turned red. 'Well,' she admitted, 'after I had explained it all to Dick, I'm afraid I did forget all about you till we were nearly home.'

'And what recalled my existence to you then?'

'I don't know; I just began to wonder how you'd been getting on, and to wish you'd had a lovely time, like we did.'

'Was it as nice as you expected?'

'Nicer,' and the child's eyes sparkled, 'much nicer; 'cos I never thought Dick would have tea with me; he wouldn't have been able to if we hadn't been late, so we've Grandfather to thank for that. I wish he knew, 'cos he hates Dick to have tea in the schoolroom! And it was all because of his upsetting things.'

'What sort of things? Tea and buttered toast? And did it fall on the buttery side? How horrible; I thought Dick had better manners.'

'Don't tease! You know I meant Grandfather.'

'Impossible, my child. I've never seen the Colonel upset his tea.'

'I didn't *say* his tea; but he upset our plans; at least, he would have, if it hadn't been for you; and all that waste of time made us late. Now, do you understand?'

'I think so. At any rate, I gather that you had a good time; and that's the only thing that matters.'

'Oh, no; it matters that you didn't,' said Sybil, regretfully. 'Dick says he wouldn't have let you do it, if he'd known, so I suppose I——'

'Dick's an ass,' interrupted Captain Mitchell, hastily.

'He's *not!*' emphatically; and the child gazed at him with wide-open eyes, more shocked than if he had abused the King or Lord Roberts.

'Now I've put my foot into it,' thought the poor Captain. 'That's nothing against him, you know,' he hastened to explain, 'all nice people behave like asses, *sometimes;* if they didn't, they'd be prigs. I rather like a chap to be an ass occasionally, don't you? Provided, of course, that it's the right sort of ass.'

Sybil shook her head. 'Dick calls Silly Owl an ass, and I don't like *him*.'

'Oh, but *he's quite* a different sort of ass.'

'And you were with him all this afternoon; how dreadful for you! And all because of me,' said the child, with compunction. 'I really *am* awfully grateful, though I haven't said "Thank you," properly.'

'Haven't you? Would you have said it more properly, do you think, if you gave me a kiss?' Then, as she hesitated, 'Try, and see.'

The child complied. Then, gazing at him with admiration, 'I'm glad Derrick's going into the army,' she said. 'Are all captains like you?'

'Pretty much the same,' he replied, laughingly; then added, with a mischievous twinkle, 'So are all colonels like your grandfather.'

CHAPTER X.

'SEVENTEEN, eighteen, nineteen, twenty! I've beaten you by three, Derrick!' gasped Sybil, breathlessly.

'Don't care if you have! You can't go up and down steps on them; wait till you can beat me at that before you boast.'

'I've never tried; think I'll go and have a shot now'; and off went Sybil to the other end of the terrace, where a broad but shallow flight of stone steps —seven in all—led down to the garden.

Any one who has walked on stilts knows the delight to be derived from them; any one who has not had better learn to do so at once. What can equal the delicious feeling of superiority as one marches along —it must be admitted with great and gawky steps— gazing with the utmost ease across walls and hedges, over which at other times one can hardly even peep, towering above one's fellow-creatures, and looking down upon those despised, but sometimes to be envied 'grown-ups,' who, we consider, are too often given to looking down upon us? And when at last one's aching back forces one to descend, what fun for the sufficiently expert to vie with each other in hopping upon a single stilt! This was how Derrick and Sybil were amusing themselves one morning, and Sybil had accomplished twenty hops in succession to Derrick's seventeen. They had been at it about half-an-hour, when they were joined by Mora Hamilton. 'So that's what you're up to!' she exclaimed. 'I couldn't think what that bumpy, hammering sort of noise was, and then I saw you from the library window. Do, please, do it again, Derrick; I want to watch.'

Derrick, red in the face from exertion or modesty, obligingly compiled; and this time, to Sybil's chagrin, reached twenty-two.

'How *do* you do it?' asked Mora. 'Isn't it frightfully difficult?'

'Not very; but it's awfully *achy;* you get so jolly tired you simply have to come down. Have a shot, won't you?'

'I! My dear boy, I could never do it; it's years since I even walked on them.' Then she added, 'But I *should* like to get up on them again, if one of you will lend me a pair.'

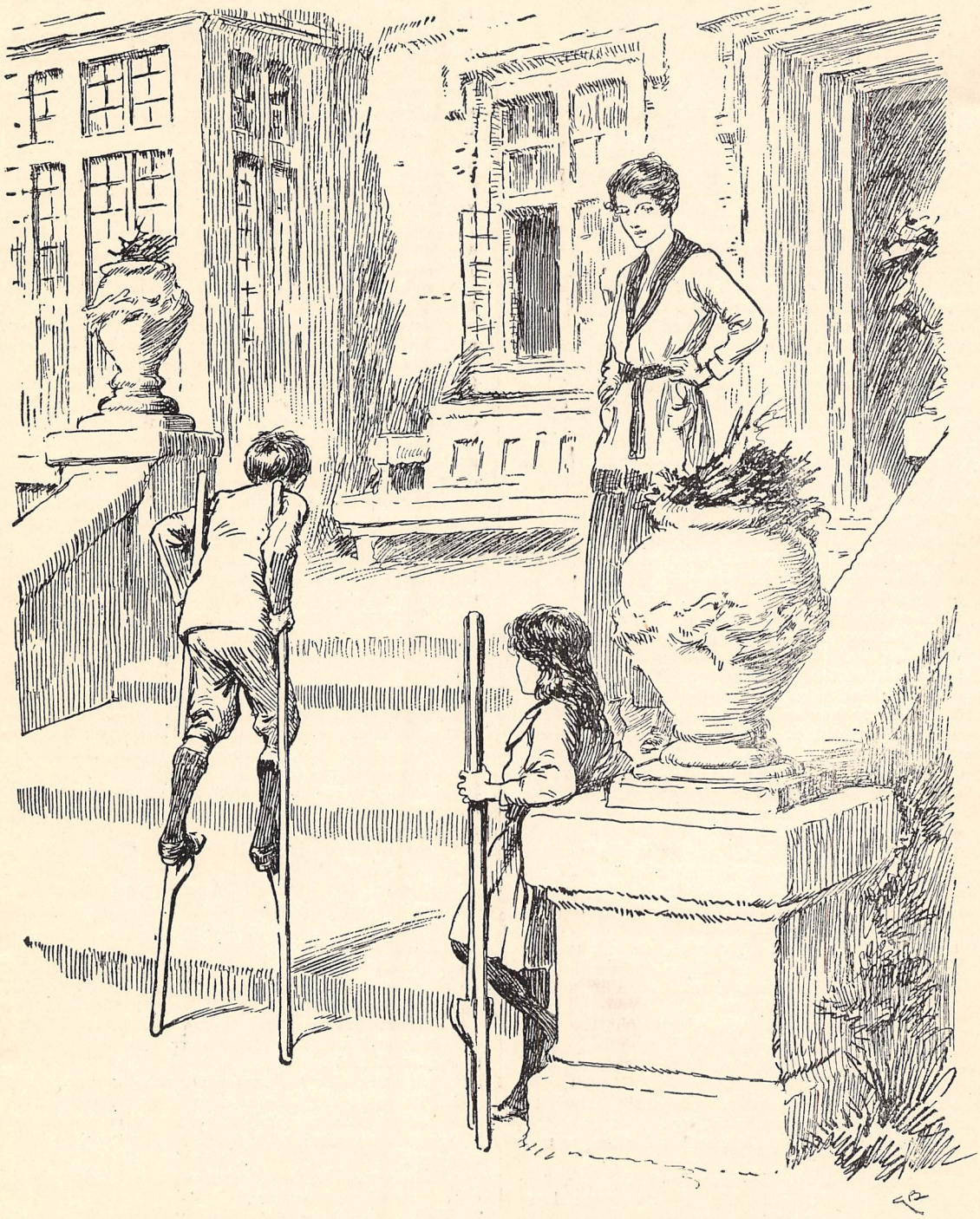
'Rather! Take mine, take mine!' cried both children; and in a few minutes she was as absorbed as either of them.

'I wish my silly back wouldn't ache so soon!' she cried, at length. 'Thanks so much for your stilts, Sybil; here, take one and let me see you hop while I rest; and then I want to watch Derrick go up and down the steps.'

'*I* got up the first three just now; then I had to jump off, because I went wobbly.'

'Bravo! Don't be beaten by Derrick; you'll soon do the whole flight, if you persevere.'

(*Continued on page* 122.)



"'Do, please, do it again, Derrick.'"

"Barnes walked sorrowfully away with the cherished stilts."

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 119.)

'WHAT are you dreadful children doing now? Twying to bweak your necks?' came in a languid drawl from behind them.

'Hulloa, Mr. Tillet-Howell!' cried Derrick. 'Come and have a shot. I'll bet you can't go up and down these steps!'

'I shouldn't think of twying, and you oughtn't to dweam of doing it either.'

'Why not? It's quite safe.'

'On the contwarwy, I consider it extwemely dangerwous.'

For a few minutes Mr. Tillet-Howell stood at the top of the steps—fascinated but disapproving; then he said, 'You weally oughtn't to do it, Derrick; you'll end by bweaking your nose.'

'More likely break yours,' retorted Derrick, rudely. 'If I did trip, I could easily jump off; but since you *will* stand on that particular spot, the top end of this stilt would fetch you an awful whack.'

'I was standing here to pwevent an accident' (how, no one exactly knew!), 'but as your sense of gwatitude seems to have given place to one of wudeness, I shall take no further twouble on your account. You are vewy silly childwen to do such a wisky thing. Miss Hamilton, I'm surpwised that you haven't stopped it.'

'Oh, but they're really quite safe, Mr. Tillet-Howell,' laughed Mora. 'I don't think you need worry. They're as much at home on stilts as they are on—on roller-skates.'

Why roller-skates? And what made her look at the children in that way, as if she were somehow aware of a certain unfortunate event, which they wished buried in oblivion?

'It would be different if you or I were to try it,' she continued; '*that might* be a little risky.' Then, suddenly, 'but I mean to do it before I leave, and I've nearly a week to practice.'

Mr. Tillet-Howell stared at her as if he thought she had taken leave of her senses; and then he walked away.

A little later, as she and the children were going in to lunch, they were met at the door by the Colonel. 'Which of you children is it that's been walking up and down steps on stilts and dancing on them?' he asked, with a frown.

'Both of us,' they replied together.

'And what business had you to do such a ridiculous thing? Who gave you permission to walk on stilts at all?' he demanded, angrily.

'We never thought of asking permission, Grandfather,' replied Derrick, 'we didn't know we had to; we've always been allowed to do it.'

'Never by me!'

'I meant at home,' said the boy. 'Mother always let us do it—Father made our first stilts himself.'

'Well, if he wished you to break your necks, I don't; you'll not do it any more so long as you're in my charge.'

'But, Colonel Russell, it isn't nearly so dangerous as it sounds,' Mora ventured to assert; 'in fact, they are so expert on them that I truly don't think there's any danger at all. Come and see them do it, and then you'll understand.'

'Certainly not. No, Miss Hamilton, it's no good your interceding for them; I forbid it, and when I say a thing it's settled. Stilts are crazy things at any time, and if walking on them means going up and down steps and jumping on them—I believe Howell said?—then the sooner they're used for firewood, the better.'

'Oh, Grandfather, not our lovely new stilts that Joe gave us for Christmas!' cried Sybil, in despair.

'So Joseph gave them to you, did he? Then tell Joseph that he can have the pleasure of chopping them up. No, wait; here's a man who can do it at once. Barnes!' calling to one of the gardeners, who was rolling the gravel, close at hand. 'Barnes! Here, take these beastly things and burn them. Burn them, mind you—chop them up for fuel; no putting them away for some one else to find them and play fool's tricks with them. Burn them, I say!'

'Yes, sir,' and Barnes walked sorrowfully away with the cherished stilts.

After lunch (and what a miserable lunch for the children) Sybil sought out Joe, in the harness-room, and, almost with tears, poured out to him the story of the cruel fate that had befallen his Christmas present. When she had finished, the boy looked up with a grin from the bridle he was polishing; he felt flattered by the children's evident appreciation of his gift.

'But, Joe, isn't it dreadful? Our splendid new stilts that you gave us yourself! Why, I don't believe you care a bit, and I thought you'd be so sympathetic!'

'Don't you fret, Miss Sybil,' said Joe, with a broader grin; 'we'll soon put matters right agen.'

'But, I tell you, Barnes is making firewood of them!' cried the child, impatiently. 'Perhaps they're burning at this very minute—at any rate, they're chopped in bits by now.'

'Most likely they is,' observed Joe, unmoved; 'but didn't you know I made the stilts myself, Miss Sybil?'

'No; but what difference does that make—except that we shall mind losing them all the more?'

'It makes just this difference—if I can make two pair, what's to stop me from making a dozen? I'll see to it that you each get a new pair afore the end of the week. And if the same thing happens again, why the faster Barnes chops 'em up, the faster I'll make some more.'

'Joe!'

Joe looked up hastily. Was it doubt or disapproval in the child's voice? Certainly not the relief which he had anticipated.

'What, won't that do, Miss Sybil?'

'Oh, no, Joe; we can't do that.'

'Why not? When Master took the stilts away from you, he never said you wasn't to have no others, did he?'

'N—no; but he meant it.'

'Well, folks should say what they means. I'll make some new ones, soon as I've got the wood.'

'No, no, Joe, you mustn't, really. I can't explain, but Dick would say it wasn't honourable—I know he would.'

At this moment Dick appeared in search of the children, whom he wanted for a rat hunt. 'What should I say wasn't honourable?' he inquired, as he and Sybil made their way to the barn, where the hunt was being inaugurated. And then he heard the history of the morning's occupation, and its lamentable end.

'It's beastly bad luck on you both,' he commented; 'but you were quite right not to accept Joe's offer.' And Dick felt an inward satisfaction that his effort on behalf of the children's morals was so speedily bearing fruit.

'Isn't there anything you could do, Dick?' asked Derrick, who had joined joined them.

His brother shook his head. 'Afraid not, old chap, at present. The holidays will be over in little more than a week now, and Grandfather never changes his mind as soon as that. But at Easter, when he's had time to cool down, I'll try and get the right side of him, and persuade him to give in.'

But, when you want to do a thing this very minute, it is but poor consolation to be told there may be a faint pos ibility of doing it three months hence; and it was with a sense of over-powering depression that the children arrived at the barn.

The rat-hunt, however, proved distinctly inspiriting, and, after that, there was a boxing match between Dick and Captain Mitchell. Dick was a keen pugilist, and had constructed a ring in one of the out-houses; but, as a rule his only fellow-combatants were Joe and the butcher's son, whom he had taught himself. Great was his joy, therefore, when he learned that Captain Mitchell was a good boxer, and he promptly besought him to put on the gloves and give him a lesson. The Captain readily complied, and they practised till both were tired, cheered on by most of those who had taken part in the rat-hunt.

(*Continued on page* 134.)

A QUEEN OF ERRAND-GIRLS.

WHEN Rona goes a-marketing down to the village shop,
Why then to play or gossip she never thinks to stop.
She has no written order, this Queen of Errand-girls,
The goods that Mother's wanting are writ beneath her curls.

'A pound of best fresh butter, and half a pound of cheese,
A pair of strong boot-laces for brother Lennie, please;
A twopenny reel of cotton, a jar of marmalade,
Three-quarters of hair-ribbon, and I may choose the shade.

'Two balls of string for Daddy to tie the sweet peas up,
And have you an odd saucer to nearly match this cup?
Some envelopes and paper to write to Auntie May;
A cottage loaf—a new one—and that is all to-day.'

I'm sure you do not wonder that Rona cannot wait
With such a lot of business inside her curly pate.
Nor yet that Rona's mother is sometimes heard to say,
'An errand-girl like Rona is not found every day.'

EILEEN CARFRAE.

THE RESULT OF THE RAFFLE.

(*Concluded from page* 102.)

TEA-TIME brought the arrival of the new governess, and the evening wore slowly away for D do and Ian, as they balanced themselves awkwardly on the edges of their chairs in the endeavour to answer Miss Gray's kindly questions, and convey a good impressien on their behaviour. There was a visible relief in both their faces as she rose to go and unpack her boxes, and when the sound of her footsteps had died away in the passage Ian jumped to his feet with a whoop of delight.

'She's not so bad as I thought,' remonstrated D do. 'I don't believe she's as bad-tempered as most governesses.'

'Jolly unsporting though,' returned Ian in a superior tone. 'Look at the way she funked that wasp at tea. I bet she's afraid of mice and spiders.'

'Well, anyhow, let's go and turn out the toy cupboard,' said Dodo. 'It's in a hopeless muddle, and Nurse said she'd stop our pocket money if we didn't make it tidy before Saturday.'

A quarter of an hour went by before the nursery door opened again, and the children looked up in surprise to see Miss Gray standing on the threshold.

'I've come to thank you both for your present,' she said, smilingly. 'It was a very kind thought, but I'm sorry to tell you they've got loose in the basket. You didn't quite shut the little door, and they've managed to climb out. Will you come and help me to catch them?'

For a minute neither of the children moved. Then Ian rose unsteadily to his feet. 'I hope they—haven't hurt anything,' he faltered, lamely.

As a matter of fact they had. The palm basket that Ian had mistaken for Conway's hamper contained a large consignment of clothes, in many of which the mischievous little creatures had left marks of their teeth. Dodo's face was crimson as she held up one nibbled garment after another, while Ian restored the culprits to their box.

'It doesn't matter. They can soon be mended,' said the governess, pleasantly. 'I think it was so kind of you to plan a surprise present for me like this. Now I must keep them on my window-ledge—but tell me why I am not to tell anybody?'

The children exchanged guilty glances, and after a moment's pause Ian stepped forward. 'We didn't mean them for you at all,' he said suddenly. 'It's all a mistake. I'll try and explain.' And in another minute he was pouring out the whole story of the afternoon's escapade.

Miss Gray listened intently to every word, and at the end she looked at the little boy with a smile of approval.

'It was good of you to tell me,' she said. 'I am very glad you did. And now I want you to tell Nurse about your disobeying her and going to the Exhibition this afternoon. I will have a talk to her afterwards, and I am sure when she knows how sorry you are she will not be vexed.'

'But the mice?' faltered Dodo, unevenly, her eyes on the pile of nibbled garments in the basket.

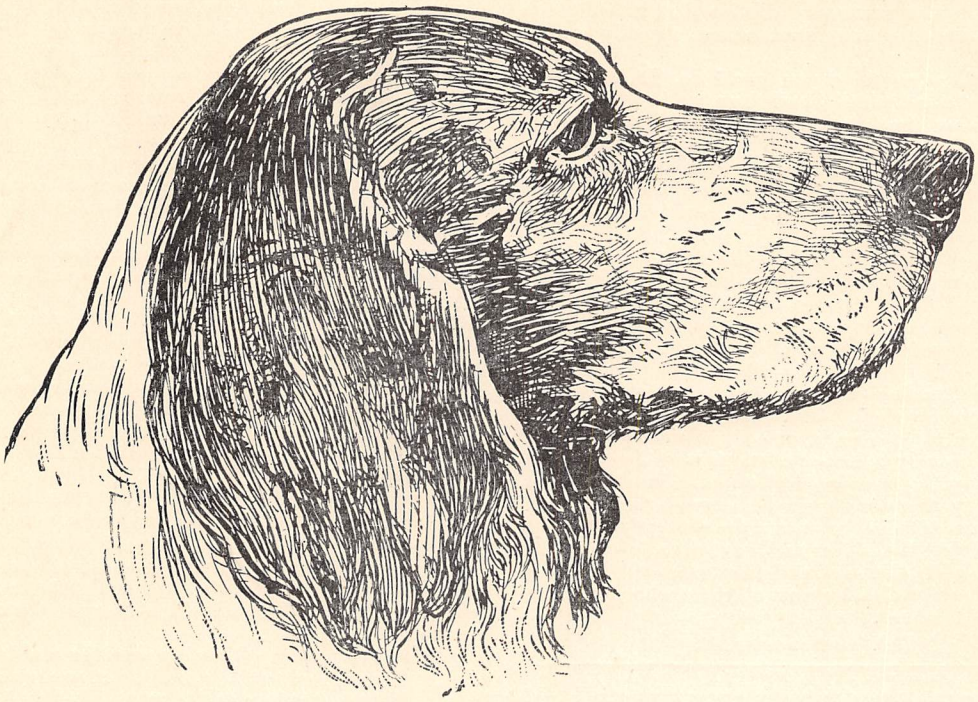
'Oh, that will be our little secret,' returned Miss Gray reassuringly. 'We will keep them here on the window ledge, and you must help me to look after them.'

'It is—frightfully decent of you,' burst out Ian spontaneously. 'I'll go straight off to tell Nurse. Are you coming, Dodo?'

The scampering footsteps came to a standstill outside the nursery door, and Dodo looked up anxiously into her brother's face. 'How *did* you make the mistake?' she whispered. 'I meant Conway's hamper of jam and things——'

'You just said a hamper, and that was the only one I saw in the hall,' returned Ian. 'Anyhow, I'm not sorry, because she's been so sporting about it, and we'll be able to keep the mice after all.' And then he pushed open the door.

V. V.



A PICTURE PUZZLE: Find an Old Woman, another Dog, and a Rabbit.

'NAMESAKES.'

III.—JOHN AND JANE.

JOHN and Jane! These two names are the masculine and feminine forms of the same word, which means 'The Gift of God' and is of Hebrew origin. John is probably the most widely used of all Christian names in England, and, indeed, has almost come to mean an Englishman itself, for, as everybody knows, the sturdy figure of John Bull is the accepted type of British courage, obstinacy, and endurance; the seamen of the Navy are called 'Jack Tars,' and our tourist countrymen are nick-named English Johnnies all the world over.

John, Johann, Jean, Giovanni, Juan, Ivan; the name is a favourite not only in England, but in many other lands as well, and boys to whom it has been given have no lack of famous namesakes. To go back to the beginning, there are, of course, the two great saints, St. John the Divine and St. John the Baptist, either of whom may be chosen as a special pattern and patron, while for girls there is a new saint in the person of the heroic warrior maiden, Jeanne D'Arc.

There have been many great soldiers among the Johns of history, followers of the saint who, besides being the Apostle of Love, was one of the Sons of Thunder, and we seem to see them as a valiant martial throng, marching through the ages, crowned with the laurels of victory

Sir John Hawkins at sea.

Joan of Arc.

and with the names of hard-won battles emblazoned on their standards. There is the splendid figure of Don John of Austria, for instance, the son of an emperor and the leader of the men who conquered the Turks at Lepanto, a soldier who, although he died when he was only thirty-three, had already made his name famous and was respected and admired for his courage and genius even by the most bitter of his enemies. Later come John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, the victor of Blenheim and a great general, even if, as some say, he was ready at times to sacrifice everything—king, country, and honour—for the sake of his own ambitions; and Sir John Moore who fell at Corunna after leading his armies into safety.

Nearer to our own times is John Nicholson of Indian Mutiny fame, while we can all remember how in the dark days of 1914 Sir John French and his 'contemptible little British Army' helped to stem the flood of the terrible German invasion of France, at the same time that Sir John Jellicoe, Admiral of the Grand Fleet, was keeping guard over the shores of England.

But if John has been a name of renown among soldiers, with kings and princes and rulers it has been one of misfortune and ill-omen. There is only one John in the long line of English sovereigns, and he was the worst monarch and one of the worst men of them all. Rebellions and treacheries, cruelties and losses, the reign of the unpopular 'Lackland' makes an ugly chapter in English history, and nearly all our royal princes who since his day have borne the name have had short and disastrous lives.

In other countries the story is the same, for of the two King Johns of France, the first, who was born a king, died when he was only four days old; and the second lost his kingdom on the field of Poictiers and lived for many years as a captive in the palace of the Savoy in London.

This King John, however, although unfortunate, was a good and a well-meaning man, and he was a chivalrous and honest one, too, for when on going back to France after his defeat, to arrange for the payment of his own ransom, he found that the money could not be obtained, he returned of his own free will to England and spent the remaining years of his life in his prison palace.

Ivan the Terrible, Czar of Russia, another royal John, displays his character and his reputation in his hideous nick-name, and of the twenty-three Popes who assumed the name, some were deposed, some poisoned, one suffocated, one starved to death, and several died in prison or in exile.

Another ruler who bore the unlucky name was the mysterious Prester John, a far-eastern potentate of the twelfth century, who, it was fondly believed, would come with his great invincible armies to the assistance of the war-weary crusaders, and enable them to drive the infidels once and for all out of the Holy Land. Many marvels and miracles were told and believed in those credulous days of this strange priest-emperor, but his deeds, his realms and his character are so hidden by the mists of mediæval legend and fairy-story that it is very doubtful whether there ever was such a person as Prester John at all.

If he did live, however, it is evident that he escaped the misfortunes of most of his royal namesakes, for old writers tell us that he possessed all riches in abundance, that the Brahmins and the Amazons were subject to him, that he lived in a marvellous palace fashioned of gold and precious stones, that his country streamed with

Lady Jane Grey.

honey and overflowed with milk, and that seventy-two kings acknowledged his rule.

Truly a wonderful tale—even if it be not a true one, but although, perhaps, Prester John never really lived and reigned in his Eastern wonder-land, there have been other Johns who have travelled far afield and have met with strange adventures in the four corners of the world. Among them were John Cabot, who discovered North America; Sir John Hawkins, comrade of Drake, who sailed the Spanish Main, chased the Armada, and who it is hardly surprising to find described by French and Spanish writers as a cold and ruthless pirate; and, in the nineteenth century, Sir John Franklin, the famous explorer, who discovered the useless North-West Passage and perished far away, among the Arctic snows.

But all the Johns of history were not soldiers or adventurers, and among more peaceful and stay-at-home namesakes must be numbered the poets, John Milton and John Keats; John Bunyan, who wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress;* and a great band of reformers, John Wycliffe, John Huss, John Knox, and John Wesley, who seem to have adopted the enthusiastic and self-denying John the Baptist as their model and patron.

And now from the Johns of history we turn to the Janes, and here all must give place to the marvellous Maid of France, who after having been revered as a heroine, a warrior and a martyr for centuries by her fellow-countrymen, has, during the last few months, been proclaimed as a saint as well.

Joan of Arc, La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans—she has been called by many names, this young girl who saved France and broke the power of the English invaders, and now when the Great War is over and France has once more been preserved, as if by a miracle, from conquest and disaster, every one is remembering the little maiden of five hundred years ago, and we seem to see her clearly in a vivid series of living pictures.

We catch a glimpse of her first tending the sheep near her peasant home at Domremy and listening entranced to mysterious spirit voices that seemed to whisper of a high mission and a marvellous future. Then the scene changes, and Joan rides on her war-horse, white banner in hand, at the head of the French armies, scales the walls of beleaguered Orleans, and stands—a slender, boyish figure—beside the coronation throne of the King of France.

There is another picture still, and a terrible and tragic one it is, for the Maid was betrayed, captured, and condemned, and her short, splendid life came to an end in the market-place at Rouen, where she was burnt as a witch by her English enemies.

That was in 1431, five long centuries ago, but the deeds and triumphs and sacrifices of little Jeanne have not been forgotten.

There is a statue of her in Paris and another in Rheims, in front of the great cathedral, where King Charles was crowned, and although the cathedral itself was stricken and well-nigh destroyed by the German bombardment in the years of the war, the statue of the Maid escaped, and amid the smoke and fire of those terrible days she still seemed to be among her people, riding her charger as dauntlessly as of old, but with the tri-colour of the new France instead of the Lilies of the old displayed as her standard.

A century passes, and in England we find another Jane, and one who was, perhaps, hardly less wonderful than Joan of Arc herself.

This is Lady Jane Grey, the great-grand-daughter of King Henry VII., who many people considered to be the rightful heiress to the English throne after the death of her cousin, Edward VI., and who was actually proclaimed queen by some of her faithful followers.

Poor little Lady Jane, hers was a very short reign and a tragic one, for only nine days after she had entered the Tower of London as queen, with her own mother acting as train-bearer, Mary, the sister of the dead boy-king, was proclaimed, and the seventeen-year-old deposed monarch found that her palace had become a prison.

Lady Jane was married, although she is alwas called by her maiden name, and her young husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, shared her captivity. They were both accused of high treason and condemned to death, and in February, 1554, the terrible sentence was carried out.

If she had lived and reigned, Jane would most likely have been one of the best of English queens, and she would certainly have been the most learned, for her tutor, Roger Ascham, wrote of her that she could speak French, Italian, Greek, and Latin, while we are also told that she was well versed in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic.

Another namesake of the sixteenth century is Queen Jane Seymour, the beautiful third wife of Henry VIII., while another was Jeanne D'Albret, Queen of Navarre, a good and talented woman who was one of the supporters of the Huguenot cause in France and who died in Paris—it is sometimes believed by poison—just before the massacre of St. Bartholomew and and the marriage of her son, Henry, to the daughter of Queen Katherine de Medici.

There is one more Jane who must not be forgotten in our list of famous namesakes, and that is Jane Austen, who wrote 'Pride and Prejudice,' 'Sense and Sensibility,' and other novels, and was one of the pioneers of the many women authors of the present time.

It is strange to find that in the eighteenth-century days when this last Jane of ours lived and wrote, her friends were ashamed rather than proud of her literary work. At the time of the publication of her first books, nobody was allowed to know the name of the author, and she received only very small sums for the stories that were destined in the future to be read and loved by thousands of admiring readers.

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' etc.

(Continued from page 115.)

CHAPTER X.

OOMA did not appear again until the following morning. Then, sullenly silent, she came with Jai Singh to join the twins and Major Carnac. The final arrangements for the day had meanwhile been completed. The great body of the beaters had departed at dawn, leaving

the 'stops' behind. These waited in a group near the tents with a couple of elephants, on the smaller of which Frieda, Ooma, and a trustworthy orderly were to ride to within a short distance of the tree in which they would sit. The larger was reserved for Jai Singh, Major Carnac, and Michael. It was an exceptionally fine tusker, and its head and ears had been elaborately painted by the mahout in honour of the occasion.

Jai Singh was naturally in the highest of spirits, and not altogether displeased because he, alone, could shoot. Not because rivalry was thus impossible, but because it seemed to him beyond question the best arrangement. A Rajah was, of course, more important than humbler folk, and that Ooma should know herself ranked definitely among the latter was distinctly a point to the good. Yet, at heart, Jai Singh was too generous not to be sorry also for the loss that was his gain.

'Next time we will all be equal,' he told Michael, as they waited while the big tusker knelt, and a ladder was placed against its side by which they could mount. The elephant was not carrying a howdah, but strapped upon its back was a thick pad, more comfortable as a riding seat. 'Shall we not, Carnac Sahib?' he asked.

'If possible,' Major Carnac agreed. 'Now, Rajah Sahib, I think I had better sit in front, facing that way. And if you'll sit sideways on the right, and Michael on the left, we should balance well.'

Already the smaller elephant was kneeling for Frieda and Ooma, and a servant came running with the ladder for them in turn, but Ooma waved it away.

'If you want it, have it,' she told Frieda, loftily. 'I am no baby. I mount by the trunk.'

She threw a glance at the big tusker which was on its feet again, its load complete. Then, before her intention could be guessed, she had caught with either hand at the ears of the elephant in front of her. She gave a sharp order to the mahout, and in another moment had stepped, first on the folded foreleg, and then on the curled trunk. Slowly it was uplifted, and, crouching, Ooma ran along it and so to her seat. Frieda, determined not to be beaten, followed instantly. There was one unpleasant moment when she doubted if she could balance, but she dropped safely, and without too much haste, on the pad beside Ooma, while the orderly, with a resigned expression, came also by way of the trunk. Ooma sent a quick, mocking glance at her cousin. Then she looked at Frieda with a shade more respect than she was accustomed to show.

'If Jai Singh did not like you, you and your brother,' she remarked, condescendingly, 'perhaps I should.'

'Oh,' said Frieda, taken by surprise, and unable for the moment to think of a more suitable retort. But she did not mean to waste time over Ooma, and Ooma's likes and dislikes; she meant to enjoy her day, every minute of it. She and Michael had had a long talk with their father, in which he had explained more fully the reasons for his decision, and already the worst of their disappointment was behind them, as he had foreseen. After all, the tiger might have come within reach of neither of them, but have been Jai Singh's by hunters' right in any case.

'And there may be two in the beat,' Michael had reminded Frieda, hopefully. "And Father might let me have a shot with his rifle at the second, perhaps. But it's rotten for you.'

'Oh, it's all right,' Frieda had assured him. Michael's triumphs were practically her own; he would, of course, share the skin with her if by any chance he got it. There might easily be two tigers in the beat as he suggested. Once Major Carnac had had four: tiger, tigress, and two half-grown cubs.

The prospect of seeing even one tiger was most pleasing. Frieda twisted and turned as she looked in every direction until Ooma began to complain fretfully.

'You will loosen the ropes of the pad if you do not sit still,' she insisted, with so much reason that Frieda had to control her excitement somewhat. But it was not easy. The elephant was treading softly through scattered forest, and had left the camping-ground far behind. It was quite possible the tiger was lurking near already. There was a stir in the grass at a little distance; that *might* be him, escaping from the trap about to close. But the 'stops' apparently did not judge the quarry close. They were whispering and laughing as they followed in a bunch behind the elephants, and were not checked at first by the head shikari who led them. Then, suddenly, he signed to the mahouts, and turned on his followers with uplifted hand. They grew silent immediately and melted into the undergrowth until not one of them was to be seen.

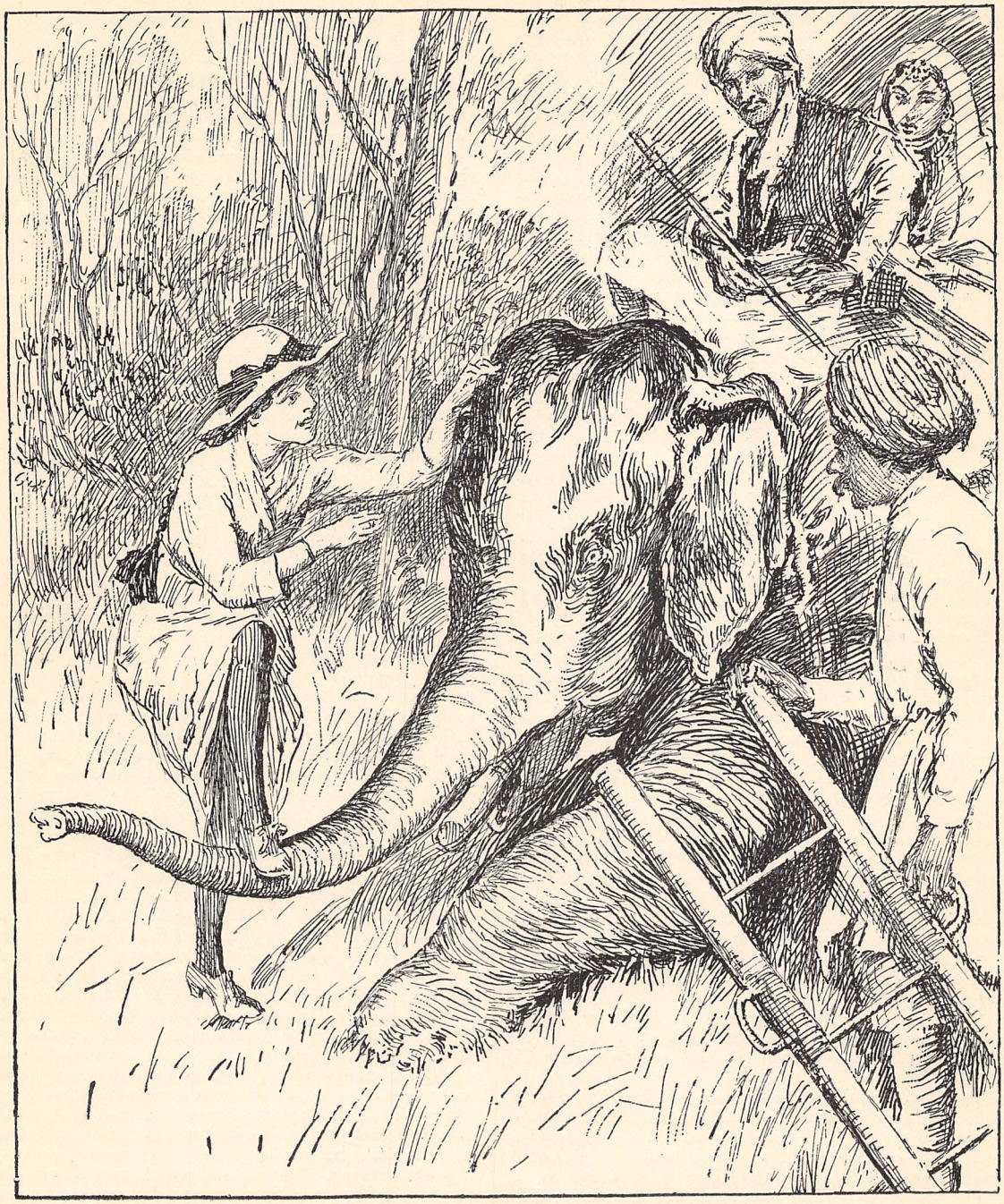
'Now, Sahib, now,' the shikari whispered to Major Carnac. 'I dare not take the elephants closer lest *he* suspect. They would make too wide a trail. He was restless this morning early, Dibra reported. He ate again from the kill at dawn. He sleeps, but, perchance, he does not sleep sound. He is a full-grown beast and wary.'

Softly the elephants knelt. Trained to be noiseless on occasion, it was amazing how quiet they could be. In another minute Major Carnac, the children, and the orderly were on the ground, and following their guide down a narrow track in the grass. It was newly trodden and very faint and, so high was the grass, each had to keep close to the heels of the next lest touch should be lost with the one in front. The track ceased presently on the edge of a dry water-course, bare and barren. Against a tree-trunk on the bank Dibra leant, so still he might have been part of it.

'In that tree will sit the Rajah Sahib, the Resident Sahib and his son,' the shikari explained, very low. 'The *machan* is big enough for three. We will drive the tiger down the water-course so that he shall be full in view. For the Princess, the Miss Sahib, and the orderly, the place appointed is on the further side.'

'I will take them to it and return,' Major Carnac decided; and leaving Jai Singh and Michael to climb to the *machan* (or platform) with the assistance of Dibra, he went with Ooma and Frieda to the tree allotted them. High up among the branches Frieda could just glimpse the *machan*, though she had to look more than once before she was sure, so cunningly was it placed. It was about sixteen feet from the ground, lashed securely to two main branches; though a tiger cannot climb, he can leap, and his powerful fore-paw has a long reach. The shikari came forward with the elephant ladder, and first the orderly climbed up, and then Ooma and Frieda, to be helped by him over the edge of the *machan*. When Major Carnac was seated in his tree also, the shikari shouldered the ladder, beckoned to Dibra and disappeared to place the 'stops,' and at once the forest seemed abnormally quiet.

(*Continued on page* 130.)



"Frieda, determined not to be beaten, followed instantly."

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"The stag guessed that danger was afoot."

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden, Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'China,' etc.

(Continued from page 127.)

THERE was just room on each machan for the three who sat there, but only just. Frieda felt as if she were a bird, perched on a rather crowded branch, and very quickly came to the conclusion that, if birds found their perches as knobbly as she did hers, they were not to be envied. She had had no idea it would be so difficult to sit still, and though, as yet, the shikari and Dibra had not been gone for five minutes, it seemed an hour at least. She knew that she must not move more than she could possibly help, for, if the tiger were near and watching, he might take note of an unusual stir among the tree-tops and quietly slink away.

But one leg was cramped already, the other had pins and needles; her forehead was tickling. She had hung a small green branch across her sun-hat to protect her eyes, but a fly got through and settled on the end of her nose. Involuntarily she raised her hand to brush it away; but, instantly, her wrist was seized by Ooma. Ooma, apparently, found it quite easy to sit still, statue-like, cross-legged, hunched in the smallest possible space. And, thereupon, Frieda abandoned her nose to the fly, and settled herself to wait in earnest. If Ooma could be motionless, she could certainly be motionless too.

But, already, she was getting more used to her position. The machan was made of coarse webbing plaited across a wooden frame. It yielded a little to the weight upon it, and, inch by inch, Frieda shifted until she was fairly comfortable. She found, too, she could see further down the water-course than she had first thought, and that there was almost a clear road for quite a long distance.

Though as yet the beat had not begun and the noontide silence lapped the forest, the jungle folk were moving on that road already. A wild cat, suspicious and alert, slipped across it. Presently came a stag, with splendid horns and spotted chestnut hide. He guessed, it seemed, that danger was afoot, for he looked from side to side, and his big ears twitched in vague alarm. After him came a couple of hinds and a fawn, to wander into the forest again and be lost to view. And, as they disappeared, the silence was broken by a short hoarse roar.

CHAPTER XI.

The tiger was within the beat. That roar was unmistakable. And, presently, a 'stop,' a quarter of a mile away perhaps, knocked gently on his tree. Hardly louder than the tap-tap of a woodpecker was the noise he made. But, apparently, it was sufficient, for the signal was not repeated.

The tiger was caged! Any moment he might come in sight possibly; slinking down the water-course, seeking a way of escape. If the 'stops' were all placed they must stretch already in two slanting lines from the machans to the distant waiting beaters, to come down from their trees and join in the beat as it advanced. Soon, the beat must begin. Frieda remembered no longer she had ever been uncomfortable. She sat, without effort, as motionless as Ooma, with her eyes fixed on the water-course until the tiny grains of sand seemed to dance in the air.

The forest was waking. The warm air hummed with the chirping of insects; doves cooed ceaselessly, one answering the other. Then gradually, very gradually, grew audible above the cooing a distant clamour. The line of beaters was in motion at last.

They were approaching steadily now that they had got to work. Already, distinct, was the beat of a drum; the shouts of men above the drum-beats. Now the tiger would come. Now? Or would he wait till the very last? As if in answer to the unspoken question the 'stop' on the left signalled again. A moment later a man on the right, much closer, knocked once —twice—thrice. Just in time Frieda checked herself from leaning out of the machan to see better, and at the same moment Ooma whispered in her ear. It was no longer unsafe to whisper for the noise the nearing beaters were making drowned all lesser sounds. The men were yelling, screeching, blowing on horns and conch shells, beating on drums.

'Ullah! Ullah! Ullah!' they shouted. Bang, bang, bang, went the sticks. And—

'Aie! Aie! Aie!' screamed the women and children amidst the yelps of the dogs.

'See, he comes!' Ooma whispered; and Frieda, who had glanced in the direction of the 'stop' who had last signalled, looked quickly back at the water-course.

Something was coming. It was distant as yet; so distant it seemed all grey—the colour of shade and light and ground intermixed. It was—it was the tiger. With head erect and tail in air, defiant, ferocious, he dashed towards the trees. Huger he was, more splendid than even Frieda had dreamed. And angry, hotly angry with the thing that had disturbed him, that had broken his royal peace. He did not seem to be seeking any definite goal; eager only to out-distance the noise behind, flung a glance over his shoulder and bared his teeth. Unless he swerved—and then the 'stops' would turn him—he must pass midway between the trees.

'Oh,' Frieda gasped. 'How perfectly splendid.'

All unaware that she did so, she caught at Ooma's hand in her excitement and squeezed it tightly while her toes curled up inside her shoes. That she could not shoot did not matter in the least at the moment. To see the tiger coming was so satisfying, it was quite enough.

She hardly realized the little Princess had snatched her hand away until Ooma leant right across her, looking eagerly towards the tree where Jai Singh sat. As she did so, he fired.

The tiger roared again. He checked in his stride. He slipped, staggered, then galloped on. Wounded he was, undoubtedly, for a dark trail followed him along the sand, but not mortally, it seemed. Surely Jai Singh would fire a second time, or Major Carnac?

'Quick—quick!' Frieda found herself crying. 'Quick—quick! Shoot—shoot!' The tiger had almost reached the trees now. Soon he would have passed them. So close he was that every stripe, every least mark was plain, the white of his chest, the black tip of his tail.

What was Jai Singh doing? Ooma was still looking fixedly in his direction. Frieda's eyes mechanically followed, and then . . . she forgot the tiger even.

(Continued on page 138.)

THE LITTLE BLUE DOOR.

'WHAT'S a miser?' asked Conrad, suddenly, raising his head from his book and peering through the leaves of the pear-tree at the curled-up figure in the grass below.

Cicely rolled over on to her back, and stared at the sky for a moment in thought.

'A cat, I suppose,' she said at last. 'A mouser means a cat that's caught a mouse, so I suppose a miser means a cat that's caught several. Why?'

'Because that's what the little blue door in the wall leads to,' returned Conrad, mysteriously. 'I told you I'd found it, and I mean to explore through it to-day.'

'But who told you about the miser?' asked Cicely.

'No one. I heard Mother asking Aunt Alicia where the blue door led to, and she said it was the entrance to a tunnel that goes right into the miser's garden. Well, now I know it's a cat, I've got a plan. I wonder how many mice a good miser catches in a day?'

Cicely looked up suddenly, and her eyes were shining with excitement. 'I know!' she cried. 'The mice in the store-room you mean! Aunt Alicia's giving Robbie a penny for every one he catches in a trap. Oh, Conrad! Do you mean that we could borrow the miser for a little time——' Conrad nodded importantly.

'If we get hold of her this morning and lock her up in the store-room, she might easily catch six by to-night,' he said hopefully, as he sprawled down the trunk of the tree. 'Sixpence that will be! Come on—let's start at once! I'll race you to the little blue door!'

The tunnel was long and dark, and the damp, earthy air made Cicely shiver and cling closely to her brother's sailor blouse, as the two groped their way towards the further door. It seemed a long time before the little uneven flight of steps was reached, and after a struggle with the rusty bolt a shaft of sunlight made its way into the darkness. A moment later the children found themselves on a broad gravel path in one of the loveliest gardens they had ever seen, and which, after the murky gloom of the tunnel, seemed like fairyland itself.

'I don't see the miser,' whispered Conrad in an awed voice, as he turned and shut the door behind them. Cicely crept cautiously along the path, scanning the flower-beds with eager eyes, until a sudden tug at her sleeve made her follow the direction of her brother's pointing finger.

'There she is! Look—on the wall!'

She raised her eyes above the climbing peach-trees to where a fluffy ball of fur lay curled in the sun, then breathlessly she followed Conrad's tip-toed steps across the border of grass. The cat made very little resistance as she was lowered into the outspread cotton pinafore, and Cicely's heart beat quickly with excitement as she clasped the warm weight tightly in her arms, and began hurrying back towards the door in the wall.

Ten minutes later the burden was safely deposited on the brick-tiled store-room floor, and with trembling fingers the two conspirators in the passage turned the big key gratingly in the lock.

'We'll wait till the clock strikes six,' said Conrad some hours later, 'then I'll go down and see. You stay here and keep Nurse out of the way. Won't it just frighten her when I bring up the basket of mice!'

'There's six striking now!' interposed Cicely excitedly. 'Do go!'

(Concluded on page 155.)

OUR BEST ACTOR.

(Concluded from page 108.)

WE expended our pocket-money on black paper, and painted on it skulls, bones, and any horrible thing we could imagine.

'I'll be tied up with Carlo's chain,' Margaret said (Carlo was our dog), 'and in front of me will be a fire of glowing red paper.'

'A fire isn't much good without smoke,' Tom objected.

For a moment Margaret was silent, and then: 'We'll have smoke. Why not put the lamp behind the paper and turn it up?'

'But if you turn it up like that won't it burst?' I objected.

'Oh, no; lamps can go on smoking for ages before they burst.' Margaret reassured me; 'and oh, Hugh!' she added, turning to Hugh, 'you'll let Darkie come on the stage?'

Hugh hesitated. 'Won't he mind?' For Darkie was Hugh's much-loved cat.

'Oh, not he; and his eyes will look so splendid gleaming in the dark.'

* * * * *

The great day arrived. With Eliza's help we dressed, and added the necessary disguises of charcoal and rouge, for while I had a beautiful moustache, Margaret had cheeks which rivalled in colour the red paper of our pretended fire.

At last everything was ready, and the audience had assembled; it only needed one whisk of the curtains to reveal to the spectators our fearsome scene, but before that whisk was given, something happened.

'That lamp is making a most horrible smell,' Tom grumbled; and he turned, overturning as he did so, with his long tail, the offending lamp.

The rest was like a confused and dreadful dream. The lamp had upset on the red paper, and in no time real flames were leaping round our seat. Margaret screamed, and so did I, I expect, but in such circumstance it was difficult to know what one did.

'Steady, children.' Daddy's voice tried to reassure us. 'Here, get out,' and he dragged us into the further part of the room, and then turning to my uncle: 'Now, George, tear the curtains down; with them we'll put out the flames soon enough.'

But it needed many jugs of water and the efforts of the entire audience, as well as the heavy curtains, to subdue the conflagration.

Finally, when we were all standing white and trembling outside the smoking remains of our once pretty schoolroom, Mother discovered that Hugh, who a moment before had been beside her, was no longer there.

'Oh, where can he be?' she cried.

Father was just preparing to go in search of him through the still suffocating smoke, when he appeared crawling on all-fours carrying Darkie in his arms.

'Oh, darling, where have you been? You've given us such a fright,' Mother said. 'You might have got suffocated going back into that room——'

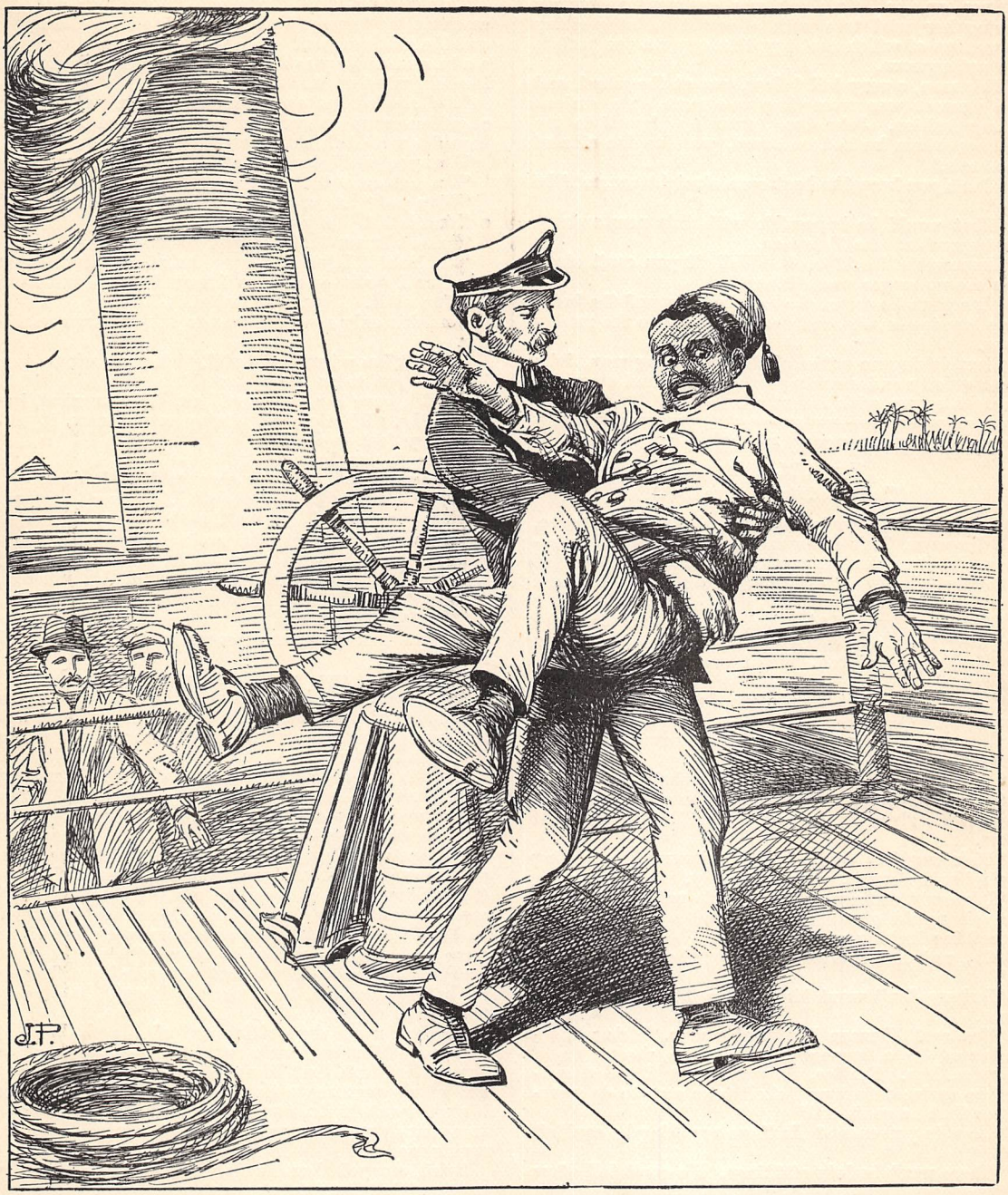
"The lamp had upset on the red paper."

'I went back for Darkie. You see, I promised him if he acted with us he wouldn't get hurt. At first I couldn't find him. I thought he must have got out, but all the time he was hiding under a table; I found him by his eyes.'

'You went back again in there to look for Darkie?' Father exclaimed. 'Well, I think that anyway to-night you have acted better than any one else.'

And we were all ready to agree with him; for our little brother, whose nervousness in public had always been a source of amusement to us older ones, had done something before which our courage might have wavered!

Helen M. Turner.



"He seized the tall 'rais' and dropped him into the river."

A SURPRISE FOR THE 'RAIS.'

THOMAS COOK, of Leicester, the father of the famous John, was a temperance lecturer, who took up the tourist business, but only on a small scale. It was his son John who, as our American cousins would say, 'made things hum.'

Many stories are told of John Cook's personal prowess; the following is one of them.

Once, on the Nile, Cook was on board a steamer during her trial trip with a new kind of steering apparatus of which the Egyptian captain (or 'rais') did not approve.

This man, a very tall fellow, was at the wheel, and the steamer was proceeding up-stream, in a curious zigzag fashion. John Cook, excusing himself to the visitors whom he had on board, went to the side of the 'rais.'

'Can't you keep the boat on a straight course?' he said.

'That would be impossible with this new apparatus,' grumbled the Egyptian.

'Impossible!' said Cook. 'Well, if you can't steer, you are no longer wanted here.'

With that, he seized the tall 'rais' round the body, bore him to the side, and dropped him into the muddy river.

Then, taking no notice of the swimming man, John went quietly and quickly to the wheel, and steered a straight course with his own hand.

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 123.)

AS the children made their way back to the house, however, their thoughts reverted to their grievance, and Derrick said, savagely, 'What a sneak that fellow is! I'd like to have my revenge on him—and what's more, I will.'

'Who? Silly Owl?' asked Mora Hamilton, who overtook them at that moment. 'Yes, it was mean of him to go and tell. What are you going to do, Derrick?'

'Dunno, yet; but I vote we do something, don't you, Bill?'

'Yes! Let's sew up his pyjama sleeves, and make him an apple-pie bed.'

'Not bad enough,' decided Derrick, shaking his head.

'Why don't you get him to put on the gloves, and make Dick give him a good pommelling?' suggested Mora.

'Dick wouldn't do it; he'd say it was like hitting a girl,' said Derrick, contemptuously.

'I know!' exclaimed Sybil, 'let's put Benjy in his bed; it would give him no end of a fright to find something kicking when he got in.'

'Oh, no,' said Derrick, hastily, 'he mightn't like it.'

'But we don't want him to like it!' cried his cousin.

'You ass! I mean Benjy, of course. He's not accustomed to a human bed, and the sheets would frighten him. Besides, Silly Owl would tell Grandfather again; this time I shall take care to do something that he can't tell.'

'How do you mean? Is there anything he couldn't tell?'

'There must be lots of things. He can't tell of us if he doesn't know I've done it, so this time he's not going to know.' Derrick paused, then added, reflectively, 'I think I've got an idea.'

'What?' asked Mora and Sybil together, then——

'Do let me be in it,' Miss Hamilton added.

Derrick shook his head. 'I can't tell you now,' he said, 'but I will to-morrow morning before breakfast. Meet me by the hall-fire at 8.55 a.m.'

This sounded mysterious and interesting; and, on reaching the house, Mora promised to keep the tryst, and the children went off to the schoolroom. Tea was ready, and as they sat down Sybil began, 'Now, then, Derrick, what is it?'

'Oh,' replied her cousin, thoughtfully, as he made a golden-syrup pattern on his bread-and-butter, 'I haven't finished thinking it out, yet.'

'But you will let me help this time, won't you?'

'I'm not sure that you could.'

'Why not? Aren't I tall enough? What sort of a thing is it? Why couldn't I do it?'

'I don't know that I ought to let you.'

'Rubbish! I shall very likely get the blame whether I do it or not, so I may just as well have the fun of it. Now, then, what is it?'

Derrick's only response was to ask if it were raining.

'I don't know,' replied Sybil, 'it's too dark to see; have we got to go out to do it?'

Derrick gave her a solemn look, and remarked, impressively, 'Whether it's raining or not now, it will rain very fast to-night.'

'How do you know?'

'Because I am going to arrange that it does.'

'What are you talking about? And how's that got anything to do with Silly Owl?'

'Because,' continued her cousin, dramatically, 'it is going to rain into his room on to his amiable face, thereby disturbing the even tenor of his innocent dreams.'

'What do you mean?'

'If you had an atom of sense, you'd guess what I mean.'

'I suppose you mean the water-pistol, but, of course, you'd be found out. He'd quickly wake up out of his "innocent dreams," turn on the light, and see you; or even if you hid, he'd guess it was us, so we'd get the blame just the same.'

'I tell you there won't be any blame to get—at least, he's not going to know that there is. Now, listen, and cut me some more bread. I'm not going to stand in the middle of the room like an ass, and squirt water at him; I shall do it from the window, and he will think it's rain. His bed's quite close to the window, and I know he always sleeps with it open; I heard him telling Miss Hamilton once that he liked to feel "Nature's breath upon his brow," or some such rot—I suppose he meant the wind.'

'But how will you get up to his window? There's no balcony outside, is there? I thought he was in the yellow room.'

'So he is, and by getting out of the skylight at the end of the bachelor's corridor, I can walk along the roof of the West Wing (I did it once, last hols) and climb over on to that flat bit of roof just over his window. If I lie prone on that, I shall be able to reach down and squirt down at him without his seeing me.'

Sybil clapped her hands, then looked suddenly grave. 'But, Derrick,' she ventured, 'don't you think he will get up and shut the window?'

'Of course he will; and that's the part I've not quite finished thinking out.'

'Well, anyhow, he'll have had one good shower first,' reflected Sybil, with satisfaction.

'Yes, and I shall try to soak his pillow and bedclothes before I spray on to his face; that is, if I can

lean over far enough to see what I'm doing, and if I can carry the electric torch as well as the squirt.'

'I'll carry the torch; and you'd better take the rose-syringe instead of the squirt. I saw it in the conservatory this morning, and it holds much more than the squirt.'

'That's a good idea! You deserve to be in this, Bill, for thinking of it.'

'And I'll sit on your feet when you lean over, then there won't be so much chance of your falling off.'

'But how about getting along the roof? Can you do that all right?'

'Of course, if you can; you know I can climb quite as well as you, and you say you've done it.'

'Ye—es, but not in the dark.'

'P'r'aps there'll be moonlight.'

'No, there won't; the moon won't have risen, I've just looked in the calendar.'

'Well, stars, then. I say, though, if there are stars he will see them when he shuts the window, and then what'll he think about the rain?'

'He will think it all the more queer, that's all; he won't think it's me, because I'm going to put him off the scent by apologizing for being rude this morning.'

'When shall we do it? Shall we get up on to the roof as soon as we're sent to bed, and wait till he comes up?'

'Oh, no, we should get sick of it long before that; I shan't do it before one o'clock.'

'You'll never stay awake all that time.'

'Don't intend to! I shall go to sleep, and wake up again about one—it won't matter if it's not exactly one; half-past would do just as well, or even two.'

'It'll more likely be half-past seven before you wake up of your own accord,' asserted Sybil; 'we'd much better borrow Jane's alarum clock; I know where she keeps it, and she never uses it now, 'cos sometimes when it goes off it won't stop.'

'Get it by all means,' said Derrick, 'and set it for half-past one.'

'Why not earlier? He's sure to be in bed before that.'

'Yes, but he won't have stopped reading poetry.'

'Does he read poetry in bed?'

'I expect so; people who read poetry, always read it in bed.'

'But how do you know he reads poetry at all?'

'I don't; but as he talks about the wind as "nature's breath" he's pretty certain to; not decent things like Horatius, but stuff about souls and sunsets.'

'All right, then, half-past one; you'll tell Miss Hamilton after dinner, I suppose?'

'Not if I know it.'

'But she wanted to be in it, and you said you'd tell her.'

'So I will—when it's safely over.'

'Oh, Derrick, how mean!'

'Can't help it; it would never do to tell her before.'

'Why not?'

'She might say it was her duty to stop us; and when grown-ups think things their duty, there's always an end to all the fun. Haven't you noticed it?'

CHAPTER XI.

Jane's alarum-clock proved equal to the occasion, and went off with sufficient energy and perseverance to wake even Derrick. The children, who had got into bed with their clothes on, had only to scramble into coats and rubber-soled shoes and were ready for action. By means of an ingenious erection of chairs and foot-stools Derrick succeeded in clambering through the sky-light; and Sybil then handed up to him the electric torch, the well-filled syringe, and Rufus's tin can, filled this time with cold water for replenishments. Having safely landed 'the stage-properties,' as he termed them, Derrick dragged Sybil through the sky-light, and the adventure began.

The children found themselves on a long, narrow stretch of roof, flat on top, but sloping steeply away on either side to a broad gutter ending in battlements. The night, though rough, was not very dark, and so far no rain had fallen. A strong westerly gale was blowing, driving the clouds before it, and revealing now and again the face of a watery moon.

'We'd better wait half a tick until that cloud gets out of the way, then the moonlight will help us to see where we're going,' said Derrick, as he slung the syringe over his shoulder by means of his pyjama-girdle, which he had brought for the purpose.

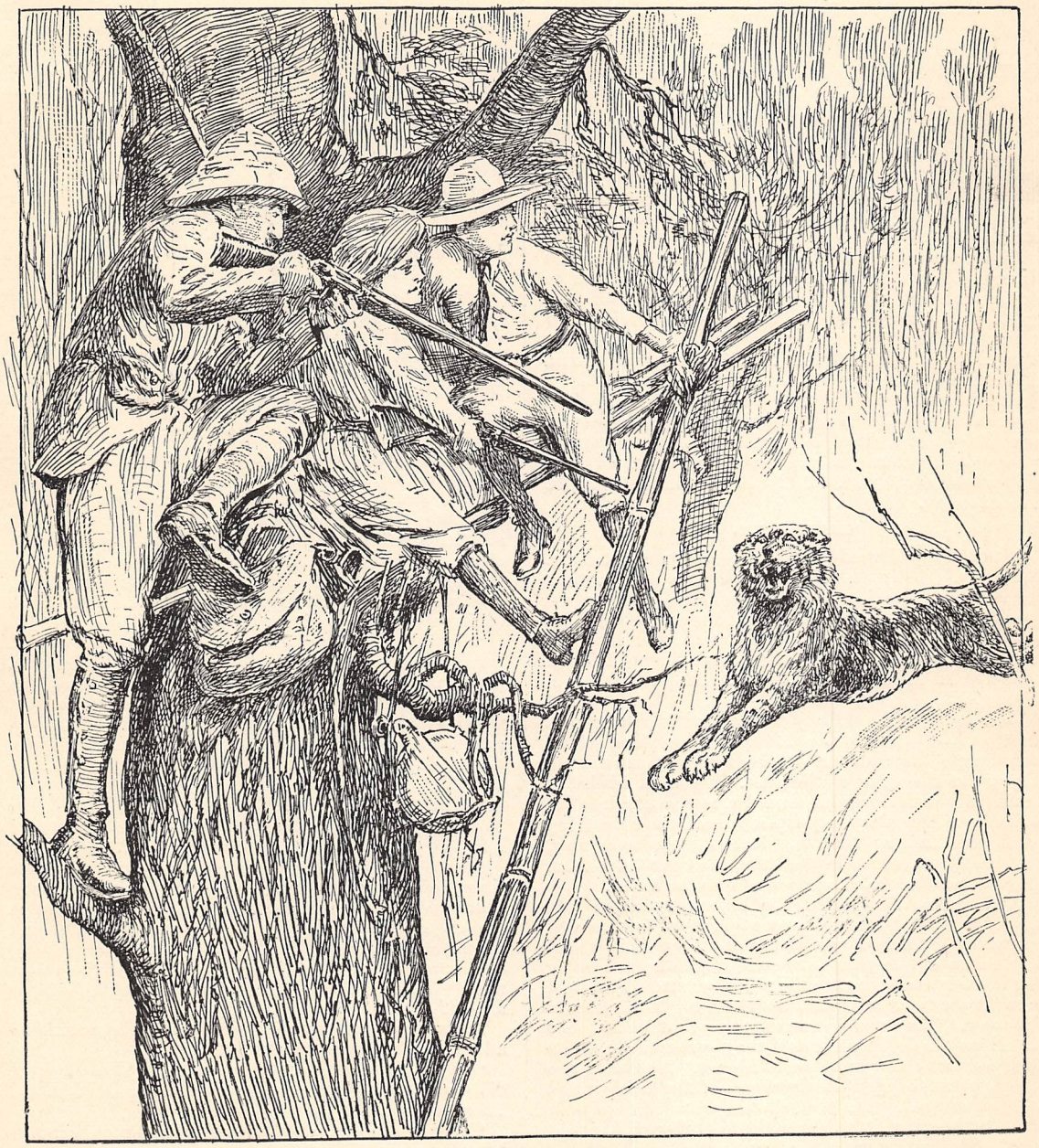
'You said there wouldn't be any moon,' remarked Sybil, injudiciously.

'What if I did?' snapped her cousin. 'That fool of a calendar's evidently all wrong, and a good thing too, or I don't know how we'd find our way;' for, now that the moment had actually arrived, the electric torch, on which they had pinned their faith, seemed painfully inadequate. 'Come on!' he continued, as the moon emerged, 'I'll go first with the torch, and you must come close behind with the can; you'd better catch hold,' stretching back his hand.

Sybil complied, and thus they cautiously picked their way along, and arrived safely at their destination. The Hall was an old-fashioned building, low and rambling, and the Honourable Mr. Tillet-Howell's bedroom being far from lofty, Derrick, from his perch above the window, was able to lean over sufficiently far to peer through it. Holding the torch in one hand, he took the syringe in the other, and worked it with his teeth, at first spraying gently on to the bedclothes and taking care to avoid the sleeper's face. Having fairly saturated the fold of the top sheet and refilled the syringe from the can which Sybil held for him, he turned his attention to the pillow, and the next moment Mr. Tillet-Howell stirred in his sleep. Derrick extinguished his light and fired again; having got the range to a nicety, he was now able to work in the dark. This time his victim got it full on his Honourable nose, and, with an impatient exclamation, reached out his arm and shut down the lower sash of the window. Shortly afterwards, however, another shower caused him to sit up suddenly, and it was then that he discovered the condition of his sheet and pillow. He switched on the light and gave vent to such exclamations as caused the children no small satisfaction; evidently their work had been as thorough as they had hoped. Once, when his enemy's back was safely turned, Derrick sent a volley against the window-panes, to carry out the idea of the rain. This brought Mr. Tillet-Howell to the window, which he shut and latched, thus, as the children had anticipated, securing himself from further attack. The moon was, luckily, behind a cloud at the moment, and he little deemed that the rain had descended from a source so close at hand.

(Continued on page 142.)

"Derrick succeeded in clambering through the sky light."



"All on one side, down towards the ground, the *machan* slipped."

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' etc.

(Continued from page 130.)

SOMETHING was happening in the tree in which were her father, Jai Singh, and Michael; something that, surely, should not be happening there? Something was moving, up-ending, heaving amidst the branches? Something was sliding, slithering down the trunk. Now Frieda could see it distinctly, it was the *machan* and the three upon it. And, suddenly, Ooma uttered a little triumphant cry. She clapped her hands softly, but quickly ceased.

All on one side, down towards the ground, the *machan* slipped. A rope held firmly for a moment, only to give way. Jai Singh and Michael, almost shaken from their hold, were clinging to the wooden frame, lying half across it. Major Carnac, on one knee, was trying to steady himself and his rifle. As difficult it was as on a ship at sea.

And the tiger? The tiger had stopped dead. The mark on the sand by his side was spreading, but he seemed none the weaker. With lowered head and muscles tense he watched. Here was the thing that had hurt him. He would deal with it. It should not escape, he seemed to say.

CHAPTER XII.

'Shoo! Shoo!' cried Frieda desperately. 'Get away. Get away. Sssh! Sssh!' How did you scare a tiger she wondered frantically, when you had nothing whatever with which to scare it. She shouted at the top of her voice, banged on the tree-trunk with her fist, and snatched the branch from her hat to fling. Michael would be killed in another moment. Major Carnac, Jai Singh, too.

But, already, the orderly was shouting lustily also, the tiger had swung his head to look. And then, behind him uprose the clamour of the beat, a thousandfold louder for the echo of the shot. Up went his head; again he glanced over his shoulder, and swung into his stride as Major Carnac jumped free of the entangling ropes and fired at random. But past the trees now, protected by a curve in the bank, the tiger leapt from the water-course, and disappeared into the forest.

And, as he disappeared, the beaters swarmed into sight. They had heard the two shots. They knew it was possible the tiger was wounded only and might still be close enough to turn on them, but little heed did they pay in their excitement to the risk they ran. They had brought the tiger to their Rajah Sahib. The rest was his affair. They were cheerfully sure that he had shot it. Even the dogs looked as if they were smiling, while their masters clamoured for baksheesh. And then the foremost caught sight of the wreck of the *machan* and stopped, amazed. The head shikari, who had been with the beat keeping it in lines, hurried forward, ashen grey, and shaking from head to foot.

'The *machan?*' he stammered. 'Sahib, Sahib, what is this?' But Major Carnac waved him aside, and called to the orderly who was helping Ooma and Frieda to the ground.

'In thy charge I place *machan* and ropes,' he said. 'Do not let them out of thy sight until they have been brought to me in my tent.'

'But the tiger?' Jai Singh interposed as the orderly hurried forward, salaaming. A little bewildered by the fall, he had been silent hitherto, but now his bitter disappointment overwhelmed him. He had failed, openly failed, in the sight of his people. It was true the platform had begun to slip as he aimed, but even this could not console him at the moment. He had failed. That was more than enough. He saw himself, in consequence, as for ever disgraced.

'Let us follow the tiger at once, Carnac Sahib,' he cried. 'I will not miss a second time. Indeed, indeed, I will not. There are the elephants. Let us mount and follow the blood trail. The beaters can make a line between. Oh, let us go at once.'

Major Carnac shook his head. He would willingly have consented if possible, but for the moment the risk was too great.

'We have no howdahs with us, Rajah Sahib,' he explained. 'You don't get a steady shot from a pad. And two elephants wouldn't be sufficient. We can't use the beaters for they would almost certainly, some of them, get mauled. We must give the shikaris time to mark the beast down, and make proper arrangements.'

'Are you hurt, Michael?' Frieda was asking anxiously meanwhile. 'What did it feel like, falling down the tree?'

'No, I'm not hurt. It felt rather queer,' Michael acknowledged. 'And the tiger looked enormous, about six times as big as he really is. And ever so much closer than he could have been. He wouldn't have touched us, of course. Daddy would have shot him if he'd waited a second more. But it felt as if we were falling straight into his mouth.'

'Carnac Sahib might have missed with the second barrel as he missed with the first,' Ooma reminded him. 'It is not easy to shoot a tiger at close quarters,' she added with a little smile that was almost a sneer. At which Frieda, on edge already, turned on her indignantly, remembering at the same time how Ooma had clapped her hands and laughed as the *machan* slipped down the tree.

'What do you mean?' she cried. 'That Father would be afraid? You were pleased when it happened. I believe you wanted them all to be killed.'

'I was pleased because Jai Singh had not killed the tiger, and would not kill it,' said Ooma quickly. She shot a glance at Frieda; a little puzzled she seemed at the anger she had aroused. 'Why should I expect them to be killed? Could not Major Carnac shoot as Michael says? I was joking when I said he might miss. If I had had a gun I could have shot the tiger myself.'

It was too much for Jai Singh who had been standing a little apart, unhappy and silent.

'I did shoot the tiger,' he protested. 'You know I did, Ooma. There was the blood. You can see it. Look. There on the sand.'

'Your bullet grazed him, doubtless,' Ooma acknowledged sweetly, but at this point the argument was cut short as the elephants were waiting. There was plenty of room on their pad for Frieda and Ooma since the orderly remained behind with the broken machan. Once seated, Frieda edged away a little from her companion; she wished she need not share the same elephant with her. Despite Ooma's explanation, Frieda felt certain she would only have laughed the louder had Michael,

Major Carnac, and Jai Singh all been killed. And further than this Frieda's thoughts were carrying her. What part had Ooma had in the accident? Almost as if she guessed what Frieda was thinking, Ooma turned on her suddenly.

'Why do you edge away from me?' she demanded. 'Why do you look at me thus? You think, perhaps, that Dibra had something to do with the breaking of the ropes? Well, so do I. He thought he would do me a service very likely; that I should be pleased if Jai Singh missed. Carnac Sahib suspects that some one tampered with the *machan*, I know. That is why he put the orderly in charge. Well, Dibra shall be punished if his guilt is proved. But what have I to do with it? Tell me what you think.'

'I saw you talking to Dibra that first night underneath the tree,' Frieda denounced, very glad to be able at last to accuse Ooma openly. 'You gave him something then, and you made Jai Singh take him into his service. Why?'

'I was giving him money that night,' said Ooma, promptly. 'He did not want to serve Jai Singh. I had to pay him high, or he would have refused. And I wanted my shikari to have honour and, through him, my father. I wanted people to say, "If it had not been for the servant of the Princess Ooma, there would have been no tiger to shoot." I wanted them to think, "The Regent Sahib trained him. That is why he does his work so well. Never was hunter like the Regent Sahib."'

There was so much real feeling in her voice that Frieda looked at her, startled.

'You care for your father?' Ooma demanded, abruptly, but did not wait for an answer. 'And I for mine,' she cried, vehemently. 'Do not forget it.'

(*Continued on page* 150.)

DILLY-DALLY.

DON'T put off till to-morrow
What should be done to-day,
It always causes sorrow
To act in such a way.
Business comes first, then pleasure,
A maxim old and wise;
How foolish not to treasure
Time, which so quickly flies.

If time, that's ever speeding,
In idleness you spend,
And let it pass unheeding,
You lose a valued friend;
For while you are delaying
The duties which are plain,
Time wasted over playing,
For work you'll not regain.

Then do not dilly-dally
When there's work to be done;
Don't shirk or shilly-shally,
Have later on your fun.
So finish your employment.
And to it give your mind,
And time for your enjoyment
Be certain you will find.

G. D. LYNCH.

THE ROMANCE OF SHIP-BUILDING.

VI.—THE EFFECTS OF THE TORPEDO ON SHIP CONSTRUCTION.

TORPEDO-BOATS were brought into being by the invention of the torpedo, a long, cigar-shaped case, furnished with engines and a screw worked by compressed air, which was fired at the enemy ship, and being filled with explosive, would blow a hole in the hull of the vessel hit, sinking her, or, at any rate, so disabling her that she was of little use until overhauled and repaired.

The torpedo-boat's mission was to dart at a large enemy ship, fire her torpedo, and then try to escape. In order to carry out their dangerous work successfully they were lightly built of steel, their plates sometimes not exceeding a sixteenth of an inch in thickness, in order to obtain the minimum of weight consistent with the necessary strength. The engines were very powerful for her size, so that she was very speedy.

Small-size torpedo-boats were sometimes carried on a war-ship, and could be launched when required, unless the sea was too rough.

The danger of attack by a torpedo on a war-ship led to the adoption of the steel-wire torpedo net, which was suspended by booms from the ship's side, sufficiently far off to prevent any damage being done to the hull by the explosion of the torpedo, which was stopped short against the net.

These nets, however, had the disadvantage that they could only be used when the ship was stationary, or moving slowly, and were cumbersome and heavy, only really useful when the ship was at anchor.

This device led to the torpedo being fitted with a wire-cutting instrument, so that it could force its way through the net to the hull, and, the net alone proving not a sufficient safeguard, the battleship had to rely largely on her quick-firing guns, trusting to sink the torpedo-boat before she could fire her deadly missile.

The next counter-move against torpedo attack was the building of the 'torpedo-catcher,' or, as it is now called, the torpedo-boat destroyer.

A similar vessel to the torpedo-boat, but larger, swifter, and armed with quick-firing guns, she had to hunt down and destroy the torpedo-boat, and was able to do this owing to her superior speed, as she was easily the fastest vessel afloat, and, her armament being superior to that of the smaller boat, the latter stood but little chance in a fight with her.

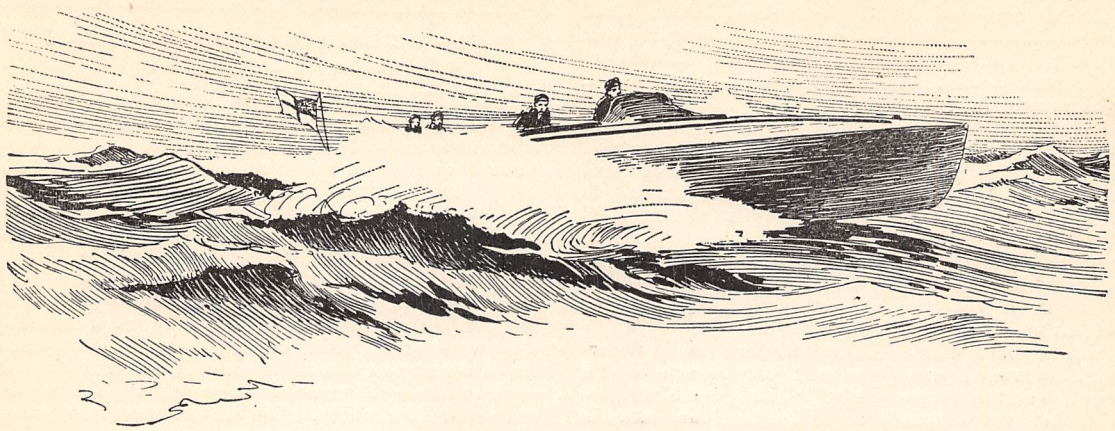
As time passed, both these vessels have increased in size, speed, and power. The sea-going torpedo-boat of the present day being as powerful as the early destroyers, and the destroyer, in turn, being very much larger, more heavily armed and of tremendous speed.

The invention of the turbine engine was of immense use to both naval and mercantile ships, and was largely adopted, an increased speed being the result.

Oil fuel is also now much used, instead of coal. It occupies less space than coal, and it takes less time to fill the oil tanks than to take on coal, always a lengthy and dirty business, so that many naval vessels as well as liners, even the largest, are being adapted to its use.

Fortunately the British control many of the localities where oil is found, so that we need not fear a lack of this most useful aid to speedy navigation.

Electricity has also been tried, but mostly confined to smaller vessels, such as launches and yachts, though I



A Motor Submarine Chaser.

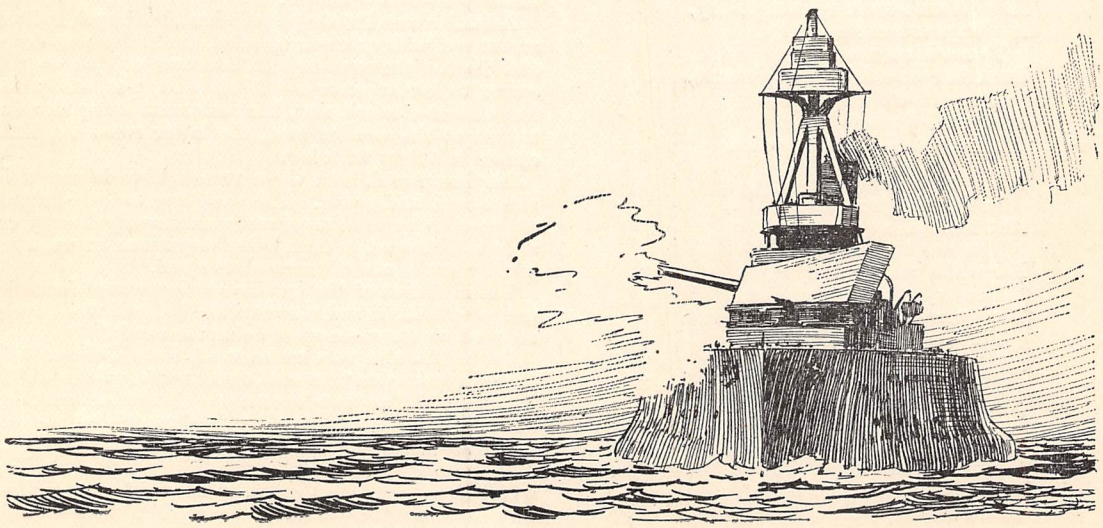
believe the Americans have a battleship electrically worked, but it is hardly likely to be very generally adopted.

We have seen how the swift and deadly torpedo had made the heavy and awkward nets almost useless as a protection to the battleship, and how it became necessary to combat this danger by creating destroyers; but a still greater menace to the larger vessel was to come. This was the submarine, which at first was a small porpoise-like vessel, holding only a few men, but capable of submerging beneath the surface of the water, and creeping unseen close to the unsuspecting enemy ship before discharging her torpedo through an opening in her bow.

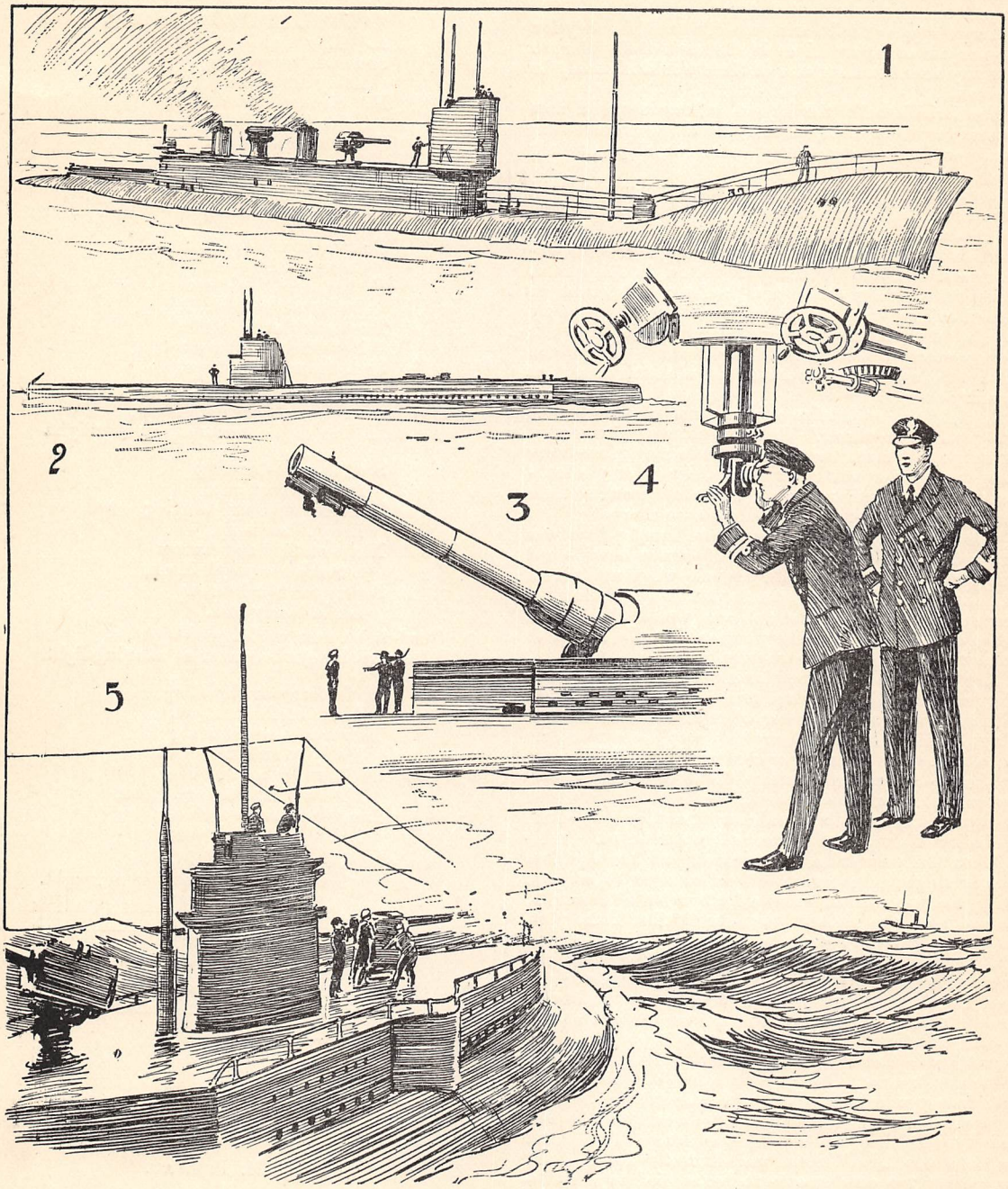
When under water, near the surface, her commander could see where he was, and give orders at the right moment to fire, by looking into the periscope, a kind of hollow tube, fitted with glasses, which stood up perpendicularly from the conning tower. When a submarine was running close under the surface, the only thing that gave any clue to her presence was the little wake of bubbles caused by her periscope moving through the water.

It was some years before these little vessels were perfected, after many failures and accidents involving loss of life, and not until the Great War were they put to the test of active warfare. During this period they increased greatly in size and cruising power, being able to go as far as America and back without taking on fresh fuel, carrying a crew of fifty and more, and several torpedoes. They were armed with disappearing guns, which were easily raised to the deck when the vesel was on the surface, and the Germans used these to fire on our unarmed merchant ships, quickly submerging and escaping the moment that a war-ship came near.

In this way they sank many of our ships, often not giving the crews time to save themselves in their boats,



A modern Monitor.



1. Large British Submarine steaming on surface, showing the squat funnels that are closed down when submerged.
2. German Submarine.
3. The huge gun of a British submarine.
4. Inside.—The Commander looking through periscope.
5. Submarine firing on merchant vessel.

sometimes even going so far as to fire on the boats to make sure that none might escape.

Another type of submarine was constructed solely for the purpose of laying mines in the track of shipping, so that any vessel striking one of them would instantly be blown up.

The British built the largest submarines, and now possess vessels of this type carrying a huge twelve-inch gun, for bombarding enemy coasts or ships at long range.

Sometimes, through an accident, a submarine will remain at the bottom of the sea, and refuse to rise. To rescue it under these conditions special salvage boats have been built. The Germans had a very fine submarine hospital-ship which was hollow in the centre, fitted with strong cables and hooks which could be affixed to hawsers placed round a sunken submarine by divers, the submarine being then drawn up into the hollow space in the centre of the hospital-ship, where she is safe, and almost as handy for effecting repairs as in a dry-dock.

To fight the submarine a new vessel was designed, the 'submarine-chaser.' Small, light, and with a crew of only a few men, these handy little motor sea-boats kept the sea in almost all weathers, always on the look-out for the tell-tale periscope, and sank many of their enemies with gun-fire, torpedo, or depth charge.

The latter consists of an explosive bomb which was dropped overboard over the spot where a submarine had submerged and which would explode when attaining a certain depth. Even if it did not hit the submarine, the tremendous concussion and upheaval would often suffice to so damage her that she would sink, or be forced to come to the surface and surrender.

Aeroplanes and NavalSeaplanes were also used to detect the presence of submarines, as it is easier to see some distance down into the water when at a height. When they spotted a lurking enemy they would communicate with the nearest destroyer or chaser, which would hasten to the spot and promptly attack the unsuspecting under-water boat. In some cases they carried bombs which they would drop on to the submarine, and, in spite of the difficulty of aiming truly, were often successful.

Thus the submarine, the greatest and most pitiless enemy shipping has ever been called upon to contend with, was pursued and watched for by relentless enemies, almost from the moment that she left her home port, to which she often never returned.

As we have seen in a previous chapter, the monitor, a low, shallow gunboat, built by the Americans, was the first ironclad. A few years ago similar, but improved, vessels of this type were built for use against enemy coasts and forts. They carried two large guns in a turret, and had a tripod mast, which the original monitors, of course, had not. As a protection against submarine attack they were constructed with a double hull, so that if the outer were pierced the vessel would still be sea-worthy. As they were not designed for speed this could be done, but the additional weight involved makes this protection too cumbersome to be applied to a swift-moving warship, and some other safeguard against the attack of the torpedo will have to be found, as doubtless it will, for, as we have seen, improvement follows on improvement, and each new weapon invented sees its power curbed. and rendered less dangerous by some still newer invention, and so the race for sea power goes unceasingly on.

W. Herbert Holloway.

GOOD-NIGHT.

BUTTERCUPS are closing,
Day is almost done,
Soon will be reposing
Every little one.
Flit the feathered darlings
To their cosy beds,
Sparrows, robins, starlings,
Little sleepy heads.
Good-night, dear world, good-night,
We'll bid thee good-morrow at morning light.

Cottage homes are lighted,
Cottage tables laid,
Father, dear, is sighted
By his little maid.
Tired and thirsty horses
Now their burdens cast,
Seek the water-courses,
Free to rest at last.
Good-night, dear world, good-night,
We'll bid thee good-morrow at morning light.

See the sun is sinking
In his golden cup,
Scattered stars are blinking,
Lady Moon is up.
Night on field and furrow
Spreads her purple cloak,
Scurry to their burrow
Little bunny folk.
Good-night, dear world, good-night,
We'll bid thee good-morrow at morning light.

Little forms are kneeling,
Little heads bent low,
Tender mothers stealing
Softly to and fro.
Children without number,
Kissed and sweet and clean,
Snuggle down to slumber,
Dainty sheets between.
Good-night, dear world, good-night,
We'll bid thee good-morrow at morning light.

Eileen Carfrae.

PUZZLE.

PLACE the figures 1–3 inclusive in such a position that they add up to 6 in eight different ways.

Solution:— 2 1 3
3 2 1
1 3 2

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 135.)

'COME on, Derrick,' said Sybil. 'I suppose we'd better go back now.'

'No, no! Don't get off my feet,' returned her cousin, quickly. 'It's such fun watching him in a rage.'

'What's he doing?'

'Tearing the sheets off the bed! And he's flung the pillow into a corner.'

'I hope he won't catch cold,' remarked Sybil.

'*I* don't.'

'Oh, Derrick! And Timpie says it's awfully dangerous to sleep in damp sheets—I forgot all about that; I'm almost beginning to wish we hadn't done it.'

'You little noodle! That's the worst of letting you into anything; you always get a fit of compunction in the middle.

'I don't,' remonstrated Sybil, indignantly; 'and I only said I *almost* wished it. What's he doing now?'

'Putting the sheets on again. I think he's turned them top to bottom and is tucking the wet part in at the foot; didn't think he'd have so much sense. Next time I must do both ends.'

Derrick continued to report his observations until his exhausted victim got finally into bed again and extinguished the light.

'Ladies and gentlemen, the entertainment seems to be over for to-night,' Derrick then observed to an imaginary audience, 'and nothing now remains but our great and glorious National Anthem, in which I trust you will all join with customary fervour;' and he began to sing 'God save the King,' at the top of his voice.

'Derrick, you donkey, he will hear!' cried the real audience, thumping him on the back.

'Stuff! His window's shut and the wind's making far too much row; but we can't sing it, after all, 'cos we ought to stand up, and I'm too jolly stiff!'

With Sybil's assistance, however, he succeeded in rising, but nothing more was said about 'God save the King.'

'How dark it is now!' remarked Sybil. 'We ought to have gone before the moon went in.'

'She'll come out again, if we wait,' said Derrick. 'We can climb over on to the West Wing in the dark all right; we'll sit behind the big chimney, out of the wind, and wait for her. Bring the stage props. and follow me.'

'No,' argued Sybil; 'it's my turn to go first. You've had all the fun of the squirting and everything, so bags going in front all the way back,' and she began to grope her way to the chimney without even waiting for the torch.

'Look here! Don't play the ass like that,' cried her cousin, angrily, 'or I'll never let you help me again. You can't go first without the torch, so you'd jolly well better wait for it.'

'I didn't think you'd lend it to me,' said Sybil, meekly, as she took it from him; and a minute or two later they were snugly settled behind a large chimney-stack.

'How quiet it is up here, now that we're out of the wind,' remarked Sybil presently.

'Yes; if we keep quite still, p'r'aps we might see the ghost.'

'Ghost! *What* ghost?'

'Oh, golly, now I've done it!' exclaimed Derrick. 'I forgot you didn't know about it.'

'How do *you* know? Who told you? Oh, do tell me all about it!'

'John was talking to Dick about it one day in the summer holidays. He said it walks up and down outside the conservatory. Nobody's ever seen exactly where it comes from, but they've heard strange noises in the West Wing. Dick said p'r'aps somebody lives on the roof, and comes down at night to get food; and that Ayres is always complaining that the eggs get stolen; that's why I got up here last hols; but I didn't find anybody, so it must be a real ghost, after all.'

'Did you come up here all alone to look for it? Oh, Derrick, how brave of you!'

'Why?' queried Derrick. 'I was looking for a live person—there's nothing brave in that.'

'But you might have found a ghost instead.'

'Not in the daytime, silly. Besides, you don't *find* ghosts—you talk about them as if they were bird's-eggs!'

'What sort of a ghost is it? Has John ever seen it himself?'

'He didn't say, but I *don't think* he has. They shut up when they saw me and wouldn't say any more—I don't think they wanted us to know anything about it.'

'But is it a man or a woman?'

'I tell you I don't know; but I heard John say it made a rustling sort of noise, so it must be a woman, I should think.'

'She must be rather a jolly sort of ghost to live on the roof,' reflected Sybil; 'I wish we could see her!

'You'd be in a blue funk if we did!'

'Not with you here; but I dare say I should if I were alone.'

They sat in silence for some minutes, with their toes tucked under their coats and their arms clasping their knees; but, though they were as quiet as mice, no ghost appeared.

'That bally moon's a long time coming out again,' remarked Derrick, at length. 'I say, Bill, I believe it's raining—hark!'

'So it is; never mind, we're well sheltered here.'

'I know we are; but ghosts never walk in the rain; so there won't be any more fun to-night. I vote we go back to bed and come up again another night. Most likely the moon won't come out any more now, so we'll have to grope our way back without her, or else stay up here till dawn.'

'What a lark that would be! I vote we do sleep up here in the summer.'

'P'r'aps we will, but we'll jolly well bring up some pillows and things; these slates are beastly hard. Come on, let's cut.'

'I've bagged going first, you know!' cried Sybil, and, switching on the light, she began to pick her way along, followed by Derrick with the 'stage properties.' 'It doesn't seem to be raining much now,' he remarked.

'I believe it's stopped altogether,' observed Sybil, 'and it's not so awfully dark, after all, without the moon.'

'That's because our eyes have got accustomed to it,' decided her cousin, sagely, and they proceeded on their way.

Derrick had just reached the second chimney, and Sybil was a few feet further on, when there was a sudden whirr and rush, and something white dashed swiftly past them. Both children uttered a piercing scream, and, dropping the precious torch in her fright, Sybil lost her foothold and found herself rolling down the side of the roof.

(*Continued on page* 146.)

"Sybil found herself rolling down the side of the roof."

"'I suppose I *shall* have to stay here all night.'"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 143.)

CHAPTER XII.

DERRICK'S heart stood still. He tried to speak, but his voice stuck in his throat; then, suddenly, he heard a peal of laughter from the gutter, and he breathed again. 'Bill!' he gasped, 'Bill, are you all right?'

'Yes,' was the reply; then, with another laugh, 'and it wasn't the ghost at all, only an owl! What duffers we are.'

'But aren't you hurt?' inquired Derrick, anxiously.

'Oh, yes; but not so much as I expected to be. When I was falling I forgot all about the battlements, and I *was* in such a funk.'

'Don't!' besought Derrick, with a shudder. 'Where are you?'

'I rolled down on to my shoulder and it feels jolly sore,' was the reply; 'but I expect it's only bruised. Can you help me up?'

'I can't make out where you are. Why don't you turn on the light?'

'Can't find it. I believe I must have dropped it when I fell; oh, Derrick, I *am* so sorry. And it's probably broken—*oh, dear!*'

'Never mind,' said its owner, magnanimously; 'but if we don't find it, I don't know how we're going to get back,' he continued, after a moment's thought.

'And it's all my fault for tumbling down,' sighed Sybil. 'I suppose it was nerves again,' she added ruefully.

'You couldn't help it.'

'But *you* didn't fall.'

'Of course not!' said Derrick, loftily. Then he felt hot all over. 'But I should have if it hadn't been for the chimney,' he owned.

'How on earth am I going to get up?' Sybil wondered.

'Don't you think that in gym. shoes you'll be able to climb up?' suggested Derrick. 'Try.'

But the rain, though not heavy, had been sufficient to make the slates wet and slippery, and Sybil found that she could get no foothold at all. 'If only I could see what I'm doing, there might be more chance,' she sighed. 'I do wish I hadn't lost the torch.'

'Have another shot at finding it,' proposed Derrick. 'Why don't you walk right along the gutter? It may have rolled ever so far, you know.'

Accordingly Sybil went down on her hands and knees and searched long and patiently, but without result. 'It's no good, Derrick,' she said at last.

'Then all you can do is to "resign yourself to the inevitable," as they say in books.'

'What's that?'

'In this case it's sleeping on the roof—in the gutter.'

'Oh, Derrick, I *can't*.'

'But you said, just now, what a lark it would be.'

'But not *alone*; and it will be so cold.'

'Of course I shall stay up here, too; and you won't be cold, Billy, 'cos I'm going in to fetch some blankets.'

'No, no, not in the dark, Derrick! You'll probably fall down, too.'

'Then we'll both be together.'

'Oh, but you *mustn't*, you might hurt yourself really badly—it was only by the greatest luck that I didn't; and besides, you might fall down the other side.'

At this juncture the moon made an unexpected reappearance, and Derrick cried out: 'Hulloa, here she is again, after all! Now I can see you, Bill; and I *might* be able to pull you up, I believe.'

But, though he lay flat and reached down as far as he could, his hands were a long way from Sybil's, which were stretched up to him.

'Oh, dear,' sighed the little girl, 'I suppose I *shall* have to stay here all night.'

'There's only one other thing I can think of,' said Derrick, slowly, 'and that's—to fetch Dick.'

'You'd better not do that,' said Sybil, hastily; 'he'd say we were silly to try and walk about the roof at night.'

'He'd say it was my fault for bringing you,' said her cousin, glumly; 'and I suppose it *was* my fault for letting you go first. All the same, I'll go and get him if you like.'

'Well, I *don't* like,' she replied, emphatically; 'and it wasn't your fault a bit.'

'Then I'll get some blankets instead; I can easily find my way back now the moon's come out.'

'Don't be long.'

'All right, not a minute longer than I can help. Play make-up games while I'm gone to keep up your courage. Why don't you pretend you're a new-born Spartan baby? They used to stick them out on the tops of mountains, you know, to see if they'd die,' and with this parting suggestion Derrick disappeared.

It seemed a long time to Sybil before he returned, but at last she heard him approaching, and her spirits rose.

'I've brought our pillows and as many blankets as I could carry,' he panted.

No remark.

'Shall I go back and get some more?'

No answer.

'Bill, don't you hear me?' cried the boy. 'Bill, what's become of you?' anxiously.

'Nothing!' laughed Sybil. 'I was only playing at the Spartan baby, as you suggested—and it did die.'

'Well, don't play it any more now.'

'I won't; it's not very exciting being a new-born baby—especially a dead one. Let's be Alpine climbers, instead.'

'All right,' agreed Derrick. 'We must pretend that we roped ourselves together and the rope broke; and now we've got to stay up here until they send out a search party.'

'How am I really going to get down to-morrow morning?' queried Sybil. 'Will you ask Joe to fetch a ladder?'

'I suppose so; or perhaps he'd be able to reach you from here; anyway, he's sure to manage to fish you out somehow. Now, then, I'm going to buzz down your pillow. Are you ready?'

Sybil succeeded in catching it and the blankets which followed, and made herself a fairly comfortable, though, perforce, somewhat narrow bed, between the battlements and the sloping part of the roof. Derrick, above, arranged his own blankets to the best of his ability, and, for a quarter of an hour or more the Alpine climbers bore their fate with heroic fortitude. Gradually, however, the interest of the game began to wane, and Derrick said, with a yawn, 'This is a hard bed, I shall

never be able to get to sleep; and even if I could, I shouldn't dare, because I might roll off.'

'Oh, do be careful!' Sybil besought him. 'You'd better go back to the big chimney, where we were before, you'll be quite safe there, and it's nice and warm.'

'But I thought you didn't want to be left?'

'I shouldn't mind you going just as far as that—at least, not much.'

'Yes, you would; we'd better keep together. Besides, we might still see the real ghost,' said Derrick, 'and it would be so much more fun if we were together,' he hastened to add.

'I'm getting sleepy,' observed Sybil, a little later; 'but it doesn't seem fair for me to go to sleep, if you can't.'

'I believe I could slide down to you and share your gutter,' said Derrick, 'but the worst of that would be that I mightn't be able to climb up again, any more than you; and then how could I get at Joe, in the morning?'

'We could shout—they'd be sure to hear up at the stables, if we shouted our loudest.'

'I know that, silly; but so would every one in the house, as well.'

'But you'll never be able to keep awake all night, Derrick,' said Sybil; then, after a pause: 'I know,' she added, 'I believe I could go to sleep in a few minutes, if we stopped talking; and if I was asleep, I couldn't be afraid of the ghost—even if I *was* alone—so then you could go back to your proper bed.'

'No, I couldn't.'

'Why not?'

'Because I've no intention of being such a beast. It's my fault you're where you are, and you needn't insult me by thinking that I should sneak off to a comfortable bed, and leave you to sleep on a nasty hard roof.'

'It's *not* your fault, and I can't think why you keep on saying it is; you know quite well that you never wanted me to come at all.'

'Well, go to sleep, anyway, and I'll sit with my back against this chimney, and if I do drop off to sleep, it may save me from falling again, as it did when the owl startled us; if not, I'll do my best to roll down your side.'

'I won't go to sleep if you are not safe.'

There was a pause. Then Derrick asked slowly: 'Bill, can you climb a rope?'

'Of course! You know I can; but we haven't got one,' then, suddenly, 'Oh, I know what you mean! You are going to make one out of the blankets, for me to slide down into the garden.'

'No, I'm not,' replied her cousin. 'I thought of that some time ago; but I daren't trust you to tie it on to the battlements properly—girls never *can* make decent knots. But I have just remembered that there used to be a long rope in Dick's workshop. If it's there still, and I can find it, I'll make a slip-knot in it, and then all you'll have to do, will be to put the noose over a battlement and draw it tight. Then, as you let yourself down, it will get tighter and tighter, and there'll be no fear of its coming undone.'

Sybil was delighted with the idea, and off went Derrick, in quest of the rope. Not very long afterwards, she heard him whistle from the garden. 'Wherever are you, Derrick?'

'Down here, under the West Wing. I say, that rope's gone; isn't it a sell? But I've got another idea—I'm going up to the harness-room. I believe there's one there. But you mustn't mind if I'm away rather a long time.'

'N-no. Derrick, if there isn't one there, how about the one that William uses when he exercises the hunters? I saw it on a halter in the stables the other day, and it's a splendid long one.'

'I know it is; but how am I to get it? Do you suppose William leaves the stables unlocked at night, for any one who likes to come and sneak the horses? He probably locks the harness-room, too, but I think I could break in there through the window. The stable windows are too high up, though.'

Derrick had taken the precaution of procuring a lantern, so, although the moon went in again before he had reached the stables he was able to see, more or less, what he was doing. The first thing that he discovered was that it was no easier to get into the harness-room than into the stables, and he began to wonder whether there was any chance at all of rescuing his cousin. 'If only I was as strong as Dick,' he said to himself, 'I could get a ladder,' and there, sure enough, was the very thing, leaning against the hay-loft just opposite. At this moment it began to rain again. 'Bill can't sleep out of doors in the rain,' he decided. 'I *must* have the strength—I *will*,' and crossing over the stable yard, he tried to hoist the ladder on to his back. Dogged determination enabled him to carry it a few paces; but, after that, Nature asserted herself, and he was obliged to lower it to the ground.

'If I can't carry it, I'll drag it,' said the boy, aloud, and, though it was painfully slow work, he persevered; and, after more than one forced rest, he finally succeeded in accomplishing his purpose. 'Awfully sorry I've been such ages, Bill,' he panted. 'But I couldn't get a rope, after all; so I've brought a ladder, and it's so jolly heavy that I couldn't be any quicker.'

'Derrick, how strong you must be!'

'Wait till I have hoisted it up before you say that—perhaps I shan't be able to. I say, are you awfully wet?'

'Not very, and I've kept my blankets dry by rolling them up tight and sitting on them; but of course I couldn't get at yours.'

(*Continued on page* 158.)

'NAMESAKES.'

IV.—WILLIAM AND MAUD.

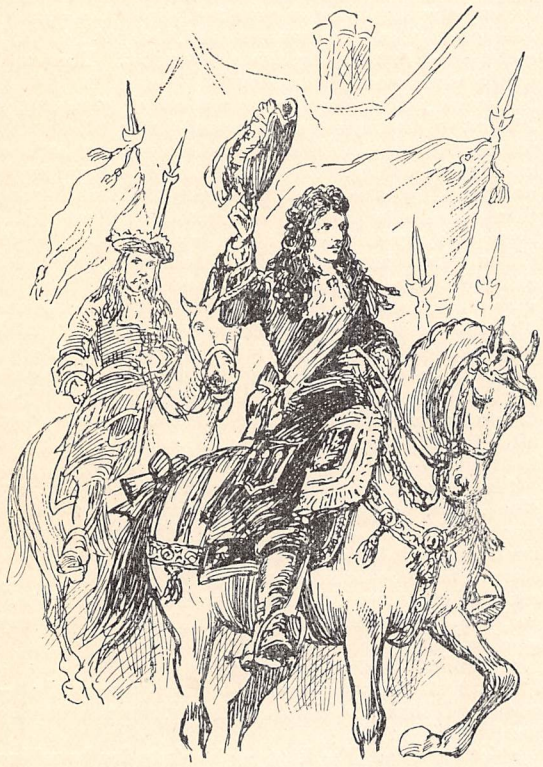
IN feudal times William was the most common and the most famous of all Christian names, and we find it borne by kings and princes, by great nobles and brave knights, by bishops and writers and peasants, by heroes and by rebels and traitors as well, all though the long period of history that lies between the Norman Conquest and the Wars of the Roses.

This name indeed was such a favourite in Plantagenet times, that once when King Henry II. gave a great feast there were no fewer than one hundred and ten Williams among his guests.

We will begin our Namesakes to-day with William the Conqueror, for before his time the name does not seem

to have been a common one in England. It was probably adopted out of compliment to the great Norman and because his new subjects were impressed with his power and wisdom, for William was a man with strong character and fine qualities although he was stern, sometimes cruel, and always ready to put down disobedience and rebellion with a high hand.

Even when quite a child, William of Normandy showed signs of his future greatness. When he was only five



William the Third at Torbay.

years old a regiment of other little boys of his own age was mustered and placed under his command so that he might be trained as a soldier and a leader, and we are told by the old chroniclers that before his father set out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, he presented his son to the Norman barons as their future Duke, saying, 'He is little, but he will grow.'

And William did grow and became the conqueror of the Saxons and King of England. We seem to see him in a strange series of living pictures, forcing Earl Harold to resign his claim to the English throne; wooing his wife, the fair Matilda of Flanders, with blows and buffets;—but winning her love all the same; being crowned in the new Abbey of Westminster on a cold winter morning while his Norman warriors kept back the hostile crowds outside, and later riding through the forests of his conquered realm after the 'tall deer that he loved as if he were their father.' and punishing with savage relentlessness any o the hungry peasants who dared to poach on his preserves.

So much for the first William, and after him come a train of namesake followers, grim, hardy men, for the most part and suited to the rough warlike times in which they lived. There is William the Red King, a bad man and a bad monarch; young William the Atheling, son of Henry I., who might have been as unpopular as his uncle had he lived, for it is said that he declared that he would harness the English like oxen into the plough should he ever come to reign over them. Prince William, however, was drowned in a terrible shipwreck on his way from Normandy to England, and, whatever his faults may have been, his last act was a brave one, for we are told that his life might have been saved if he had not tried to rescue the young sister who had been left behind on the sinking 'white ship.'

Following closely on these three royal namesakes, come William Longbeard, who was called the 'King of the Poor,' because he fought for the rights and liberties of the people; William Longchamps, the powerful and ambitious Bishop of Ely, who was Chancellor of England; William Mareschal, his rival; William Earl of Penbroke, who arranged the meeting of King John and his barons at Runnymede; William of Malmesbury, the writer; William de Tracy, one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket; William Longsword, who commanded the English fleet in its first naval victory, and little William of Norwich, the boy martyr, who, so legend says, was slain by the Jews and afterwards buried by holy monks, many wonderful miracles being performed at his tomb.

Of all the many Williams of feudal days, however, the favourite namesake must be William Wallace, the Scottish hero and patriot, who led his people in their struggles against the English, and, after winning a victory at Stirling, was later betrayed into the hands of his enemies and put to death with terrible cruelty at Smithfield.

And now, leaving Mediæval times behind us, we come down to the sixteenth century, and there the Williams will find their chief namesake of all in the person of Shakespeare, the poet whom we seem to know so well through his wonderful plays that he is almost like a dear friend and comrade, but whose life is so wrapped in mystery and uncertainty that the date of his birth is uncertain, and some people even believe that the great comedies and tragedies were not written by him at all, but by Francis Bacon, or some other dramatist of the Elizabethan period.

Certain it is, however, that William Shakespeare—even if that was not his real name—was a man of marvellous genius, and of wide sympathies and experience. It is probable, too, that he was a play-actor himself—one of the King's Servants—and that he travelled far and wide, northward to Denmark and south to sunny Venice, during the adventurous years of a vagabond, professional life. And while Shakespeare was writing his plays, and acting in them too, most likely, another great namesake, William the Silent, was fighting bravely to free his country from the cruel Spanish rule, and this famous Dutch patriot was the grandfather of our own William of Orange, a king who was a brave soldier, too, although we are rather apt to think of him as a usurper and forget that he had as much Stuart blood as his wife, Mary, in his veins.

(Concluded on page 155.)

"Why don't you come along, you great skulk?"

'BILBOQUET,' THE GUIDE OF THE REGIMENT.

FROLUT was the name of a little ten-year-old drummer-boy attached to the 9th Regiment of the Line; but all his comrades called him 'Bilboquet,' which is the French name of the game known to us as Cup and Ball. The application of this word to young Frolut was easy to understand; his body was so long, so thin and so slight, crowned by an enormous head, that he looked, in truth, like the toy after which the soldiers named him.

Bilboquet had a very bad time of it; the soldiers were never tired of playing jokes upon him and laughing at his deformity. 'Knock-kneed Skulk,' they shouted at

him because of his misshapen legs, and when he complained, they named him 'The Sniveller.'

The drum-major disliked Bilboquet too, and used to beat the tattoo smartly upon the boy's shoulders with his cane, in order, so he said, to teach him to know the drummer's trade.

It was in July of the year 1812, during Napoleon's campaign in Russia, that the General commanding the regiment to which Bilboquet belonged received from the Emperor the command to seize a certain position upon the opposite side of a wide ravine. In order to do so it was absolutely necessary to silence a battery belonging to the enemy which mowed down whole ranks of the French soldiery. The soldiers realised in spite of their bravery what a difficult and hazardous task was theirs.

They shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders hopelessly when the order to charge came. They knew that the 'Little Corporal,' Napoleon, brooked no delay, yet hesitation prevailed. The captain had twice given the Drum-major orders to sound the advance charge.

But the man stood immovable, leaning heavily upon his cane, seemingly very loth to obey.

Bilboquet stared at his chief, all the while beating the advance charge with restless fingers upon the side of his drum. Yet a third time came the order, and still the Drum-major dallied. Bilboquet could contain himself no longer. He arose, hung his drum at his side, seized his drum-sticks and passing before the Drum-major he gave him a look of such scorn and in the words, 'Why don't you come along, you great skulk?' he returned all the abuse which his superior had so often heaped upon him.

The Drum-major struck out at the lad, but too late, Bilboquet was out of reach, marching at the head of two companies beating the charge vigorously. The soldiers rushed after him inspirited by the gallant sound which seemed to mock the noise of the huge cannon belching forth death upon the little troop.

Entire ranks fell never to rise again, but through the din and terrible confusion Bilboquet's drum beat on calling to those brave fellows still unhurt to follow on,

Glancing round during the awful passage Bilboquet saw that scarce fifty remained of the two hundred who had commenced the charge.

Carried away by fury of vengeance the boy beat his drum louder than ever—it was as if twenty drums instead of one rattled together. Never was a charge so proudly or so magnificently beaten. Suddenly with a glad shout the soldiers rushed forward like an avalanche and seized upon the battery. Bilboquet was at their head calling to the Russians, 'The bits of us left are all right! Here we are! So look out for yourselves!'

Napoleon ordered Crosses of the Legion of Honour to be given to the forty soldiers who had entered the Battery; but Frolut received nothing. He was forgotten. The General who distributed the awards saw the boy's terrible grief and disappointment, and learning how truly noble his conduct had been throughout the fearful ordeal, tried to make some small amends by giving him a twenty-franc piece.

'Never mind, *mon brave!*' said the General. 'You will gain a Cross when there is a beard upon your chin.'

Frolut was of a mind to refuse the proffered gift, but upon second thoughts he pocketed the coin and marched off whistling gaily, as if his disappointment was forgotten.

(*Continued on page* 158.)

CRYSTAL BASKETS.

ANY boy or girl can make pretty baskets, that seem to be made of crystals stuck together, by following out the instructions here given. You must first get some wire and bend it into the shape of a small basket or other ornament, using enough wire to make a good outline of the object. Then get two or three pounds of alum, put it in a clean saucepan with enough boiling water to cover it, and stir well with a spoon; most of the alum will dissolve, and if you add water a little at a time while the saucepan is kept over a gas stove turned down low, so as to just keep the water boiling, you will be able to make a very strong solution of alum.

Stop adding water while there is still just a little that has not dissolved. Then turn out the gas, and while the water is still hot hang the wire basket inside the saucepan with a piece of string. See that the basket is entirely covered by the solution without touching the inside of the saucepan anywhere. It must be left like this for two or three hours, and as the liquid cools the wire will become entirely covered with beautiful crystals of alum. A few drops of red ink put into the water will give the crystals a pale pink tint which gives an even prettier effect than the white crystals.

PUSSY'S HIDING-PLACE.

MY pussy-cat had disappeared,
I hunted all the day
Throughout the house, until I feared
She must have run away.

In every room and cupboard, too,
I sought my kitten small,
Until at last I heard a 'Mew!'
From somewhere in the hall.

Th' umbrella-stand I looked behind,
I moved each coat and hat;
I heard her mew, yet could not find
My missing pussy-cat!

At last Dad's great, big hunting-boot
I lifted from the ground,
And mewing, scratching, in the foot
My kitten wee I found!

KATHERINE E. SHERRIFF.

PRINCESS OOMA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN.
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 139.)

CHAPTER XIII.

AS soon as the *machan* and ropes had been brought to Major Carnac he began his examination, while Jai Singh, the twins, and Ooma waited together to hear the result. There was a short interval, and then the head shikari was summoned and disappeared within the office tent. His voice could be heard, upraised in horrified protest, and next came Dibra's turn. If Ooma were anxious on his account, she did not show it; nor had she made any further attempt to defend herself. She seemed to consider her explanation sufficient.

And Frieda found it difficult to doubt that Ooma had spoken the truth, at least in regard to her father. Not

only her voice, but even her expression had changed as she talked of him. At first it had been almost as difficult to believe that any one, even his own daughter, could have cared for the Regent. Frieda had known him only as Jai Singh's enemy, without scruples and merciless, who had met a well-deserved death in trying to kill his nephew. But he had loved his daughter; Duttia had said so. And, of course, it was possible his daughter had loved him also. Frieda looked thoughtfully once or twice at Ooma. If she could care so much, it seemed a pity she had had so unpleasant a father for whom to care.

'See! Here comes the orderly to summon us,' cried Jai Singh, suddenly. He had been watching the office tent closely, his whole mind set on what was passing within. He began to run towards the tent door before the orderly was half-way across the intervening space. Surely arrangements had already been made for the pursuit of the tiger; in comparison, the question of who was responsible for the accident seemed to him of small account.

'When shall we start, Carnac Sahib?' he cried eagerly, as he burst into the tent. It was empty save for Major Carnac. Dibra and the shikari had been dismissed before the orderly was dispatched. Major Carnac was seated at his writing-table, and before him were some fragments of rope he was still examining. He did not answer promptly, to Jai Singh's dismay.

'Let us go at once,' the little rajah urged. 'I shall be shamed for ever otherwise. My face will be blackened in the sight of all men.'

At which Major Carnac was forced to smile.

'Patience, Rajah Sahib,' he said. 'It was quite evident it was not your fault you missed. As soon as the tiger is tracked down, you shall finish him off. The shikari will set to work immediately. But there's something I want to show you now. Look at this rope.' And as Jai Singh, somewhat appeased, lifted a rope-end, Major Carnac went on:

'I'm practically certain these ropes have been cut with a blunt instrument that they might look frayed. It's true that whoever cut them could not have known they would give way at that exact moment, and place you in such a dangerous position. I have taken that fact into consideration. But there was a rumour of a plot before we left the city. I didn't attach much value to it then, as I thought it arose from the priests' hesitations. I'm inclined to think so still, but I am not quite satisfied. Will you promise me that while we remain in camp you will not be rash; that you will take my orderly with you wherever you go?'

'Oh, yes. Yes.' Jai Singh agreed eagerly. He would have agreed to anything at the moment that would help him to obtain the tiger; he had paid very little attention, in fact, to Major Carnac's warning. The shikari was going to look for the tiger at once; that was all that mattered. Major Carnac turned next to Ooma.

'Princess Ooma,' he said, 'that man of yours leaves the camp to-night. He denies all knowledge of the cut ropes. But he had too much to do with the fixing of the *machan* for the denial to be of much use. If the ropes were old, and frayed of themselves in consequence, he was equally to blame. I have dismissed him. His wife must go too, and I will ask the Rani to lend you one of her waiting-women.' At which Ooma shrugged her shoulders.

'If you say that they must go, I have learnt that go they must,' she retorted, not without dignity. 'That they are my servants, I know counts against them.' And, with nose in the air and something at least of the honours of war, she marched out of the tent.

'That young lady has plenty of spirit,' Major Carnac remarked, looking after her. And, as Jai Singh and Michael followed, Frieda lingered behind for a moment. It seemed only fair to the little Princess to repeat what she had said.

'I think she had more of a hand in the business than she will admit,' was Major Carnac's comment. 'But that she was fond of her father I've no doubt. I wish we could persuade her to drop the feud. Can't you manage it, Frieda? It would be a real help to me. I planned this tour partly for the purpose. And now I've some writing to do and you must go, I'm afraid.'

Frieda, somewhat thoughtful, hugged him and ran off in her turn. 'You' meant Michael and herself, of course. She must have a talk with Michael. In the Rani's tent she found him with Jai Singh and Ooma. The little Rajah was trying to persuade his mother he was still alive and wholly unhurt.

'Soma and I have just heard the tale in full,' the Rani shuddered. 'From the wife of the head shikari. Oh, little son, hast thou indeed been restored to me? Let us return at once to the city. It is safer there. I will send to ask Carnac Sahib to give the order for the tents to be struck, the camels and carts to be loaded. Thou wouldest follow the wounded tiger. Nay, nay. How can it be permitted?'

'Carnac Sahib has given his consent already,' Jai Singh assured her. 'And if I cannot stay, I will not eat,' he added, well knowing the weak points in his mother's defence. But Soma was not quite so easily defeated, and put up a slightly better fight.

'I warrant thou wouldest eat, my Prince, if I made thee a dish of thy favourite curry,' she chuckled. 'Or some of those little cakes of which so many vanish at a sitting. But if thine honour is in question . . .'

'It is—it is!' Jai Singh asserted, vehemently. And, unexpectedly, Ooma came to his assistance.

'It might be said,' she suggested, 'that it was well, perhaps, for the Rajah Sahib that the *machan* slipped when it did, since he would not have killed the tiger in any case.'

'Lies, lies!' cried the Rani and Soma indignantly, and the battle was won.

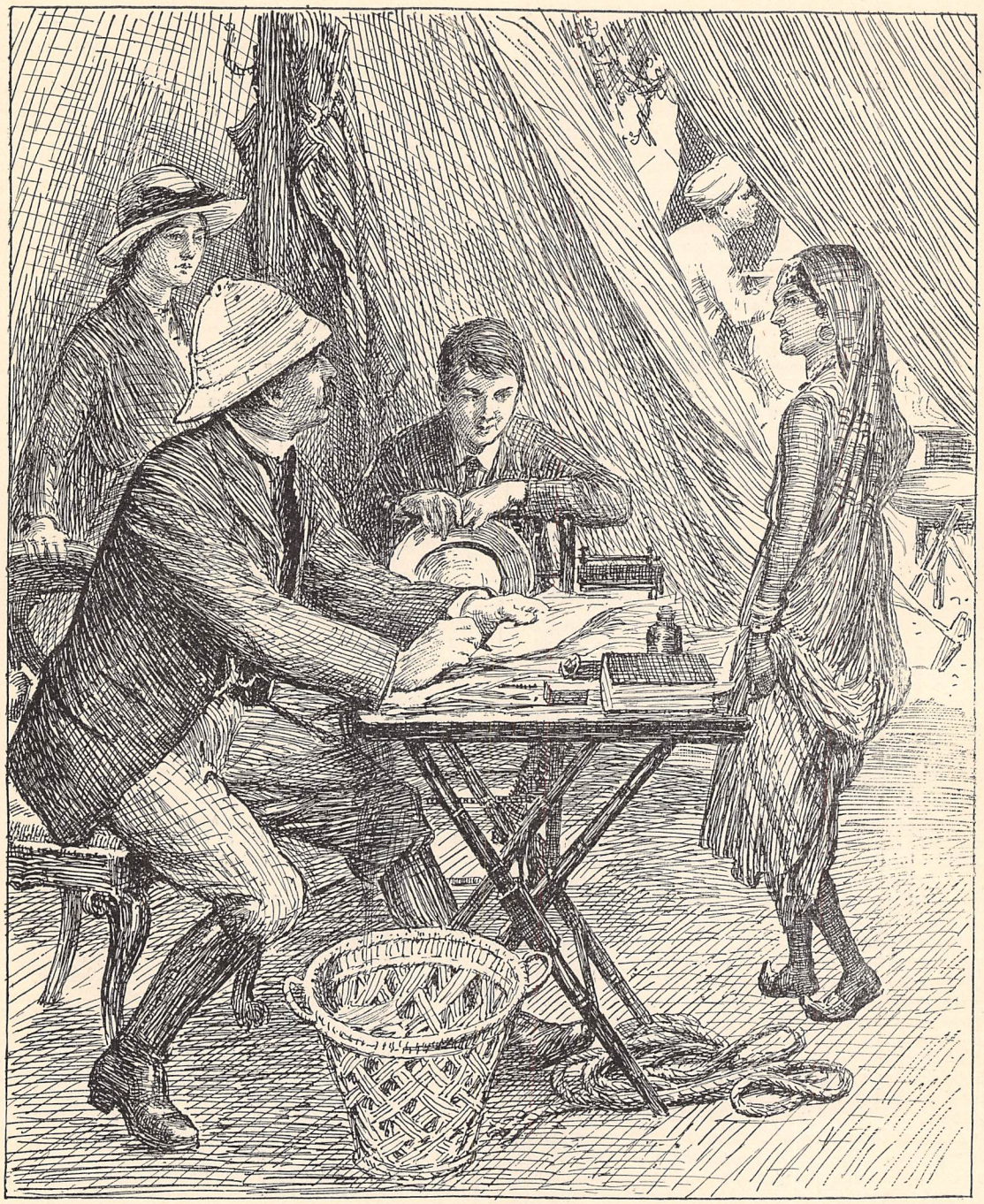
It was almost supper-time, and there still remained Duttia, who was waiting in the verandah of Frieda's tent, all agog for every detail of the day's happenings. She listened with breathless interest while Michael described the slipping of the *machan*, and Frieda all that had followed. But when it came to Major Carnac's suggestion, Duttia sniffed, perceptibly and unmistakably.

'She comes of a bad stock,' said Duttia. 'She will remain bad. She is a snake, a scorpion, a hornet. Leave her alone, Miss Sahib. She is far too clever for either of you.' Which reflection on their intelligence both Michael and Frieda naturally resented.

'I suppose you think you could manage her better?' Michael retorted. And—

'Yes,' said Duttia, 'I could manage her. But I should not try to do it as you will try, Michael Sahib. I should meet her tricks with tricks. That she would understand. I would meet her violence with violence.'

(*Continued on page* 154.)



"'Princess Ooma, that man of yours leaves the camp to-night.'"

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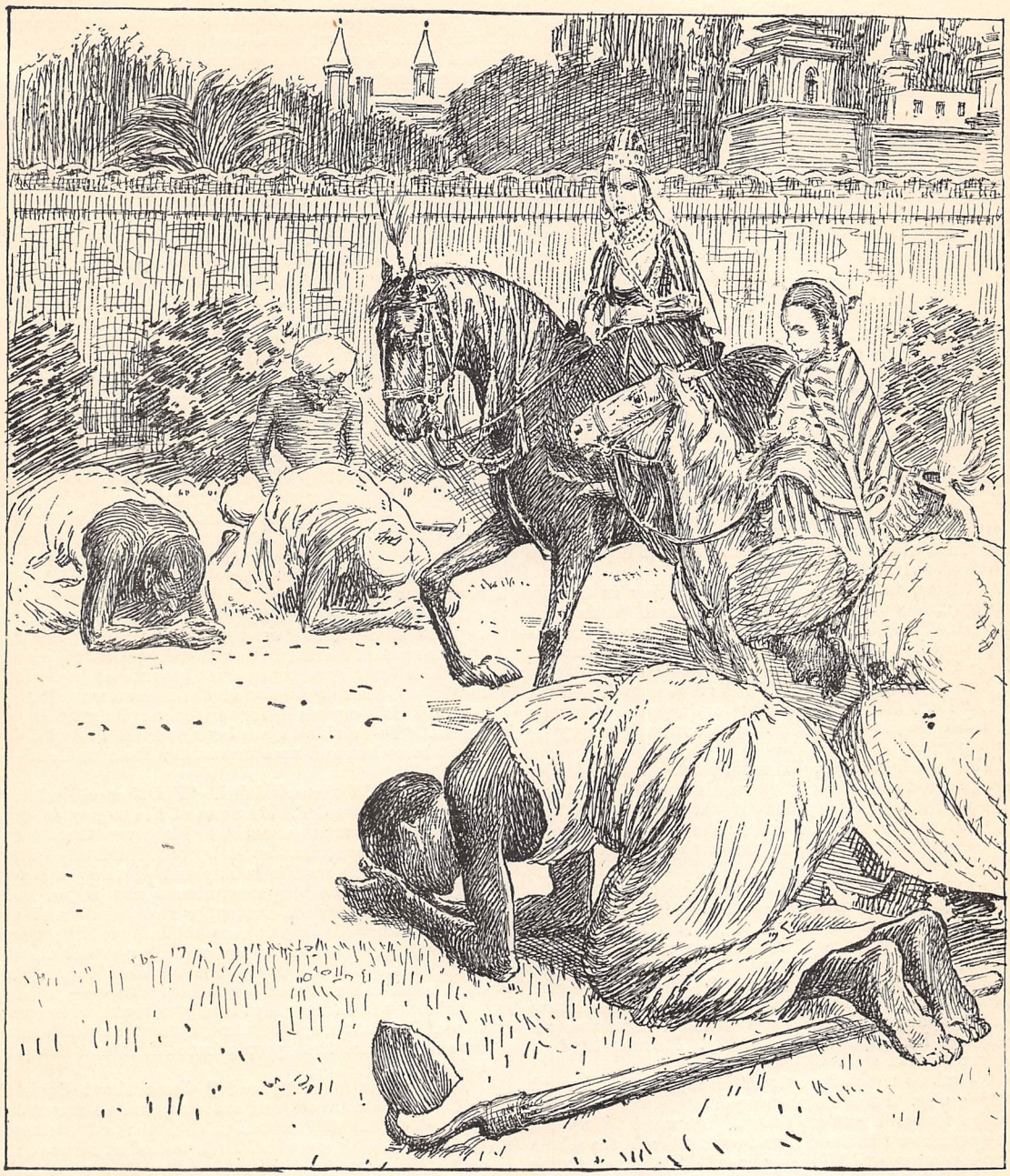


"'All the gardeners had to fall flat on their faces as we passed.'"

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden, Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' etc.

(Continued from page 151.)

CHAPTER XIV.

'IT'S all very well,' said Michael, 'for Duttia to tell us she'd manage Ooma better. But it's our job, not hers, and what are we going to do?'

There had been no opportunity the previous day for a lengthy discussion. And, besides, it had been so much more interesting to talk about the tiger, and what might have happened if the machan had not slipped, and of how soon the shikari would be successful in tracking, and of what he would advise.

But he had been obliged to report next morning that he had no certain news. The blood trail had stopped abruptly in thick forest, and for the moment the trackers were at fault. They thought the tiger had rolled on the ground, and staunched the wound with mud and leaves. That he would remain close to water they were sure, for he would be very thirsty.

'I have known a wounded beast lie day and night in a shallow pool,' the head shikari had said. 'The water cooled the fever and healed the sore.'

'But what did he eat?' Jai Singh had asked.

'Frogs, Rajah Sahib,' had been the answer. 'A poor diet for one so mighty, but just sufficient.' And, with that, the shikari had salaamed and departed to search the river banks.

And now, faced with another long day in Ooma's company, it was obvious to Michael and Frieda that they must decide how to treat her. They could not deny they had done little so far to produce the result Major Carnac had in view.

'But what shall we do?' Michael repeated. 'If we said, "Look here, Ooma, why can't you be friends with Jai Singh?' she'd either get furiously angry or she'd laugh.'

'Yes,' Frieda agreed. It seemed to both that Major Carnac could not have set them a more difficult task. 'She told me yesterday that if Jai Singh didn't like us, perhaps she would. And if she can't even stand our being friends with him, she certainly won't agree to be friendly herself.'

To wait on opportunity seemed the only course.

Luckily, when Ooma joined them later, she was at least in a good temper. Jai Singh, on the contrary, was obstinately gloomy. He did not want to look at the elephants. He did not want to play at any game. He implied by his manner he had outgrown such childish things. He did not want to dispatch another carrier pigeon with the news to date. The two already set loose had arrived safely. He was tired of the experiment and said so.

'I want to shoot that tiger,' he repeated. 'I want nothing else. I will do nothing else.'

'But we can't just sit about. We must fill up the time somehow till the tiger's found. There's the whole of to-day anyway,' Michael argued. 'Shall we go for a ride? Or shall we watch the elephants having a bath in the river? The mahouts are going to wash them this morning, I know. They might let us help.'

'Of course they would let us help if it was my order,' said Jai Singh crossly.

'Oh, very well,' said Michael, by this time equally annoyed, and was about to suggest to Frieda that at least he and she should go, when from Ooma came a new suggestion.

'There is an ancient palace about five miles away,' she said. 'I went there once. Part of it is in ruins, but there is a covered causeway that runs from the main courtyard right through the palace to the roof; and, when I was there, I rode up it. It is meant for horses. My pony was frightened a little when we came out on the roof. He wanted to jump over the battlements. It was very exciting. I liked it. I will take you there if you wish to go.' And Jai Singh, who was sitting, hunched, on the ground, looked up with a gleam of interest.

'We might go riding to the palace,' he conceded, and consent was obtained to the expedition provided the orderly went also. Jai Singh was inclined to rebel at the restriction. He had already forgotten his promise to Major Carnac, made in so much haste; but, when reminded of it, he yielded, though with none too good a grace. He was in one of the moods when the resemblance between himself and Ooma was at its strongest. But the more perverse did he prove, the more good-tempered at least did she grow. She reined up alongside Frieda when they had mounted. The ponies, who had had no exercise on the previous day, were prancing with eagerness. It was an afternoon just made for riding, clear and fresh. The Burmese pony stood on its hind legs, and turned round in a circle. But Ooma kept her seat without difficulty meanwhile, and seemed to enjoy the performance.

'Better than all else I love riding,' she told Frieda, 'very far and very fast. My mother was a Princess of the desert, and she taught me to ride first in our own gardens when I was three years old. All the gardeners had to fall flat on their faces as we passed, and hide their eyes in the dust because of her. They might not look at a lady of the zenana unveiled.'

'Isn't it very dull for a zenana lady?' Frieda asked. 'To be able to go about so little? And a veil must be so hot and uncomfortable; I'm sure I shouldn't like it.'

'It is dull,' Ooma admitted. 'But then all ladies of importance go veiled. Do none of the women in your country wear veils in public? Not even the Queen? I have been told that so it is, but I did not believe it. Tell me of your life in England—I want to know.'

There was something new, almost shy, in her manner; to which Frieda instantly responded; and she was certainly finding it less difficult to like Ooma than she had done hitherto despite her possible share in Dibra's guilt. A little Ooma looked as she had done when she spoke of her father. And——

'She must be horribly lonely without him sometimes,' Frieda thought. 'And it must be much more horrible to feel that people hated him and are glad he's dead.'

And it was amusing to tell Ooma about England, and English manners and customs, and to watch her astonishment. Undoubtedly, too, the astonishment was tinged with envy as Frieda talked of all that she and Michael had planned to do when they went home to England to school, and of how they would spend their holidays. It was nice to feel that, for once, Ooma was less sure of her own superiority.

'Jai Singh is very likely coming with us when we go,' Frieda finished, pleased with the progress she was making. 'Father told me. He'll go to Michael's

school, and stay with us in the holidays. Why don't you ask if you can come too?' she added suddenly with what seemed to her a brilliant, if somewhat appalling, inspiration. Ooma as a constant companion! Ooma at her own school! What would the little Princess do? What would she not do?

(Continued on page 167.)

THE LITTLE BLUE DOOR.

(Concluded from page 131.)

CONRAD needed no second bidding, and as the sound of his footsteps died away on the stairs, the little girl twisted round in the window-seat and began drumming impatient fingers against the leaded panes. Some minutes went by before a further clatter of footsteps made her slide hastily to the floor and race across to the doorway. Then she took a step backwards. Conrad was on the threshold, and a queer, frightened look in his face told her that something had happened.

'The miser's gone!' he gasped. 'We forgot the window. It was wide open.'

'She can't be lost!' exclaimed Cicely, after a moment's horrified pause. 'She's—she's run back to the little blue door! We'll find her there for certain. Come! Quick!'

It was the work of a minute to slip down the nursery stairs, and once out in the garden the children sped across the lawn as fast as their feet would carry them. Both faces fell as they reached the door in the wall and scanned the deserted stretch of path on either side of it. Cicely's hopes were ebbing, but seeing the despondent expression in Conrad's eyes, she determined not to give up the search.

'We'll go through the tunnel,' she said firmly. 'She's very likely found a way round, and we'll see her sitting on the wall the other side.'

For the third time that day the two threaded their way through the darkness, but this time Cicely was leader, and there was a determined courage in her face as she emerged into the light of the garden beyond.

'Buck up! What are you standing still for?' complained Conrad; and then, as his sister moved a little to one side, the rest of the sentence died on his lips. They were not alone on the garden path. An old, bent man was standing before them, his hands resting on a big walking-stick, and his small, squinting eyes watching them disapprovingly from beneath the shaggy eyebrows.

Cicely took a sudden step forward. 'We came to look for the miser,' she explained, in a rather uneven voice.

'I see,' growled the old man. 'I hope you're satisfied, then.'

'We shall be if we find her,' replied Cicely, politely; 'but we haven't looked much yet. We really didn't mean to steal her,' she went on, hurriedly, encouraged by the look of attention on her listener's face. 'We just wanted to borrow her for to-day, because Mother said she'd give a penny each for any mice we caught in the store-room——'

'And we really did want the money,' put in Conrad. 'We're saving up to buy a guinea-pig——'

'I think your sister had better finish the story,' the old man interposed, drily; and, in spite of the severity of his voice, Conrad's spirits rose. The angry frown had vanished from above the shaggy eyebrows, and a glint of kindness seemed to be lurking behind the mysterious beady eyes.

A silence fell as Cicely finished her story, then the old man's lips twisted in a queer way which might have meant a smile.

'Misers don't catch mice,' he said. 'They get hold of money. If you'd wanted to borrow a miser for the day you'd have had to take me!'

His short, grating laugh was followed by a silence that might have lasted for minutes, had not a faint 'mi—ow' behind them changed the bewilderment on the children's faces to delight. In another moment Cicely was burying her face ecstatically in the soft, furry neck against her shoulder, while Conrad watched her with a glowing face.

'Now you must cut along home, you two,' said the old man, shortly, 'and remember, no running through that tunnel again without my permission.' He looked from one to the other of the children as he took each small outstretched hand in his, then the queer, cracked laugh rang out again. 'I can be a fairly good mouser as well as a miser,' he said. 'Here's a guinea-pig each from to-day's catch!'

And in another moment he was gone.

'Half-a-crown!' gasped Cicely, her round eyes on the shining coin in her hand. 'Oh, Conrad, what a lovely guinea-pig. And he's given you one, too!'

Conrad nodded, and his face was flushed with excitement. 'Jolly decent—but what did he mean about the miser? I didn't understand.'

At the memory of this puzzle Cicely's brows contracted. Then she looked up, with a smile of inspiration. 'Let's go back and ask Mother!'

And a moment later the little door had closed behind their scurrying footsteps. Viola Vivian.

THE MODEL OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE leaf of the gigantic Victoria Regia Lily (introduced into England from South America) was used by Sir Joseph Paxton as a model for the Crystal Palace.

It is only the under side of the leaf which bears any resemblance to the building, so, in order to show this, two men have to turn the leaf over. Then is seen the wonderful arrangement of vegetable ties and girders which was carried out by Paxton in iron and glass. A leaf of this water plant can bear the weight of three men!

'NAMESAKES.'

IV.—WILLIAM AND MAUD.

(Concluded from page 148.)

THERE are many other namesakes for our Williams; such as William Pitt, who was Prime Minister when only twenty-four; William Wordworth, the poet; and William Tell, the legendary Swiss hero; but we must leave them now and choose a feminine name, for the kings and soldiers and patriots of history cannot have all our interest and attention.

Mary—that is the name that seems always to go naturally with William; but the Maries have already had their turn, so we will take Matilda, or Maud—and think first of the wife of the great Conqueror and the first Norman queen of England.

'Gilbert—London?'

William the Conqueror came to the throne in 1066, married Matilda of Flanders—we have learnt the bare facts in one of our first history lessons, but they tell us very little about the pretty Flemish princess, who refused at first to look at her grim admirer, but afterwards, when he had dragged her by her hair through her father's palace, declared that he pleased her well and that she was ready to be his wife.

And so Matilda married William, and a good wife she made him, for she was as gentle and pitiful as he was stern and relentless, and did her best, when he became king of England, to mitigate the sufferings of his oppressed subjects. She was an industrious lady, too, and worked wonderful pictures in needlework—the famous Bayeaux tapestries—in which her husband's deeds and triumphs were depicted.

Our next Matilda was a half Scotch, half Saxon princess, who having been brought up as a nun forsook her convent to marry Henry Beauclerk, and thus became queen of England. She, like her forerunner, was good and charitable, and it seems that she never forgot her austere training, for we hear of her wearing rough hair shirts and walking barefoot every day from her royal palace to the new abbey church at Westminster.

This queen was the aunt of still another Matilda, the daughter of the crusader Count of Boulogne and a brave lady herself, for, when she became the wife of King Stephen, she shared with him the hardships and difficulties of his long warfare against still another namesake, the Empress Maud, who, as the daughter and heiress of Henry I., claimed the English throne.

And now we will leave the royal dames and think of a humbler Matilda whose story makes one of the most charming romances in history.

Once upon a time—the tale, which perhaps is only a legend after all, must begin in the orthodox fashion—an English soldier went as a crusader to the East, and there he met and loved a little Moslem maid and was loved by her in return. The soldier was forced to return to England with the red-cross army, but the damsel did not forget, and leaving her native land she set out in search of him, and at last actually managed to reach England.

'Gilbert—London,' those were the only words of her lover's language that she knew, but she repeated them to passers-by as she wandered through the streets of the strange city, and at last, as luck would have it, her quest met with success. Gilbert a Becket was the name of the crusader, and when his Moorish wife had been given the new Christian name of Matilda they were married and lived happy for ever after.

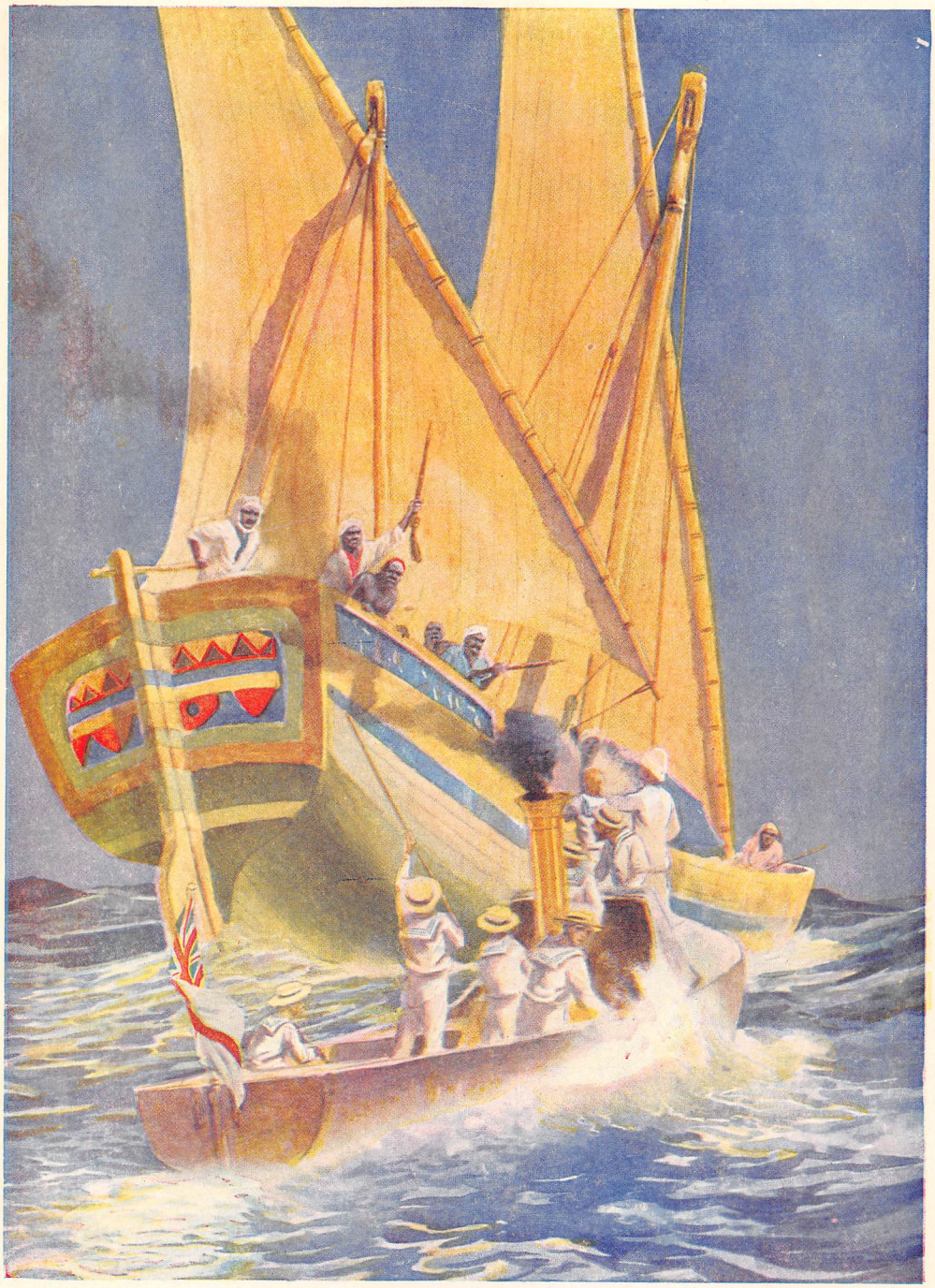
And now, leaving the Olden Days behind, we find our last namesake in the realms of nineteenth-century poetry, for those of us who have read Tennyson's 'Maud,' can never hear the name without thinking of the beautiful lady, with her exquisite face—'Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,' as the disappointed lover calls it—her little head sunning over with curls and her festival robes of sheeny satin.

'Come into the garden, Maud, for the black bat night has flown.' The invitation seems to echo to us from a shadowy wonderland of tall white lilies and clustering red roses, and we hear her name, and with it the names of all the other Mauds of history and romance—repeated in the cries of the rooks, as, on hot summer evenings, they fly homeward to their lofty nests.

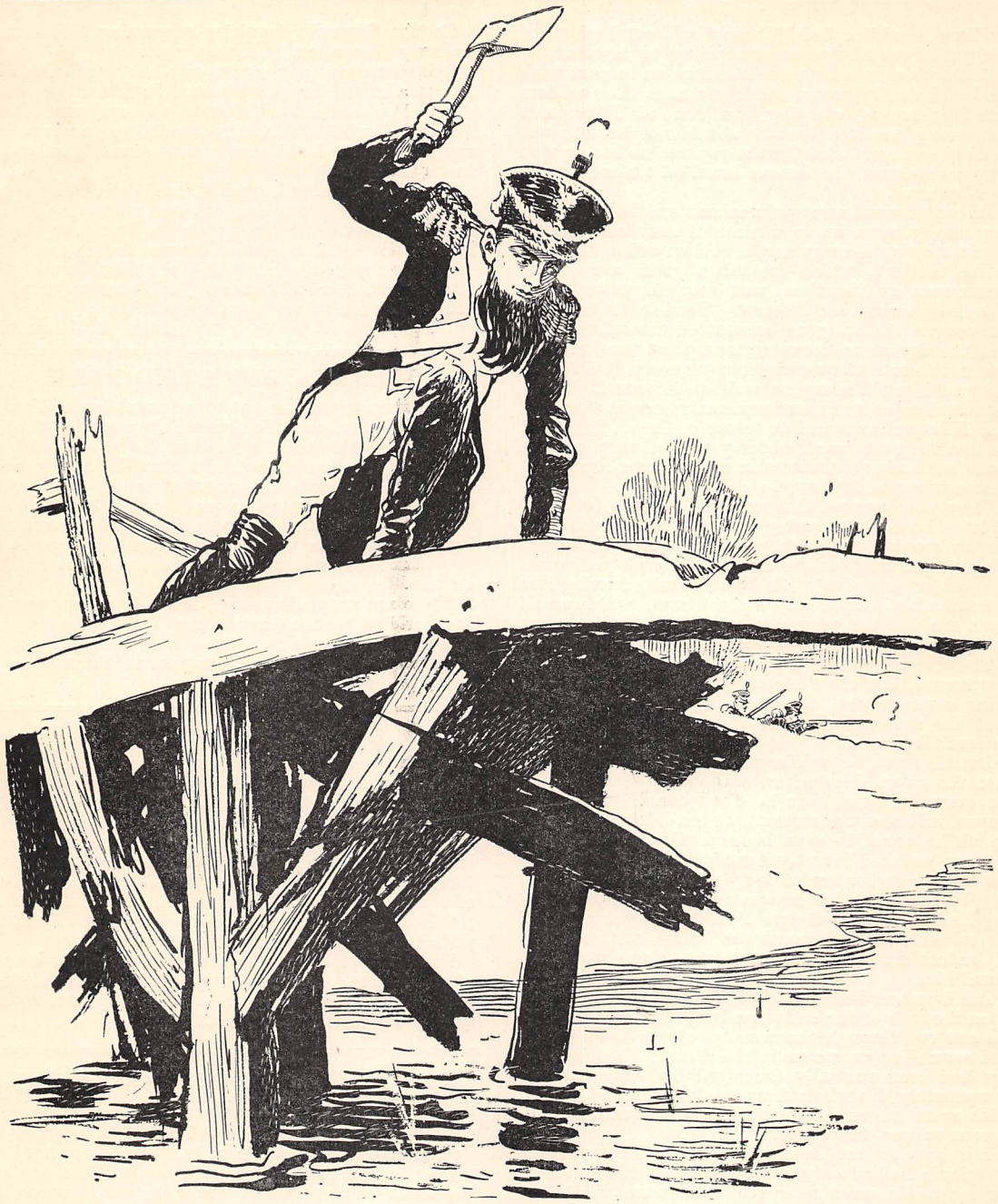
'Birds in the high Hall garden,
When twilight was falling,
"Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,"
They were crying and calling.'

A. A. M.

'Come into the Garden, Maud.'—Tennyson.



A Suspicious Craft



'With a few strokes of his axe cut through the remains of the beam.'

'BILBOQUET,' THE GUIDE OF THE REGIMENT.

(Continued from page 150.)

BILBOQUET was no longer the ridicule of the regiment, he became its pet and pride. The soldiers could not make enough of him and took him about with them when they strolled during their furlough through the streets of the towns they seized.

It was in Smolensk where Bilboquet set eyes upon a shop-keeper who had a most magnificent long black beard which gave him a sudden idea. The merchant noticed the boy staring hard at him and asked in very bad French what he could sell him.

'Your beard,' replied Bilboquet without hesitation, and pulled out his treasured napoleon in payment.

But nothing would induce the Russian to part with his beard and Bilboquet fell into a rage. The soldiers standing round, enjoying the fun of Bilboquet's bargaining, resolved that he should not be done out of the beard, and sent for the regimental barber who very soon shaved the famous beard off the merchant's face by force.

Bilboquet went away triumphant and had his curious trophy sewn on to a piece of ass's skin, afterwards stowing it away at the bottom of his kit.

The incident, which created a great amount of amusement at the time, was soon forgotten when Napoleon arrived at Moscow. Terrible misfortunes came upon the army on account of the intense cold and the devastated country, and there was nothing left but to retreat over the snowy wastes. Each man dragged himself along as well as he could. There remained no order in any regiments save one or two, and Bilboquet's chanced to be one of these. It formed part of the rear-guard, which prevented the Cossacks from butchering the miserable campaigners struggling on the fringe of the army.

They were successful in crossing a small river, and to keep back the pursuing enemy they tried to blow up the wooden bridge they had just crossed. Their efforts were fruitless, for the hurriedly placed barrels of powder exploded with little result, leaving the framework still upheld by a stout beam, which would have enabled the enemy to rebuild the bridge upon their arrival.

The sappers were instructed to hack away the framework, but ere their work was begun the Russians came up and commenced so fierce an attack, that the sappers had to retire, defending themselves as best they could.

But all at once a soldier was seen to throw himself into the river. He had an axe on his shoulder, and his every movement, as he disappeared beneath the waves, indicated the strength of his determination to do all he could to save his comrades. The French soldiers watched intently for him to reappear above the water; and when at length he did emerge, they saw by his beard that he was a sapper who was risking his life to save theirs. A ringing cheer awarded his splendid effort to reach the bridge, whilst a hail of bullets from the Russians struck the water all round him.

Amid unheard-of difficulties he gained a position upon the arch of the bridge, and with a few strokes of his axe cut through the remains of the beam which had seemed so enormous in the distance, but in reality had been partially destroyed by the explosion. Immediately the whole framework of the bridge fell with an enormous splash into the river, and the courageous sapper disappeared from sight.

But he was not dead, as many of his comrades imagined; he had only plunged beneath the waves to appear again quite near the bank upon which the French were standing, watching for him. No sooner was he sighted than the soldiers sprang forward to assist him. There were many joyous exclamations, and hundreds of hands were thrust out to help; even the General came down the bank, and was greatly astonished to see none other than Bilboquet come out of the water with an immense black beard hanging from his chin.

To the General's inquiries concerning this extraordinary decoration, Bilboquet replied:

'Oh, General, do you not recollect promising Bilboquet a cross when there should be a beard upon his chin? You will admit that this is no ordinary beard; I bought it with the twenty-franc piece you gave me, and I am sure I did my best to obtain good value for my money.'

The General was surprised and delighted at the boy's remarkable courage, wit, and cunning. Unpinning the cross which hung upon his breast, he pinned it upon that of Bilboquet, and from that moment the drummer-boy was saluted by the old soldiers of the regiment with friendship, and the Drum-major never again beat the tattoo upon his shoulders.

Caroline L. Johnson.

HOT TEA BUT TEPID BATH.

IT is strange that we can stand much hotter liquids inside than out. For example, we sip tea that is at least forty degrees hotter than the water in a very hot bath. The amount of heat that the human body can stand depends also upon whether it is dry heat or wet heat. Hot air may be very much hotter than hot water without causing inconvenience. You could not bear your foot in water higher than 112 degrees, or your hands in water above, or even as hot as, 120 degrees.

There are people, however, living in many parts of the world where the temperature is much higher than this in the sun, and sometimes even in the shade. In some places it is often 115 degrees in the shade and 140 in the sun.

GIANTS AND DWARFS.

IN Hindustan is a race of giant bees as big as field-crickets. They build honeycombs between six and seven feet in length, and four feet or more in width, weighing from three to four hundred pounds each.

In contrast to these giants are the tiny honey-collectors known as Apic florea. These also are found in some of the East Indian Islands, and on the mainland of Hindustan. Their honeycombs are no larger than a child's hand. The cells are about the size of a small pin's head; honey and wax are excellent.

These dwarf bees build their combs on the branch of a low tree. As they have not to provide for the winter, they stick to their work all the year round, raising broods like themselves.

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 147.)

AFTER one or two attempts, Derrick managed to raise the ladder and get it into position against the wall. It was with difficulty that he suppressed a cheer of triumph; but recognizing the necessity for silence, he refrained from giving vent to his joy; and, lantern in hand, quietly ascended to his cousin's assistance. 'It's stopped raining,' he announced, when he reached the top of the ladder. 'So give me your blankets and pillow, and I'll try not to drop them on the wet ground. Then you can climb over; but be careful, and put your feet exactly where I say.'

Sybil did as she was bid, and, a few moments later, found herself safe on terra firma.

'This way,' said Derrick, taking her hand. 'I came out through the conservatory door, 'cos it's easiest to unlock.'

As he spoke, Sybil's foot knocked against something, and, making a sudden dive, she began to grope in the dark. 'I thought so!' she cried, excitedly. 'Oh, Derrick, I am so glad,' and she picked up—can you guess what?—the electric torch! 'However did it get here?' she wondered, as she restored it to its delighted owner.

'It must have hit the roof and bounced off,' he said. 'Well, it's jolly lucky it's none the worse for it. Why, the glass isn't even broken!'

Then silently they entered the conservatory, locked the door behind them, and crept upstairs. Leaving Sybil in his room, Derrick made a final expedition to the roof to fetch his pillow and blankets; and, when he returned, he found her regarding her own things with dismay writ large upon her countenance. 'Derrick!' she gasped. 'Derrick, just look at the state of my blankets; and my pillow-case is even worse—it looks as if it had been dropped in the mud!'

'H'm. Shouldn't have thought that a roof was as dirty as all that,' rejoined her cousin, carelessly. 'But it doesn't matter, because of course they'll wash.'

'I know that, but don't you see, Jane will wonder why they're so dirty, and ask questions.'

'Well, we'd better keep out of her way for a day or two, till she's forgotten about it.'

'It's all very well for you to say that; but how can I keep out of her way, when she has to brush my hair?'

'Can't you brush it yourself?'

'Yes—but it never looks quite the same.'

'Well, I'll help you.'

'Thank you,' said Sybil, rather doubtfully. She did not like to refuse this considerate offer; but she had private doubts as to whether Derrick's hair-dressing would be any better than her own.

'Well, anyhow, let's get to bed now,' suggested her cousin with a yawn, 'and p'r'aps we may have a better idea in the morning,' and they proceeded to divide the dry blankets, leaving the damp ones in a heap on the floor at the foot of Derrick's bed.

'I'd rather go without a pillow than put my head on this, now I can see what it looks like,' laughed the boy, flinging down his pillow near the blankets.

'So would I,' agreed Sybil, throwing hers on to the top of it; and then, having helped Derrick tuck up his bed, she took her blankets to her own room.

'We'd better sleep in our dressing-gowns,' the boy called after her, 'then we shan't miss the other blanket'; and, in a remarkably short space of time, the two children had tumbled out of their damp garments, and were fast asleep in their little beds.

'Perhaps a bed is rather more comfortable than a gutter, after all—but I suppose we must get up now,' murmured Sybil, sleepily, about eight o'clock the next morning.

'Yes,' agreed Derrick, without making any effort to do so.

'It's your turn to bath first, you know, Derrick.'

'Is it? Then I give it up to you.'

'You can't, if I won't have it.' and Sybil turned over with a yawn. 'I say, we'd better get up, though,' she added suddenly a moment later, 'or Jane will come and call us, and we haven't decided yet what to do about those blankets.'

'That's true,' agreed Derrick, and, after a little more discussion, he consented to bath first. 'Come on, Lazy-bones, your turn now, so no more snoozing!' he cried a little later, as he returned from the bath-room.

'All right!' and Sybil jumped out of bed. Looking through the door that led into Derrick's room, she perceived Cinders, curled up on the heap of bedding on the floor, and went towards him. 'Did you know he was here, Derrick?' she asked.

'No; he must have come in while I was in the bathroom.'

'Why, just look at him!' cried Sybil. 'He's all wet and dirty, poor darling—he must have been out all night. I must dry him,' and she was just about to pick him up, when Derrick caught hold of her.

'No, no!' he cried. 'Leave him exactly as he is. Cinders, old chap, you've justified your lazy existence at last!'

'What do you mean, Derrick?'

'Why, don't you see? Look at his paw-marks all over the pillow-cases—and the blankets, too! He's made a certain amount of the mess, and Jane will think he's made it all!'

CHAPTER XIII.

Punctually at five minutes to nine Miss Hamilton was at the trysting-place, but she had ample time to warm her toes at the log-fire before Derrick made his appearance, followed by Sybil.

'I hope I haven't kept you waiting,' he began, 'but I've been practising the art of hair-dressing on Sybil; doesn't she look nice?'

'No,' replied Mora, candidly, 'you've tied the ribbon too tightly, and I'm sure it must be very uncomfortable! And if, after keeping me waiting for three whole minutes, all you have to say is to beg for compliments about your indifferent hair-dressing, I'm disgusted with you; quite disgusted, so there!'

The children had judged it prudent to avoid the possibility of direct questioning from Jane, at any rate until after the beds were made. Between the two of them they had succeeded in 'doing' Sybil's hair more or less presentably, and now Mora, while she talked, was putting the finishing touches.

'Oh, but that isn't all I have to say,' proceeded Derrick, unabashed; 'there's something much more important, and it's this, ask "Silly Owl" how he slept last night.'

'Derrick!' cried Mora, reproachfully, 'you've not done the deed already then? Why, you promised to let me be in it.'

'Oh, no, I didn't, Miss Hamilton,' said Derrick, firmly, but politely.

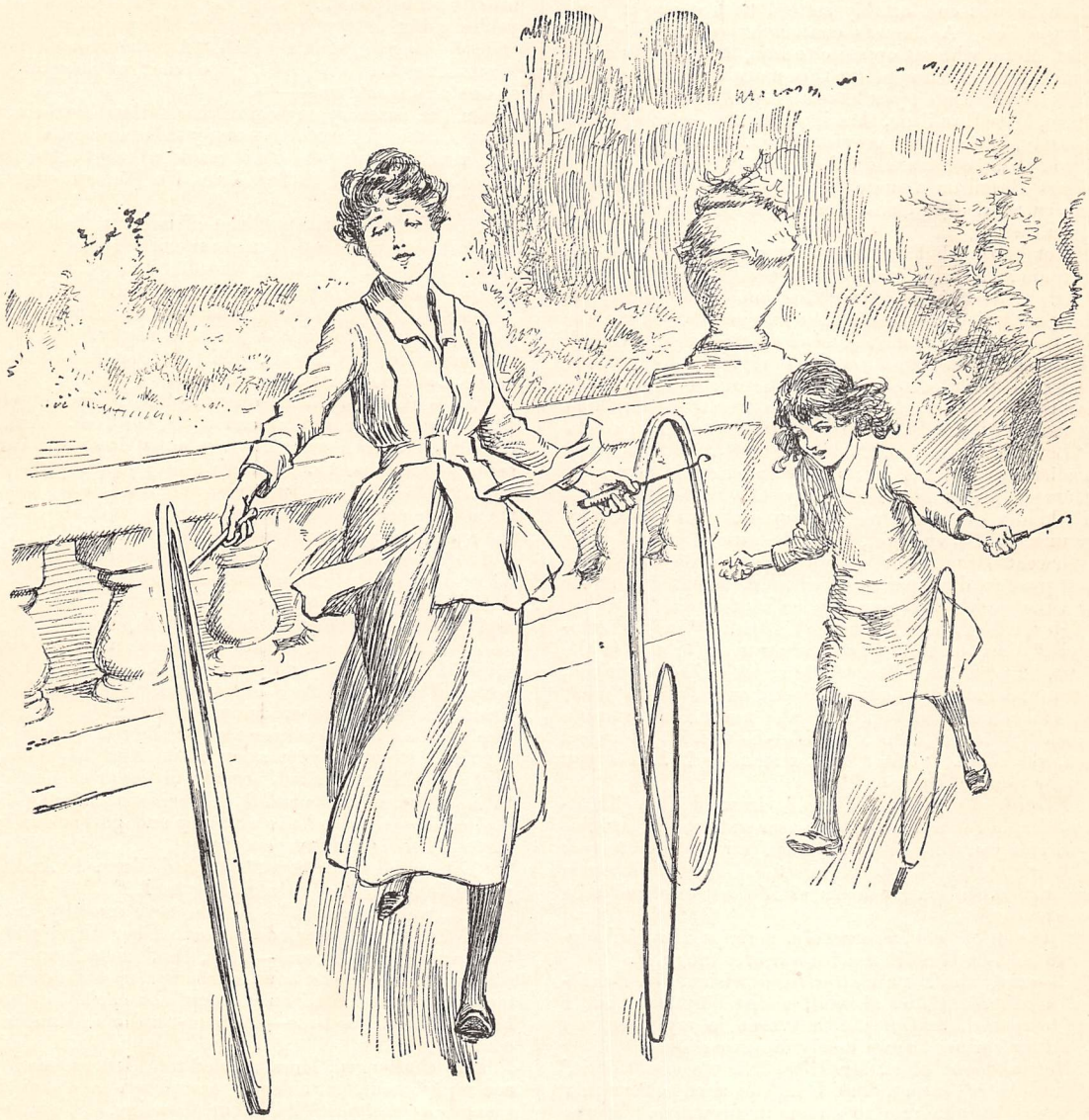
'But it was to tell me all about it that you commanded me to meet you here at 8.55,' persisted Mora.

'I know, and so I would tell you all about it (or anyway most of it) if there was time, but John's just going to sound the gong. Anyhow, it went off awfully well, and we'll tell you sometime. And it'll be more fun for you to hear Silly Owl's version first.'

'Oh, but I want——,' Mora was beginning, when her father and Lady Bouverie were heard exchanging polite good-mornings on the stairs, and the conversation took a general turn.

(Continued on page 162.)

"Be careful, and put your feet exactly where I say.'"



"She had nearly reached the West end of the Terrace."

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 159.)

MR. TILLET-HOWELL was the last to make his appearance, and breakfast was well under way before he was comfortably settled with a cup of very strong coffee. As he was contemplatively sipping the latter, Mora, who sat opposite to him, began, 'You don't seem to have much appetite this morning, Mr. Howell; how's that? Didn't you have a good night?'

'No, Miss Hamilton, that is pwecisely the case,' came the reply, in a slightly peevish drawl. 'How very quick of you to have remarked it.'

Miss Hamilton assumed an expression of interested concern, while Sybil and Derrick, as you may imagine, were all ears.

'Not at all; but tell me what was the cause of the insomnia? Did the goose disagree with you?'

Mr. Tillet-Howell opened his mouth to deny any such possibility; but before he could get a word out, the Colonel broke in, from the head of the table, 'What's all this about a tough goose last night? Hey, what? Disagreed with somebody? Not you, I hope, Miss Hamilton? Must speak to the cook. Hope you didn't eat much of it. What, not tough, after all? Hey, *what?*

'Let me assure you, Colonel Wussell, that the twuly excellent goose was in no way wesponsible for what occurred,' began Mr. Tillet-Howell. 'Miss Hamilton was kindly offerwing me her sympathy on account of my unsatisfactowy night, but the cause of it was vewy differwent fwom what she pwoposed. I defy even the most pwofoun d sleeper to enjoy uninterwupted slumber with the wain stweaming in upon his forwead.'

'Hey, what, what?' from the Colonel. '"Rain streaming in," did you say? Didn't know it *had* rained in the night. I wish the fellow would speak up,' he continued, in an undertone to Lady Bouverie, on his right, 'must have misunderstood him, I think; never could stand a drawl. What's that, Mr. Tillet-Howell?' he called down the table. '*What* kept streaming in? Did you say the rain or the moon?'

'I *said* the wain, Colonel,' drawled Mr. Tillet-Howell, 'but it might be more accuwate to say both.'

'Seems you were right, after all,' said Dick *sotto voce* to Mora. 'If he couldn't tell the difference between rain and moonlight, it looks as if the goose *had* been responsible!'

'Streams of each, alternately, perhaps, Howell,' suggested old Mr. Hamilton, with a hearty laugh.

'*You* may think it a matter for dewision, Mr. Hamilton,' began Mr. Tillet-Howell, a little huffily, 'but I beg to remark that, if you had been in my place, you would have found it extwemely disagweeable.'

'Not a doubt of it, Mr. Howell, not a doubt of it,' rejoined Mora's father, 'but I am surprised to hear that there was enough rain to stream in anywhere. It was certainly a rough night as regards wind, but I did not know there had been much rain.'

'There wasn't,' asserted Dick. 'I took the rain-gauge just before the gong went, and there was practically nothing to record.'

'Then I beg to differ from the wain-gauge,' said poor Mr. Tillet-Howell, with an injured air; and, encouraged by Mora, who expressed an absorbing interest in the topic, he gave a detailed description of his night's experience.

'Oh, never mind your coffee!' exclaimed Miss Hamilton, as he broke off to take a draught of that bracing beverage. 'Do please go on, it's so very entertaining. So you tucked the wet end of the sheet in at the bottom of the bed, and then what, I wonder? That really was an excellent idea, and I congratulate you! Men are usually so helpless . . . Oh, yes, Father, I know what you're going to say' (this to Mr. Hamilton, who was endeavouring to get in a word), "All the *women's* fault for making them so!" And quite true; we do spoil you shamefully, don't we——'

'On the contrary, my child,' her father broke in, '*I* know a little girl who incessantly talks down her aged and venerable sire—and not such a *very* little girl, either! She ought to be ashamed of herself, oughtn't she, Sybil?

'Not a bit!' interpolated the offender, with emphasis.

'And it seems to me that men are not only helpless, but also ungrateful. How can you find it in your heart to reproach me for *anything* when I spent the *whole* of yesterday morning darning your socks? And I never take the trouble to mend my own so neatly.'

'Sometimes not at all, perhaps?' suggested Dick; while Lady Bouverie said:

'Quite right, my dear, quite right. Never let your father wear a sock that can chafe the foot. An indifferently darned one will frequently do so, and cause serious complications. The girls of to-day are usually very heedless in such matters, and remarkably few of them have acquired the art of darning with the skill of their mothers and grandmothers.'

The conversation having thus been turned from Mr. Tillet-Howell's nocturnal sufferings, that injured hero did his best to swallow his grievance with his breakfast, and before long the party broke up, dispersing its members to their various duties or diversions, as the case might be. Mora promptly carried off the children to a secluded corner of the billiard-room and insisted upon hearing without further delay, 'what *really* happened.' She was delighted with the idea of the rose-syringe and Derrick's clever manipulation of it from his point of vantage. He gave a full account of the proceedings up to the point where he and Sybil decided to forsake their sheltered spot behind the chimney and go back to bed. Beyond this he did not venture.

'You pair of monkeys!' laughed Mora. 'And did you have any difficulty in getting back?'

'Em, well, yes, a bit,' said the boy, casually, as he strolled towards the window to avoid her direct glance, 'but we managed it, and—I say, Bill,' he broke off, 'the sun's out, let's go and bowl our hoops up and down the terrace. Miss Hamilton, I know you can't bowl two hoops at the same time—different-sized ones I mean, of course.'

Thus challenged, Mora pleaded total ignorance of the accomplishment, but a desire to acquire it, and the three spent an energetic half-hour bowling, losing, and retrieving iron and wooden hoops of various dimensions. It was, therefore, about half-past ten when Mora, an apt and tireless pupil, succeeded in bowling simultaneously a pair, consisting of an immense wooden hoop and a rather small iron one. She had nearly reached the West end of the terrace, and had the hoops well in hand, when an unexpected encounter with her host and Mr. Tillet-Howell, who came round the corner at that moment, caused her to lose control of them. The wooden one bounded down some steps to her left, as if

choosing this favourable moment for a final escape, leapt wildly across a path, and came to earth on a broad herbaceous border; the while the iron offender made, apparently, a desperate effort to penetrate the glass of the library window, thought better of it, and fell, with that noisy clatter peculiar to its kind, at the feet of the startled Mr. Tillet-Howell—all but tripping him up.

'Weally, Miss Hamilton!' exclaimed that ill-used young man. 'Weally, my nerves are not in a condition this morning to be twied by twicks of this sort'; while the Colonel addressed himself to his grandchildren.

'Look here, you young ruffians,' he said, half playfully, but with a warning frown, 'when I gave you permission to drive these absurd toys up and down here, I understood that you had proper control over them. Derrick, Sybil! Which of you was it that sent that thing down on to the flower-beds? Laker spent no end of time tidying those borders yesterday, and now he'll have to do his work all over again if you keep trampling on them. Go and get the thing as carefully as you can, and don't put it there again. If you do, the game will have to be stopped. Do you hear?'

'Yes, Grandfather,' replied the children, meekly; while Mora hastened to explain: 'Oh, but Colonel Russell, I assure you, *they* never do anything of the sort. It's I who am the clumsy one, because I'm a novice. Sybil and Derrick never spill their hoops about in this ungainly fashion. I feel convinced that they could bowl them round the drawing-room, three apiece, without knocking over a single ornament.'

This with her most engaging smile, but the only rejoinder she elicited from her host was: 'I beg they will not make the attempt.' Then, turning to Mr. Tillet-Howell, who had been regaling him with further details of his disturbed night, 'I think you must be wrong about the rain driving in through the window,' he said; 'the wind, though strong, was hardly fierce enough to carry a mere drizzle as far as your pillow. It has occurred to me that there might possibly be a small leakage in the roof, and——'

'No, indeed, Colonel,' his guest broke in, 'I am convinced the wain dwove in thwough the window, for after I had shut both sashes, there was no more twouble of an active descwiption; though it is hardly necessawy to say that I did not sleep vewy well and awoke with a headache. This did not surpwise me, for bweathing is not inconsidewably hampered by the absence of a fwee circulation of air; and any extwa tax upon the wespiwatory organs in the inhalation of an adequate amount of oxygen will not infwequently cause a pain in the head.'

'Dear me, Mr. Tillet-Howell,' said the Colonel, after a deep breath, 'I had no idea that you had gone so thoroughly into the construction of the internal organs of the body! Now, *I* propose that we go equally thoroughly into the construction of the *external* organs of the house! In plain English, we'll have an investigation of the roof belonging to your part of that wing. I'll send for one of the men. Children!' he called out to Derrick and Sybil, who had retrieved the fugitive hoop and were waiting at the end of the terrace till the way was clear. 'Children, here! I want one of you to run and fetch Thurgood (he will find the mischief if any one can) and tell him to bring a ladder. You'll find him in the vegetable garden, I think; he was there not ten minutes ago.'

(*Continued on page* 174.)

THE BEGINNINGS OF NATAL.

ON July 8th, 1497, four small ships, in charge of the Portuguese mariner, Vasco da Gama, sailed from the mouth of the Tagus, under a royal mandate, to seek the country of Prester John and the King of Calicut.

The Commodore headed southwards. As the little squadron approached the Cape of Good Hope, it encountered such wild weather as seemed fully to justify its name of the 'Cape of Storms.'

By the time Table Mountain was reached the weather had greatly improved, and the ships were able to double the Cape in safety. The Bluff was passed on Christmas Day, and the name Natal was 'given to the fertile country in its neighbourhood in memory of the day of good omen on which it was discovered.'

COMRADES IN ROGUERY.

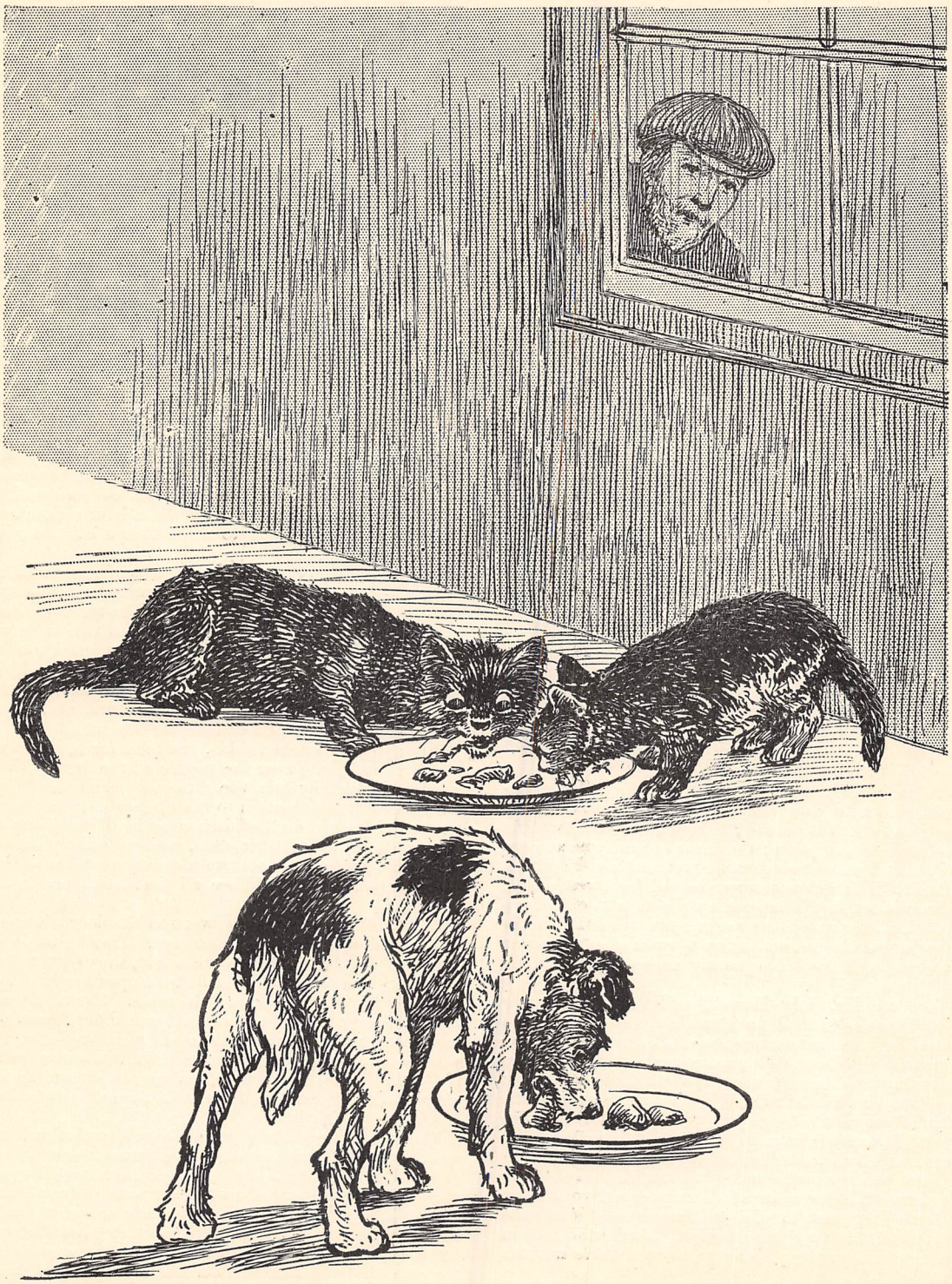
AN artist had a dog and two cats. The dog was very old, very bad-tempered, and very cunning.

One day the cook told the artist's wife that she frequently missed things from the kitchen table, and she was sure that either Judy, the dog, or one of the cats had turned thief. It seemed most likely that Judy was the culprit, but it was difficult to imagine how she accomplished the theft, because she was too old and stiff to jump upon the table, even with the help of a chair and she was not tall enough to reach things off the table from the ground.

The artist was of an inquiring turn of mind, and he set himself to discover which of the animals committed the theft, and how it went to work. The table was near the outer wall of the kitchen and between two windows which had short curtains. There was a good deal of space in front of the table, and a door opposite one of the windows opened into an inner passage leading to the dining-room and other parts of the house, and to an outer door. The artist caused various eatables to be placed upon the kitchen table, and food for the animals to be put in a plate near the middle of the floor. Then he sent his family into the dining-room, giving them instructions not to come into the kitchen until he called them. He stayed in the kitchen until all the animals were gathered round their plate, when he quietly slipped out of the house, and took up a position at one of the windows where he could see all that took place in the kitchen.

When all was quiet, Judy went to the door, listened, and looked up and down the passage. Having made up her mind that there was no one about, she went to the further side of the kitchen, and stood upon her hind feet to get a view of what was on the table. She then went to one of the cats, and chased and pushed her towards a chair under the window. The cat quickly discovered what was wanted, jumped on the chair, and thence on to the table. She seized a bone, and carried it towards the plate on the floor, where Judy took it roughly from her, and began to pick it

The artist immediately gave a signal and a girl ran softly from the dining-room to the kitchen. As the girl approached the door, Judy heard her footsteps, dropped the bone at once, rushed to the cat with a growl, and chased her out of the house for fifty or sixty yards. Judy's object was to give the impression that she was punishing the cat for stealing! She was seen to go through the whole of this deception or parts of it on several occasions.



'Judy began to pick the bone."

"'Hullo!' called Brian, softly, 'what's amiss?'"

OUT OF A JOB.

'NO, I don't want a boy.' The manufacturer passed into the depths of the big warehouse, with never another glance at the pleading face upraised to his, and Brian turned away disconsolately. Where should he go? What should he do?

It was late afternoon; over the river the sun was dropping towards the west, and the boy knew that he

dared not go back to the tiny attic that was his home unless he had at least a promise of work. He had an idea that if he could only stay awhile and see the master again he might persuade him to give him a trial, yet he knew the first man to come down the wooden stairs would turn him out.

All around lay the bales of cotton stacked to the ceiling; through the open door drifted the noise of the great city; but where he stood all was silent and deserted save for the echoing sound of distant feet on wooden floors. Those same sounds were coming nearer: hastily Brian made up his mind and darted behind a pile of bales near. To his surprise he found they were not stacked close, but one a little beyond the others, so that he could climb up and sit there very comfortably, seeing without being seen in the gloom of the warehouse.

He had meant to watch, but had been on his feet all day looking for work and, before he knew, his tired eyes had closed and he was fast asleep.

How long he slept he did not know. When he woke at last with a start it was quite dark save for the moonbeams that came pouring through the dusty windows, making white patches on the floor, and quite silent except for—what was that?—feet on the echoing boards, little feet that ran fast. Brian was not a timid boy; he had lived too long alone for that. But there was something in the sound of those pattering feet that seemed to call him. Down he scrambled from his perch and groped his way up the wooden stairs. At the top he came suddenly on to the big second floor; here, too, the bales of cotton were stacked high; here, too, the pale moonbeams shone across the gloom, but they shone as well on a little figure all in white from head to foot that ran and ran round the big room, now disappearing in the darkness, now flashing white through the streaming moonbeams.

'Hullo!' called Brian, softly, 'what's amiss?'

The little figure halted, choking back a sob to listen.

'Don't be frightened,' soothed the boy, gently. 'It's only me. Here, catch hold and see.' He held out a hand and she ran to him suddenly.

'Oh! oh! I'm so frightened!' she sobbed; 'it's all lonely and dark and Father went away and left me.'

'Why, are you the little girl that came in with the boss?' he asked.

'Yes, and I was exploring about and I didn't know they were going to shut up.'

'But didn't your father know you were here?' asked Brian.

'I expect he thought I'd gone home.'

'Well, don't you bother now, I'll take care of you,' the boy assured her encouragingly. 'Are you cold?'

'No, not very, but I'm hungry,' she sighed.

'So am I, but I've got nothing to eat: let's go and see if we can find a way out.'

'You're a nice boy, I like you, only keep hold of my hand. What's your name?' she asked.

'Brian; what's yours?'

'My real name's Mary, but Father calls me Molly. Have you got a mother?'

'No.'

'Nor have I. Have you got a father?'

'No.'

'Oh! how funny; I have—my Father's a darling. Have you any brothers or sisters?'

'No.'

'Haven't you anybody?'

'No; there ain't anybody who'll trouble themselves about me,' he answered rather bitterly.

While they had been talking, Brian had been going round to all the possible entrances to find a way out, but they were all securely fastened.

'I'm afraid we shall have to stay here until some one comes,' he said at last: he was going to say till morning, but was afraid of frightening her more.

'Some one's sure to come soon,' declared Molly, 'because it must be nearly morning now.'

Brian was not so sure, but he would not say so.

'Look here,' he said, 'suppose you and I climb up here, it's warm and nice; then we can talk till some one does come.'

(*Concluded on page* 189.)

THE AEROPLANE.

THE birds and the beasts are all filled with alarm,
For a strange creature's flying right over the farm!
'What is that?' mewed the cat, as she chanced to look up,
'It's a vulture, I'm certain!' barked Bingo the pup!.
Then the old hen in terror clucked out, 'Chuck-a-chuck!'
'Quack, quack,!, answered back Mrs Waddle, the duck.
'Tell me how,' mooed the cow, 'I can hide from its sight?'
The farm-horses neighed, the lambs bleated in fright.
As they quacked and they clucked such a turmoil was made,
For they barked and they mewed and they bleated and neighed!
But while in the farmyard such terror doth reign,
The farmboy shouts, 'Jane! I have seen it again;
There right over-head! see the swift aeroplane!'

KATHERINE. E. SHERIFF.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE holidays have started,
Cast lesson-books aside,
For children happy-hearted
Should be at Christmastide.
So let us all be merry,
It's no time to be sad,
The season of the berry
Makes everybody glad.

Tho' outside it is snowing,
It's snug and warm within,
We watch the Yule-log glowing,
And raise a merry din.
For we're a lively party
Of little girls and boys,
Our laughter, though it's hearty,
Yet nobody annoys.

And when the lamps are lighted,
The time that we like best,
Fatigued, but still excited,
We toddle off to rest.
But ere our eyes are closing,
Outside the carols sing,
Then peacefully we're dozing
Till Christmas church bells ring.

RIVERSIDE NAMES.

SOME parts of the Thames riverside have pretty names. Limehouse means 'Limehurst,' the 'grove of fragrant limes.' Deptford, where travellers might cross the river, is 'the deep ford.' Now, it seems, we are to have Stepney 'greeting.' To 'greet' originally meant to 'approach,' then to approach *kindly*, to 'welcome.' Stepney claims to be the largest parish in Great Britain, because English sailors say that all children born at sea belong to it.

Talking of riversides, here is a very old riddle which, however, may be new to some of our readers. 'What river runs between two seas?' The answer is: 'The river Thames, because it runs between Battersea and Chelsea.'

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 155.)

BUT there was no need for concern. With its usual unexpectedness Ooma's mood changed. She wrenched at her pony's mouth, and hit it sharply on the side with her cutting whip.

'Do you think I would copy *him?*' she cried scornfully, and shot ahead towards Michael and the little Rajah who were about fifty yards in front; as she ranged alongside of them, they took it as a signal to begin to race. They waited till Frieda was level, and then off the four went with the orderly following discreetly. Right to the gates of the palace they raced. The little excitement put Jai Singh in a better temper.

'Tis bigger than I thought,' he admitted as he eyed the building. The main portion was still standing, though the outer walls were in bad repair and full of gaps. Around the base of the palace was a huddle of outbuildings in which the retainers had once sheltered, some of which were still in fair order. A wing, thrown out at right angles, had been the women's quarters; and in the little courtyard adjoining were the remains of a garden where roses and oleanders still bloomed. The women's rooms were small and close, but in the centre of the palace was a great hall, one wall of which had tumbled down. Opposite, opened a huge archway to which Ooma pointed.

'We go by that to the roof,' she said. And she led the way, across the hall, through the archway, and up a wide stone-paved causeway that led gradually upwards. It was ceiled with stone also, and at intervals were narrow slits of windows through which a little light filtered, enough for the ponies to pick their way. Uneasily, with pricked ears, up they went to emerge on a flat roof, surrounded by battlements. Below and all around the country lay outspread like an open book.

'Look,' cried Ooma, 'there is the city and the fort. You can see for miles and miles.'

She pointed with her whip, but it was almost impossible to follow its direction. The ponies had been fidgety in the causeway; they were almost unmanageable now. They did not like the position, as Ooma had foretold. Even Punch was snorting, sidling, edging against Midnight, half-inclined to kick. It was exciting, but it was also inconvenient. To dismount was of little use. All four strained at the reins, and backed towards the causeway.

'Let the orderly take them down and tie them in the stables,' Jai Singh cried impatiently. 'I want to explore. 'Twas a foolish thing to make a road for a horse to a roof. Who made it?' he demanded, as if Ooma were responsible, while the ponies disappeared one by one.

'Thy great-grandfather and mine,' Ooma retorted. 'Dost thou not know the tale?' But amidst the many stories Soma had told him, for some reason this had not figured, a fact Jai Singh noted for future reference. He liked to tease Soma when he could.

'I wish to hear it now. Tell it, Ooma,' he said, and perched himself on the parapet that ran round the roof, and from which rose the battlements. Ooma, with sudden, surprising meekness, obeyed without further demur. Michael and Frieda had found seats for themselves also. She stood on the roof facing them, looking out at the country beyond.

'He built it when he was old,' Ooma began. 'He was a great warrior and a great horseman. They say he had a hundred horses in his stables, perfect each one. And when he grew too old to fight or hunt, he came to this palace to end his days, and each evening he would ride up the causeway to the roof, and sit in the saddle looking over the country he loved, and think of the men and the beasts he had vanquished. His horse was trained to stand still until it seemed a horse made of stone, I have heard. Thus he would sit for an hour, perchance, then turn and, silent, ride down the causeway again. And none dared speak to him at those moments, for his heart was heavy within him, since never again could he be the man he once had been.

'And then there came an evening when it was plain the end was near; but still he bade them bring his horse and lift him on it. "Rest, Rajah Sahib," they said. But—"I will die in the saddle," he answered, "as befits a warrior." And up the causeway he rode slowly and on to the roof. But it was a dead man that came down again. They did not know it at first, since they dared not question him, till one bolder than the rest crept to his side. He had died in the saddle as he wished.'

'That was a good way to die,' Jai Singh approved, and Ooma nodded. For once at least they found themselves in agreement. It seemed a pity the old Rajah could not return to heal the feud, Freda thought, half in joke, when, almost as if in answer to the thought, Ooma went on:

'Tis said his spirit still comes sometimes at sunset to look from the roof again. I know not if the tale be true.'

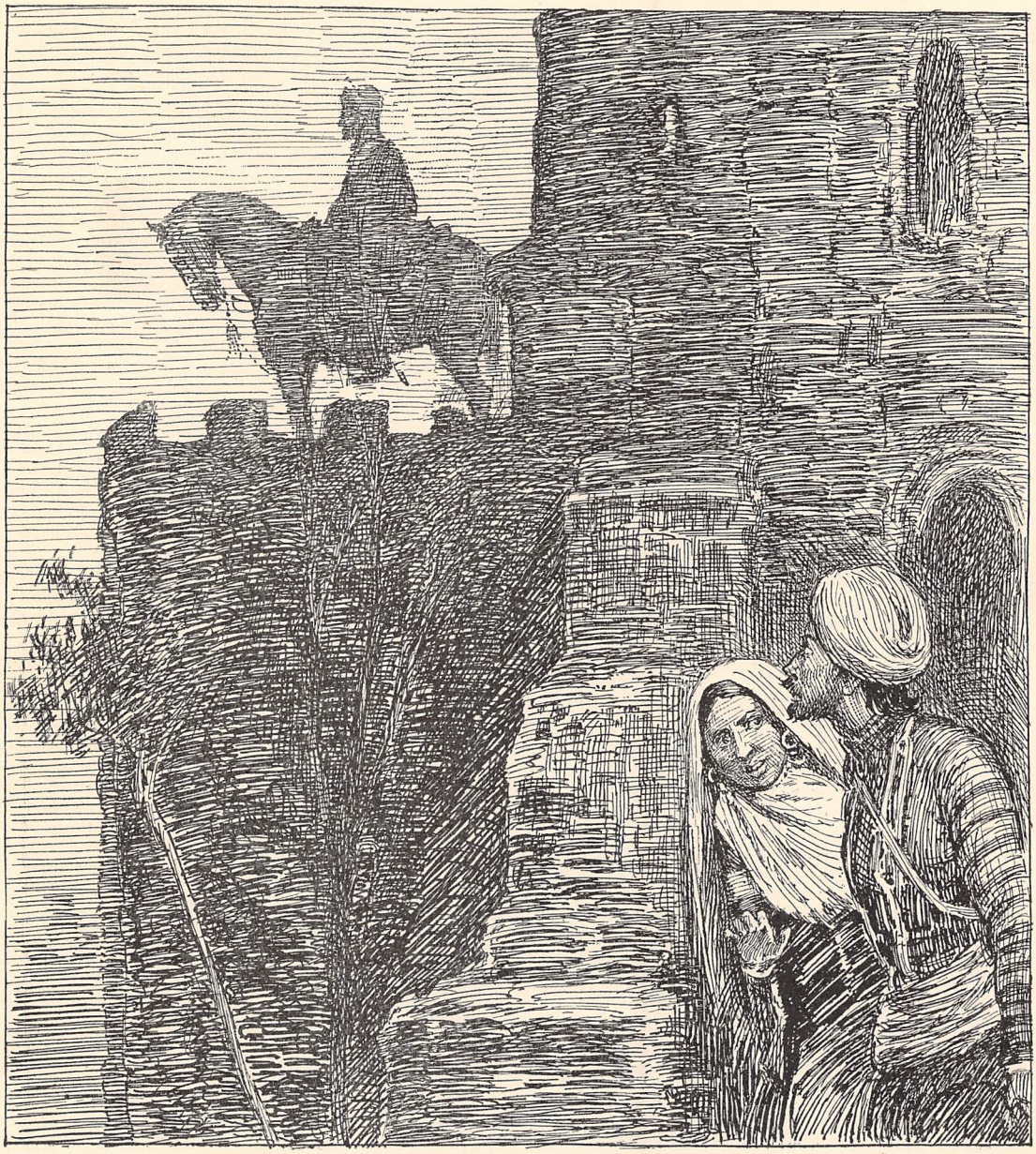
'Has any one seen him?' her three listeners asked eagerly. It seemed too exciting to be possible.

'Dibra told me he had seen him,' said Ooma. 'And Beeja. They lived for a time in an outhouse of the palace when Dibra was shikari to my father. Huge and black he looked, they said, against the sunset sky. Huger than mortal man. On a black horse he sat, and it was huge also.'

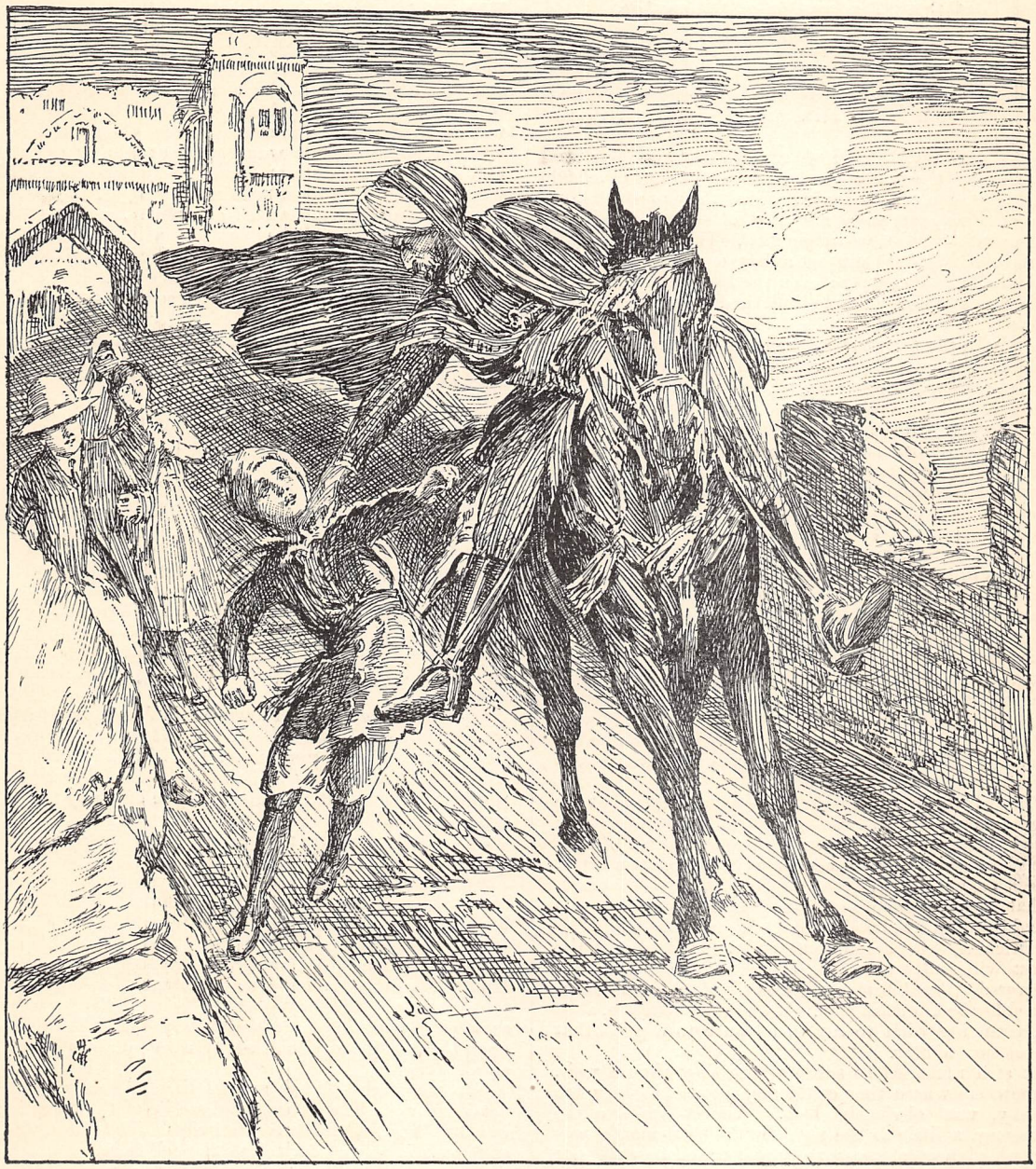
She looked round, evidently pleased with the effect she had produced; then she flung out a hand towards the horizon.

'In an hour the sun will set,' she said. 'Perhaps—who knows?—he will come to-night.'

(*Continued on page* 170.)



"Huge and black he looked, they said, against the sunset sky."



"The rider snatched Jai Singh from the ground."

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' etc.

(Continued from page 167.)

CHAPTER XV.

'WE'LL stay and see him. We must stay and see him,' cried Jai Singh, Michael, and Frieda together.

'We *will* stay,' Jai Singh repeated, firmly. He was in no mood to listen to counsels of caution had Michael or Frieda been cautiously inclined at the moment. But there did not seem to be any real objection to waiting. The orderly was below within hail. The moon was due to rise almost as the sun set; they ought to reach the camp half an hour later; even the Rani would scarcely be anxious, since no time-limit had been set to their ride.

And already the sun was perceptibly lower, and flocks of birds were passing overhead on their way to their roosting-places. From a huge peepul-tree, the leaves of which brushed the palace walls, came a scattering and a chattering. The fruit bats, which had sheltered all day amidst its branches, were about to wing out into the night. Hungry they were, squabbling amongst themselves. From the courtyard a thin wisp of blue wood smoke drifted; the orderly had collected a little bundle of sticks, and had lit a fire for company's sake. And a white mist hung heavy over the ground below. It was a fit setting for a ghost.

But there was still some time to wait before they could hope for the ghost to appear, and there was the whole roof to explore. Though flat it was not all visible at once since it turned at right angles to cover the women's wing. From the furthermost point a still better view of the forest could be obtained, and here Jai Singh lingered, even the ghost for a little forgotten.

'If only we could see through the trees to where the tiger hides,' he sighed. 'See; there is the river like a thread of silver, just beyond.'

'He may have travelled far——' Ooma began, but she checked herself. Still she seemed in a less aggressive mood; anxious, even, not to provoke a quarrel. Could the ghost be influencing her already, Frieda wondered. The idea was certainly attractive if probably absurd. What would Michael say if she suggested that they two should confront the Rajah, and ask for his help?

'Michael,' she began tentatively, 'I wonder if the ghost will really come?' Upon which he promptly answered, 'I'm almost sure it won't.' And Frieda abandoned her half-formed plan. It was very little use, after all, arranging what to say in advance to a ghost that might not appear.

It still remained to settle where they should wait. Somewhere where they could see, yet not be seen too plainly, was obviously best. Almost opposite the causeway, a little to the right by the battlements, was a tumbled heap of masonry behind which they all four could hide. It was Ooma's suggestion.

'This is the place,' she said; and, after a hunt for snakes or lizards, they crouched down side by side.

'How long does the Rajah stop?' Michael asked. It had just occurred to him it might be the ghost's custom to spend the whole night upon the roof, which would be decidedly inconvenient. But——

'He stops a few moments only,' Ooma answered. 'So Dibra told me. They watched him come and go while they counted a hundred at most.'

The sun was so near the horizon now that the shadows were lying like long black fingers across the roof, pointing towards the causeway. The wind was rising a little with the coming of the night, a chilly wind. The queer soft noises of the darkness were gradually growing audible; little rustlings and squeakings, shufflings and whisperings. The old palace was waking to life as the world outside dropped to sleep. Already it seemed far more probable a ghost would appear; almost certain that about the empty rooms and lonely passages those who once had lived there wandered by night. Below, a pony neighed shrilly, startled apparently, and startled the four on the roof. They huddled a little closer together involuntarily for warmth and company's sake. The waiting-time began to seem as long as it had done on the morning of the beat. As eagerly as they had listened for the shouts of the beaters, they listened for the sound of hoofs. Michael, glancing impatiently over his shoulder, saw that the lower rim of the sun had just touched the horizon.

'It's now or never,' he whispered to Frieda. And almost instantly, as if at a given signal, burst out below a rising clatter. It sounded as if a regiment of cavalry were riding round the palace walls, scattering over the country-side till, once more, silence reigned. If the ghost had come, he had gone without climbing to the roof, was Michael's first thought: then, suddenly, he guessed the cause of the commotion, and began to laugh. He could see how pale the others were and was sure he was as pale himself, and for no reason at all he was already certain. But the noise had come so quickly out of nowhere; it had seemed so unaccountable at first, it was scarcely surprising they had all been tricked. As he laughed he looked again over the parapet behind him.

'It must have been our own ponies,' he began, 'and we all thought it was the ghost. How very funny. But how did they get loose? What's the orderly doing? We'd better go and find out. I can't see the ponies anywhere, but I dare say they're half-way to the camp by now.'

It was only then he realised that Jai Singh, Frieda and Ooma were not listening; at least, not to him. They were straining instead to catch a sound that now he heard also. As suddenly as they had ceased the hoof-beats had begun again; but not the hoof-beats of an army, those now of a single horse. Scarcely audible as yet, out of the mouth of the causeway sighed an echo. Up the causeway the horse was coming. Tap-tap, tap-tap. Like a herald before it the echo ran. Already something loomed in the causeway's mouth. Then out upon the roof paced a black-clad rider on a coal-black steed.

The moonlight played around them, revealing each detail clearly. The embroidered saddle-cloth, the reins inlaid with gems, the silver stirrups. The rider was enveloped in a great dark cloak that fell from his turban top to his ankles, almost so that his face was hidden; but huge he looked, huger than mortal man. Slowly the horse paced towards the roof-edge, and there stood motionless, his master motionless also, while four pairs of eyes watched intently, scarcely daring to blink even.

What Michael, Jai Singh and Ooma thought, Frieda could only guess; her own plight was quite enough for her. Her heart was beating in a horrid way somewhere

in her throat, a hundred little fingers were creeping all about her. It seemed impossible she could have planned, even in joke, to speak to the ghost. Its chief, its only merit, lay in the fact that it was taking no notice of her. With relief she remembered it lingered for only a few moments.

But, though the ghost was far more alarming than she had supposed, on the other hand it seemed more powerful now that she had proof of its existence. That it could do what she hoped, as the seconds dragged, she began to feel more and more sure. What would its face be like if she were to see it? How would its voice sound? All horrible and hollow? But if she let this chance slip, what would she feel afterwards? It was too late to consult with Michael. She must decide for herself. She would speak. She *must* speak before she was too frightened. Quicker than the dragging seconds, one impulse followed on another and, suddenly, she jumped up and clambered over the masonry; ran out on to the open roof.

'Rajah Sahib,' she called. She had meant to call loudly, but she seemed to be whispering. She tried again. It was better this time. 'Rajah Sahib, I want to ask you something. I want you to speak to Ooma. Turn. Will you, please, turn?'

What happened next, happened all in a hurried moment. Round at Frieda's call swept horse and rider. Down upon her they bore, before she knew that they had moved, almost before she could gasp. Low the rider stooped in his saddle, reached out an arm across the masonry and snatched Jai Singh from the ground where he lay. From the causeway came a hideous clatter. Gone was the little Rajah, gone was the ghost. For one bewildered moment Frieda thought that thus he had answered her appeal; then Michael was clutching at her arm in wild excitement.

'Oh, Frieda, did you see?' he cried. 'It was Dibra. Not a ghost, but Dibra. The cloak slipped as he lifted Jai Singh. I saw his face plainly.'

(*Continued on page* 182.)

'NAMESAKES.'

V.—HENRY AND ISABELLA.

HENRY is one of the Royal names in history, for in England we have had no less than eight kings of this name, and in other countries they have been even more common, one German State, indeed, having reached its twenty-third Henry before the overthrow of the German Empire after the Great War.

Quantity, however, does not always mean quality, and it must be confessed that some of our own King Henries have been sorry enough.

Henry I. was a bad man and a bad king. Henry III. and Henry VI. were well-meaning perhaps, but weak and inefficient as rulers; Henry IV. and Henry VII. were usurpers who never felt secure on their ill-gotten thrones, and so were in constant dread of treachery and rebellion; while as for Henry VIII.—well, no one surely would choose for their favourite namesake the royal Bluebeard, who beheaded his wives, betrayed his friends, and brought discredit on Church and State alike.

There are, however, exceptions to the line of unsatisfactory Henries in English history. Henry II. was a really great ruler, who restored order and justice after the mischief done by his predecessors. Henry V.—Madcap Harry, as we call him—was a great soldier and, whether we meet him in sober history or in Shakespeare's plays, he is one of the favourite heroes and most attractive characters in our annals.

We seem to see the figure of this popular prince standing out very clearly against the dark background of those mediæval times. Now he is roystering among the wild young apprentices of London city, defying the stern, wise Judge Gascoyne, suffering punishment for his folly, and trying on his dying father's crown in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster.

Later, sobered almost out of recognition by his sovereign dignities and powers, we catch glimpses of him on the field of Agincourt, encouraging his men before the battle, denouncing his traitor friends, or wandering about the camp in disguise, so that he may learn for himself the thoughts and hopes and grievances of his subjects.

We see him, too, wooing the prankish princess, Katherine, in his quaint schoolboy French, and riding in triumph through the streets of London in celebration of his great victory at Agincourt.

That must indeed have been a fine show, but King Henry was destined to take part in an even more impressive pageant, for, after his untimely death in France, his body was brought back to the Royal burying-place of Westminster, and history tells us of the long funeral procession, when great princes followed the stately bier as mourners, and when all the citizens of London, in sable raiment, stood in the doorways of their houses with lighted torches in their hands to pay their last homage to the dead hero.

So much for the King Henries of England but there have been other Royal 'namesakes' who have very nearly reigned over this country, and one who was even crowned, although he never came to the throne.

This prince was the second son of Henry II., and on the death of his elder brother he became heir-apparent. King Henry had other sons, however, and knowing full well the disputes that may arise on the death of a sovereign, he determined to secure the succession by having the boy crowned during his own lifetime. This was accordingly done, the fifteen-year-old Henry being crowned at Westminster by the Archbishop of York.

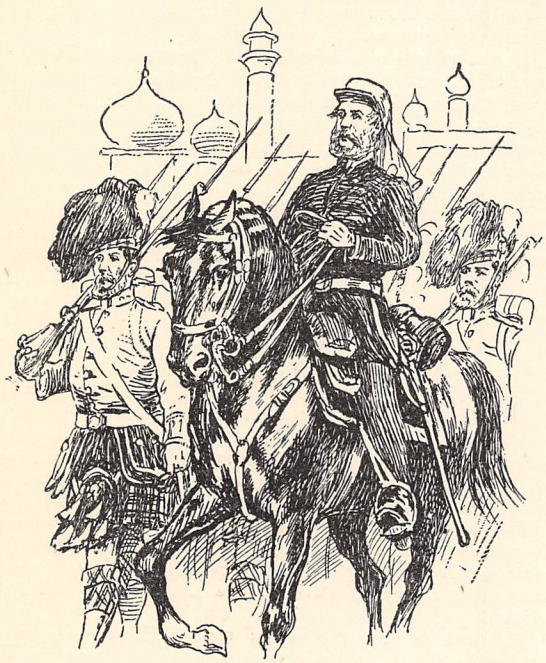
Very soon, however, the troubles which the elder Henry had hoped to avert arose, and the 'Young King,' as he was called, claimed from his father all the rights and powers and privileges which the reigning monarch had no intention whatever of relinquishing.

For many long years the bitterness and hostility continued, but it came to an end with the death of the 'Young King,' when he was still young in fact as well as in title.

We find that on his death-bed Henry repented of his sins and craved for his father's forgiveness, but, in spite of this, one cannot help feeling that, had he ever really reigned, he would only have been another of the base and unworthy monarchs of his name.

A second royal namesake who died before he had any real chance of proving his mettle was Henry, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I., a youth who, according to the writers of the time, was possessed of every charm and talent and virtue, and was, besides, learned beyond his years, well trained in the arts of warfare and unrivalled at all manner of sports and games

Truly an Admirable Crichton among princes, but what he might have been as a king—who can say? He died before he had had time to do any serious work for his country, or to leave a mark on the history of his age. Nowadays, indeed, very few people have ever heard of Henry, Prince of Wales, but in those early Jacobite times he was a popular favourite, and his prowess as a tennis-player was well known. Only lately some ancient



Sir Henry Havelock at the relief of Lucknow.

balls were discovered among the rafters of Westminster Hall, which, so it is thought, had lain hidden there for three hundred years—the lost balls of one of Prince Henry's hard-fought games.

Still another boy who might have been king was Charles the First's third son, Henry Duke of Gloucester, who was kept a prisoner in his own father's realm for many years; while we must not forget the Stuart Cardinal, Henry of York, son of the Old Pretender and brother of the 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' of Jacobite ballad and romance.

Crossing the Channel to France, we meet with a King Henry who, to his own people, was as great a hero as our 'Madcap Harry' himself, and this is Henry IV.—Henry the Great, as he is often called—who, as King of Navarre, married the sister of Charles IX., escaped from the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, which took place during his wedding festivities, and later became King of France himself.

'Paris is worth a mass,' Henry is said to have declared when he decided to forsake his Huguenot creed in order to enter into his great inheritance, and indeed this monarch, brave man and wise ruler as he was, seems to have had little steadfastness in the matter of religion, for he changed his faith again and again as policy or convenience required.

Still another Royal 'namesake' was the Portuguese prince, Henry the Navigator, who, in the fifteenth century, sailed southward, discovering and exploring new seas and new lands.

We have a sailor 'namesake,' too, in Henry Hudson, who, in a tiny vessel manned only by a crew of ten, set out in search of the North-west Passage to India. He did not succeed in this quest, but discovered the coast of Greenland and the great bay which is called by his name. Hudson's life ended in tragedy, for on one of his voyages his crew mutinied, and he, with a few faithful companions, was turned adrift in a small boat and never heard of again.

Other noteworthy 'namesakes' are Henry Fielding, the famous novelist, and Sir Henry Havelock, the gallant soldier who, with his Highlanders, relieved Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny.

In Norman and Plantagenet times, when we first find Henries in England, a favourite woman's name was Isabella. Some authorities tell us that this is really the same name as Elizabeth, but others say that, like Jezabel, it means 'The Oath of Baal.'

Jezabel! We all know the history of that wicked queen of Old Testament days, and it seems almost as if her sinister name had had a baleful influence over the royal ladies who came after her. Both Isabella, the wife of our Edward II., and her kinswoman, Isabella of Bavaria, Queen of France, were evil women who

Isabella (*Measure for Measure*).

were ready to commit almost any crime if by doing so they might increase their own power and further their own ambitions.

A very different Queen Isabella was the little bride of Richard II. who, as old chroniclers tell us, was surnamed 'The Little' because at the time of her coronation at Westminster she was only eight years old.

In spite of her youth and inexperience, however, this Isabella seems to have been a very precocious and self-possessed little person, for when Richard's ambassadors came to France to bring their royal master's proposal of marriage, she said, 'Sirs, an God and my lord my father, be willing that I shall be Queen of England, I shall be glad thereof, for it is showed me that I shall be a great lady.'

Poor little Queen Isabella, however, did not live long to enjoy her dignities, for, as we know, her husband was deposed and murdered, and she herself died after a second marriage, when she was only fifteen years old.

Still another Queen Isabella—and this one must surely be our favourite namesake to-day—is the good and wise Queen of Castile who, in 1474, married King Ferdinand of Arragon, and thus united the two most important provinces of Spain.

Isabella at her lover's grave (in Keats' *Isabella, or The Pot of Basil.*)

At that time southern Spain was still in the hands of the Moors, but the 'Catholic Kings'—as Ferdinand and Isabella were called—as soon as they had set their own dominions in order, determined to reconquer Granada and drive the invaders out of the country.

There were, however, long years of bitter warfare before this great task was accomplished, and during that time good Queen Isabella shared the anxieties and hardships of her husband, and sometimes, even, was present on the field of battle. She was a very enlightened and clever woman, besides being a kindly and sympathetic one, and we find her organizing hospitals for the sick and wounded soldiers, and providing beds, medicines, and food for them at her own expense.

When more peaceful days came, Queen Isabella was free to turn her attention to other matters, and she did much for the welfare and progress of her people. It was she, too, who encouraged and assisted the famous traveller, Christopher Columbus, when even King Ferdinand laughed at his mad project of sailing westward in quest of a new world.

Besides our historical namesakes, there are Isabellas in the realms of romance, and one of them is Shakespeare's heroine in *Measure for Measure*, while another is the fair and hapless lady who, when her lover was slain by her cruel brothers, hid his head in her pot of basil and watered it with her tears. A. A. M.

THE MOONBEAMS.

OH! pretty, pretty moonbeams,
I'd like to play with you,
And sail with you across the skies
So darkly, deeply blue!—
When all the little stars peep out,
Around your moon-boat's way,
While shadows veil the world below
With dim and misty grey.

Oh! pretty, pretty moonbeams,
I'm lying in my bed,
While you go sailing on and on
In peaceful skies o'erhead;
I wish you'd take me on a trip
To see strange lands afar,
And waft me in your silver boat
To see each shining star!

Oh! pretty, pretty moonbeams,
That fall on flower and tree,
If only I could come with you,
How lovely it would be!
But I'm afraid when Nurse comes up,
She'll shut the shutters tight,
And say it's time I shut my eyes,
So moonbeams, dear—good-night.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

A CLEVER BLIND MAN.

WE are all of us interested in the great skill achieved by so many of our blinded heroes in various arts, but probably few of them will be able to rival the deeds of the famous 'Blind Jack of Knaresborough,' who was born in that Yorkshire town, famous for its 'dripping well' or 'petrifying well,' its fine old castle, and its connection with the story of Eugene Aram.

Jack was born at Knaresborough in 1717, and died at Spofford, in the same neighbourhood, in 1811, having thus reached the age of ninety-four. He lost his sight at the age of four, but displaying a taste for music in his very early childhood, he was taught the violin, and when he was older he used to play at the 'Queen's Head,' Harrogate, for many years. Strange to say, he was the first person to start a wheeled carriage for the conveyance of people to and from places of amusement in the neighbourhood of that famous spa, where, long before the days of railways, invalids and people of fashion came to drink the waters, just as they do to-day.

In 1745 he engaged to serve as a musician in Colonel Thornton's Volunteers, and was taken prisoner at the Battle of Falkirk. He was soon released, however, and returned to Knaresborough, where he set up as a carrier between that town and York; and afterwards served as a guide, by day or night, over the bad and intricate

roads of that period, through thick forests, and over snow-clad moors. He also loved to go hunting, either on foot or horseback.

Strangest of all, for more than forty years he acted as a sort of architect and surveyor, making high-roads, building bridges, houses, and gates. His plans were made in a peculiar method which he invented, but he could well explain his meaning to other people. Armed with a long staff, he would climb steep crags or descend into deep valleys, investigating the condition of the land, its form, the obstacles to road-making, &c. He is said to have been extremely clever in these ways.

Blind Jack married, and left four children, twenty grandchildren, and ninety great-, and great-great-grandchildren. His real name was John Metcalf.

M. E. S.

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 163.)

AT the word 'ladder,' an uncomfortable thrill ran through both children, for the same thought occurred to each. Have you forgotten, readers, as they had, that there was already a ladder leaning against the wall of the West Wing? Derrick had fully intended to procure the services of Joe in restoring to its place against the hay-loft the ladder which he had removed with so much difficulty during the night. Boys, however (and girls, too, for that matter), have a faculty of forgetting to do things which they feel afterwards they would give all their pocket-money to have remembered. And so it was now with the cousins.

Explanation being highly undesirable, the only alternative was to carry out their grandfather's command. And yet, *was* it the only alternative?

As the children ran off, Sybil panted in an agonised whisper to Derrick, 'But the ladder, Derrick, *your* ladder! It's *there still*, isn't it?'

'I know it is; but I wasn't going to say so, you little ass!'

'No, I didn't *mean that;* but whatever are we to do about it?'

'There's only one thing we *can* do, that I can see, and that's only a dog's chance! Still, it *is* a chance and we must take it. *You* go and find Thurgood (Grandfather didn't say run your fastest, so you needn't, *quite*) and give him the message. We weren't told to tell him to hurry; but still, of course you mustn't tell him *not* to. In the meantime I shall run all I know and fetch Dick; he went up to the ring, I believe, to box with Captain Mitchell, and perhaps he will be able to move our ladder out of the way in time.'

So saying, the boy separated from his cousin, made his way with all possible speed towards the boxing ring, and, on coming full tilt round a bend, ran head foremost into Captain Mitchell.

'Here, hold hard, old chap,' remonstrated the Captain, 'and don't make a hole in my waistcoat—if you can help it! But, by Jove, your head's hard enough!'

'Awfully sorry!' gasped Derrick; 'but I was in a hurry to find Dick. Where is he, please?'

'No idea! That's just what I want to know, myself.'

'But I thought he went up to the ring, to box with you; he said he was going to, didn't he?'

'He did; but, when I reached the ring, there was no sign of him—must have disappeared down a rat-hole, I think.'

'Oh, dear!' And Derrick, flushed and excited, began to dance with impatience.

'Come, keep your hair on, old man,' said Captain Mitchell, 'and we'll try to find him.'

'But you don't understand!' cried the boy. 'I *must* have him *at once.*'

'My dear fellow,' began the Captain, soothingly, 'since he's not on the spot, it isn't possible to have him at once. Come, be reasonable, and we'll go and look for him together.'

Derrick was still prancing excitedly. 'By the time we've found him it will be too late!' he lamented. 'Oh dear, I wish I was as strong as he is.'

'As strong!' echoed Captain Mitchell. 'Why, what is it you want him to do? And, as you can't find him, couldn't I help you instead?'

'Oh! I never thought of that. Can you carry ladders?'

'Ladders! How many, and how far?'

'Only one; but it's a big one and dreadfully heavy. I can only *just* raise it up and I can't move it at all—at least, I mean, not the ordinary way, and my way takes much too long.'

'Well,' said the accommodating Captain, 'I'm a bit taller than you, so we'll see what I can do. Between the two of us, I shouldn't wonder if we could carry it quite easily. But why this unseemly haste?' as Derrick seized his arm and began hurrying him back towards the house.

'Because the ladder's against the West Wing, and if we don't get it right away in five minutes or less, I shall get the worst blowing up I've *ever* had—and most likely Sybil will too.'

Fully aware now of the urgency of the case, Captain Mitchell made all haste to the West Wing and, to Derrick's amazement, hoisted the 'dreadfully heavy ladder' on to his back with an apparent facility only to have been expected from such a hero as Dick.

'Now, sir, what are your next commands?' he laughed. 'Do you desire me to transport this treasure up to the ring or to plunge it into the lake?'

'Oh, not the lake; it would make far too much splash! All the same, I shouldn't mind if I never set eyes on it again.'

'You speak bitterly, my friend. I wonder what you two little scallywags have been up to! Whatever it is, I've constituted myself accessory to the crime, and am now liable to the same penalty. And, if I mistake not, here comes our judge.' For at this moment the Colonel's voice became audible.

'I wish Thurgood would be quick with that ladder,' he was saying to Mr. Tillet-Howell and the Hamiltons, who, after waiting some minutes on the terrace, had decided to walk round to the West Wing. 'Perhaps he's gone the other way and we shall find him there before us.'

Captain Mitchell and Derrick, realising that they must inevitably come face to face with the speaker, exchanged glances. Derrick felt that, after all, things were against him, but the Captain saved the situation. 'It's all right, Colonel,' he said briskly, '*here's* a ladder, I'm just bringing one. Let's see,' turning to Derrick, 'where did you say it was to be put?'

'Great Cæsar!' exclaimed the Colonel, 'what will

the boy do next! Half-a-dozen gardeners on the place and he must needs ask one of my guests to fetch and carry for him—unmannerly young cub that he is!'

'No harm done, Colonel, I assure you,' proceeded Captain Mitchell. 'I heard something about a ladder being moved and I'm willing to carry it anywhere you like—no need to take the men off their work.

'You're very good,' returned his host; 'well, if you really mean it, will you just bring it back a little? You've come rather too far. That's right,' he continued a moment later, as the six of them came to a standstill under Mr. Tillet-Howell's window. 'Put it here, please; and when we've got hold of Thurgood, we'll soon see if there's a leakage.'

'Why wait for Thurgood?' queried old Mr. Hamilton, who had previously joined the party on the terrace. 'Here's Derrick pining for a chance to prowl about the roof like a tom-cat.'

'No, no,' said the Colonel, with decision; 'he gets into mischief enough on terra firma; don't suggest a new field of action, pray!'

At these words Captain Mitchell could not forbear a searching glance at Derrick, whose face was unusually flushed; but then, when one has been running as fast as he had, it is natural to look a little hot and uncomfortable.

'I'll go and help Sybil find Thurgood, and hurry them up,' he said, fearing penetrating glances from the rest of the party; and, on the Colonel's signifying his approval, he ran off. In a minute or two he met Sybil with Thurgood, who was carrying a big pair of steps. 'I come as quick as I could, Master Derrick,' he said, 'but the ladder I was a-reckonin' on seems to ha' disappeared like, and the others is hup at the farm. But if it's the roof o' the West Wing, like as not I can git hup on it from these 'ere steps.'

'Oh, it's all right about the ladder, Thurgood, we've got it. Captain Mitchell's been helping me; it's only you Grandfather wants now.'

'Very good, Master Derrick,' and, leaving the steps, the three hurried to the scene of action. When they arrived, they found that Captain Mitchell had mounted the ladder and was calling down: 'Well, there doesn't seem to me to be any hole or anything; but then, I don't pretend to be an expert. Ah, here's the gardener, perhaps he'll be more successful.'

Thurgood immediately joined the Captain, but, after a thorough investigation, endorsed the report that there was nothing amiss with the roof. 'No, sir,' he said to his master, 'there's nothing amiss up aloft; everything's as it should be, sure as slugs is slugs; no drain stopped up, no leakage, no nothing.'

'You don't think it necessary to send for the man from Dunsford, then, since you are so positive?'

'What, Swales, sir? No, sir, indeed I don't. And what's more, sir, Swales himself is away from home, sir; gone to Taunton to settle up things for his sister, who was left a widow last week. And as to that man of his—well, sir, I knows his work a sight better than he does.'

'That's true, Thurgood, you do; I've not forgotten what a business we had last winter, when that pipe burst, and what a fool the fellow was over it. Well, well, Mr. Tillet-Howell, it seems you were right after all, and the rain *did* blow in from the window; though how it succeeded in reaching your pillow, I don't pretend to explain. Not likely to occur again, I think; but, if it should, the best remedy will be to move you to the other side of the house.'

So saying the Colonel strode off, followed by Mr. Tillet-Howell and old Mr. Hamilton, who was heard muttering as he went: 'No notion how it occurred, no notion.'

'*I* have a pretty strong notion,' murmured Dick, half to Captain Mitchell and half to himself. He had joined the group during Thurgood's inspection of the roof.

'Have you?' queried the Captain. 'Can you get to the bottom of it?'

'I *could*,' asserted Dick, and then added, meditatively, 'but I don't think I'm going to try.'

'How's that?' What should you say was the cause, then?'

'The kids, of course.'

'What makes you think that?'

'Derrick's face. And yours, too, now I come to look at it! Yes, that's it. They've been up to mischief again, and you're shielding them; and you could tell me more than I can tell you, if you would.'

'Ah, if I would!' laughed Captain Mitchell. 'But no, you are wrong as it happens, old chap,' he continued, for I couldn't tell you much, even if I would. At present I only know enough to make me want to know more. But if you're so sure you can find out, why don't you? You wouldn't be bound to tell your grandfather.'

'No, but I should be bound to pitch into the kids. Somebody's got to see they're taught the difference between right and wrong, you see,' apologetically, 'and I've given them rather a hot time, lately, poor little beggars.'

'I see. Well, I believe Derrick would give me the whole story out of gratitude for my coming to the rescue. In that case I could tell you, and, if they don't know you've heard about it, of course you needn't pitch into them.'

'What a low, mean, and dastardly plot!' exclaimed a voice behind them, and, looking round, they saw Miss Hamilton, who had come up after parting with the children. The conspirators broke into a hearty laugh. 'Ah,' continued Mora, with mock gravity. 'You may well try to carry it off with a laugh; but it's no good, for I shall certainly warn Derrick to swallow his gratitude and divulge nothing.'

'Taking care to extort the story from him yourself, as the price of your warning?' suggested Captain Mitchell.

'No need for such an act of diplomacy, considering that I know it already,' was the unexpected rejoinder.

'What——' began Dick, but was interrupted by the Captain, who held up a warning hand.

'No, no, Dick, don't fall into her trap. She's only bluffing us in the hopes we shall divulge the little we do know. But it's no good, Miss Hamilton, it won't work!'

'As you please,' observed Mora, with a disdainful shrug. 'The fact that you are so unchivalrous as to doubt the word of a lady is a matter of indifference to me, and does not in any way detract from my enjoyment of Derrick's account of a very excellent nocturnal prank.'

And so saying, she walked off with the honours of the field.

(*Continued on page* 178.)

"Derrick ran head foremost into Captain Mitchell."

"'What are you two going to do this afternoon?'"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 175.)

CHAPTER XIV.

ONCE satisfied that no further investigation was to be made into the cause of Mr. Tillet-Howell's disturbed night, the children's thoughts reverted to Rufus, whose very existence had been fo gotten during the exciting sequence of events. It was Sybil who remembered him first, and, as they parted from Mora, under the West Wing, she dragged her cousin by the sleeve and whispered, 'Derrick, here! We've forgotten all about Rufus's food; how dreadful of us! And now we shall hardly have time to get there and back before lunch.'

'Oh, yes, we shall,' said the boy, reassuringly, 'but we'd better buck up. We *must* go this morning, because Howe's expecting us; we said we'd go down early, you know, because of that stew going bad and having to be chucked away. And Rufus will be so hungry if we wait till this afternoon. Come on, let's go and see what Timpie's got.'

Mrs. Timmins had already filled the tin can with some mutton bones and a remnant of barley broth over from the servants' dinner the previous day; and, seizing this dainty repast, the children hurriedly thanked the housekeeper, and off they scampered through the wood.

Rufus greeted his little master and mistress with his usual demonstrations of joy, which, as his leg grew steadily stronger, became daily more overwhelming. It was now four weeks since the fracture had been set, and the patient's progress during that period would have done credit to a more skilful surgeon than Derrick.

'I say, how he does jump about now,' observed the boy with satisfaction, as the dog, shaking himself free after a vigorous brushing from Sybil, began to prance up and down in front of them. 'I say, Howe, I believe his leg's nearly all right.'

'Seems to be getting on that way, Master Derrick,' the old man acquiesced. 'He's asking you to take him for a run, sure he is.'

'Of course he is; but there's no time now, more's the pity,' and, all unwillingly, the children tore themselves away.

'I wish we could stay with him all day!' sighed Sybil, with a parting backward glance. 'What a bother lunch is, isn't it?'

'No,' said Derrick, with conviction. 'It's a very comforting invention. Having scares all the morning makes one jolly hungry, *I* find.'

'It isn't the scares themselves,' argued Sybil; 'they're very *un*hungrifying things; the appetising part is knowing that they only *were* scares.'

'Perhaps so. Anyway, it's the narrowest escape we've ever had, and *I've* come to one conclusion.'

'What?' asked Sybil, obligingly, for it was clearly expected of her.

'That we don't have any more revenges for a *very* long time, if ever.'

'We won't,' agreed Sybil. 'Ought we to feel sorry that we had this one, do you think, Derrick?' she added, after a moment's meditation.

'Perhaps we ought, but I don't. I only said we wouldn't have another,' replied her cousin. 'All the same, I don't mind *you* feeling sorry, if you like,' he added, magnanimously.

* * * * *

'What are you two going to do, this afternoon, by way of keeping out of mischief, for a change?' asked Mora of the children, after lunch.

'Help ourselves to sheets and sheets of Grandfather's foolscap paper, and write out: "Little boys and girls should not play tricks on their elders and betters," for several hours, until we feel properly chastened,' answered Derrick, promptly, with mock gravity.

'Good!' laughed Mora. 'I'll join you, and write: "And big girls should not bowl iron hoops under Honourables' feet, nor wooden ones on flower-beds." That's more words than yours, so I shan't have to write it so often!'

'I say, Miss Hamilton, it was awfully decent of you to say what you did to Grandfather about the hoops, but you made us out much cleverer than we are. Sybil's best at it, but even she can't do more than two at once, can you, Bill?'

'Never tried,' said the child; 'and we'd better not, at present; we shall have to be dreadfully good for at least a week,' she concluded, with a sigh.

'What, out of gratitude to Providence for sending you a deliverer in the shape of Captain Mitchell?' laughed Miss Hamilton.

'Yes. What *would* have happened if Derrick had been half a minute later in finding him?'

'Well, they'd have seen the ladder against the West Wing (I didn't know you got up that way; I thought you said you scrambled out of a window or a skylight or something), and the ladder would have told its own tale, and your grandfather would have said . . . Derrick, what *would* he have said, I wonder?'

'He would have cried, "Havoc! and let loose the dogs of war!"' declaimed Derrick, striking an attitude which he considered to be characteristic of Mark Antony.

'Bless the boy, hark at him quoting from *Julius Cæsar!* Sybil, can't we continue in the same strain? Yes, I know—"Beware the Ides of March," or, rather, beware the looks of Dick! For *he* does *not* seem inclined to let the matter rest where it is, and he gazed very searchingly at you two when Silly Owl maintained that the rain came through the window.'

'And beware the words of Jane,' sighed Sybil, as Miss Hamilton moved off in answer to a call from her father. 'I couldn't escape her before lunch; she caught me and insisted on brushing my hair, though it *really* wasn't very untidy.'

'What did she say?' demanded Derrick.

'Oh, I took your advice and talked hard the whole time, even when she was tugging at the tangles, so that she hadn't a chance to say much. I asked after *all* her little brothers and sisters, and their ages and how tall they were. I knew their names before.'

'*That* was a good move! I'll bet she was so pleased that she forgot all about the dirty blankets.'

'No, she didn't. As I ran off, she called out after me that we were to keep "that there cat" out of the bedrooms, and that if she hadn't found him where she did, she'd have thought we'd been having pillow fights in the garden.'

'Oh, well, that shows that Cinders *has* saved us, then. Good old fellow, we'll make him a Victoria Cross!'

'Much good that'll do him,' said Sybil; 'a *Jane cross* has been more than enough for him already. I'm afraid she must have slapped him . . . and it's us that ought to have been slapped.'

'So it is. We must make up to Cinders for that; we'll give him the little ginger cakes Timpie was making for our tea. He loves them, and so do we, so it will be quite good of us.'

According, at tea-time Cinders was fêted, a ceremony which he thoroughly appreciated. He sat in state upon a chair placed between those of his owners, and drank his milk with his front paws on the table, instead of having his saucer on the floor, as usual; tit-bits of well-buttered toast were lavished upon him, and he partook, without stint, of crumbled ginger cakes. In fact, he received ample compensation for the supposed chastisement, which, moreover, was destined to remain a matter of conjecture.

After the meal, Cinders having decided to sleep off the effects of the feast, and Derrick being deep in Henty, Sybil betook herself to the smoking-room in search of the *Daily Graphic*. At this hour the smoking-room was usually deserted for the drawing-room and billiard-room, and she was therefore startled at being accosted on entering by some one's saying, 'Hullo, what is it? Want anything?'

It was Captain Mitchell who was occupying two chairs in front of the fire. 'Only the *Daily Graphic*, if it's here, please. I'm so sorry I disturbed you.'

'And I'm so glad. Please stay and go on disturbing me, for this is the silliest novel I ever picked up.'

So saying, he threw it dexterously on to the window-seat, and held out his hand.

A Captain Mitchell, who made no attempt to get up, but lounged in easy-chairs before the fire, was a new Captain Mitcheli altogether, and the child feared he must be ill. 'Please is there anything the matter?' she asked, timidly. 'I'm so sorry.'

'What for? It's all right. Come and talk to me. There's plenty of room for you on the arm of this chair: or you can sit in the other one if you prefer it, and if you'll take care not to jog my knee.'

'There! It's not "all right," then!' cried Sybil. 'I *knew* something was the matter. When did you hurt your knee? What have you done to it? Ought it to be put in splints do you think? If so, I'll fetch Derrick; he's simply splendid at them.'

Captain Mitchell with difficulty suppressed a smile, and declined the offer of splints as politely as he could, explaining that he had merely put his knee out while boxing in the afternoon, and was 'just giving it a rest.'

Sybil looked horrified. 'Did Dick do it, then?' she gasped; but added hastily, 'of course he couldn't have, though, because he never hits below the belt.'

This time the Captain was unable to suppress his mirth. 'It's not a case of hitting at all, old lady,' he explained, with a laugh, 'you don't put out a knee like you do an eye, you know! I turned quickly, and gave it a bit of a wrench, that's all. I had a game leg once before, so I ought to have been more careful.'

'Oh, dear!' sighed Sybil, sympathetically. 'Didn't it hurt dreadfully?'

'Not after Dick helped me shove it in again; and I dare say it will be quite all right by to-morrow.'

I *do* hope it will, or you won't be able to hunt. It's *our* Meet, you know, at Limborough Cross; and it's the only time Derrick and I are allowed to follow.'

'Is it? Then that settles it; my knee's just *got* to be all right.'

'Is there anything I can do?'

'Yes, rather! Talk me into a good temper.'

'But you're not in a bad one.'

'Don't you think so? Perhaps I am, only I don't show it. Anyway, there's no knowing how long I shall remain amiable. People with groggy legs invariably become insupportably irritable when not judiciously treated; so you'd better begin at once.'

'Begin what, please?'

'The judicious treatment.'

'How?'

'Oh, that's for you to decide. By-the-bye, wouldn't this be rather a good opportunity for Macaulay's *Lays*? You promised you would recite them to me some time, you know.'

(*Continued on page* 190.)

THE ROMANCE OF SHIP-BUILDING.

VII.—SHIPS ON RIVERS AND LAKES.

IN previous chapters we have confined ourselves almost entirely to the subject of ocean-going ships, but it must not be forgotten that many types of vessels, large and small, are built for use on rivers and lakes.

The people living in a land through which a river flows have, from the earliest times, made good use of it.

The Egyptians, for instance, built large boats, propelled by oar and sail, to navigate the Nile. In less civilised lands, canoes made from a large tree-trunk, or coracles, were used. Barges have been in use for centuries, carrying goods up and down rivers, through locks into canals, sometimes to emerge on to another river, travelling several hundred miles before unloading her cargo.

These were poled or towed up-steam, until, with the invention of steam, the tug appeared on the scene.

The tug is a small, squat vessel, very heavily engined for her size, this enabling her to take a whole string of barges in tow, with a great saving of time.

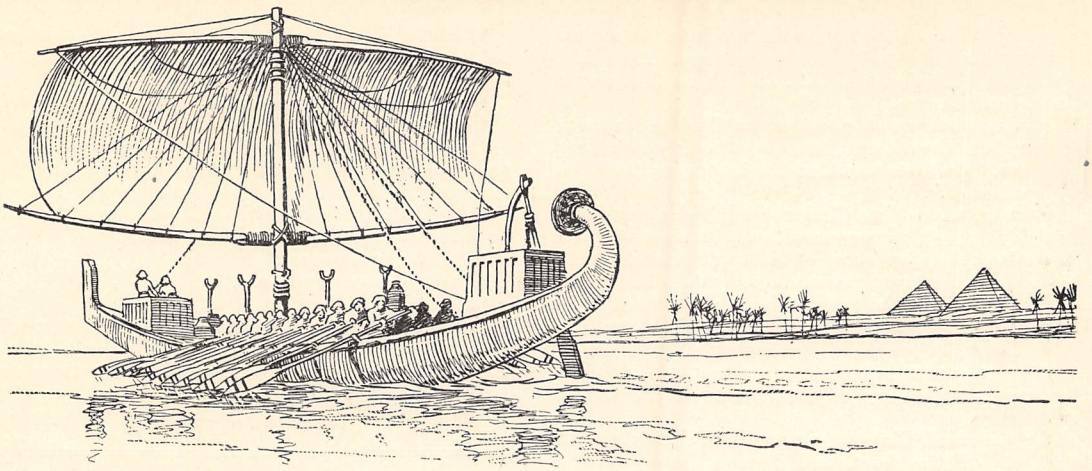
Some of the latest tugs for river and canal navigation are worked by motor instead of coal, and some barges are fitted with motor or steam engines, so that they can travel independently of tugs, or even tow one or two ordinary barges themselves.

Different types of vessels have been designed for use on various rivers. Where the river is swift and deep, heavily-engined vessels are required to contend with the current, which is often so strong that a rowboat would make no way against it.

In many far-away, and particularly, tropical lands, the rivers are, on the contrary, so shallow that an ordinary boat would not be able to go very far before running aground on a sandbank. For such rivers the boats used are flat-bottomed and with little or no keel. The methods of propelling such boats vary from sail, punting, and even paddling, to the modern steam or motor engine.

The first shallow-draught steamers used to have paddles, placed on either side, as in a sea-going ship, but later the paddle was placed at the stern, which gives a very quaint and out-of-the-way appearance to the boat.

Shallow-draught steamers have been of immense use, both commercially and for military purposes. The latest gunboats have abandoned the paddle for the screw,



"The Egyptians built large boats to navigate the Nile"

though the paddle has so far been retained for most passenger and cargo boats.

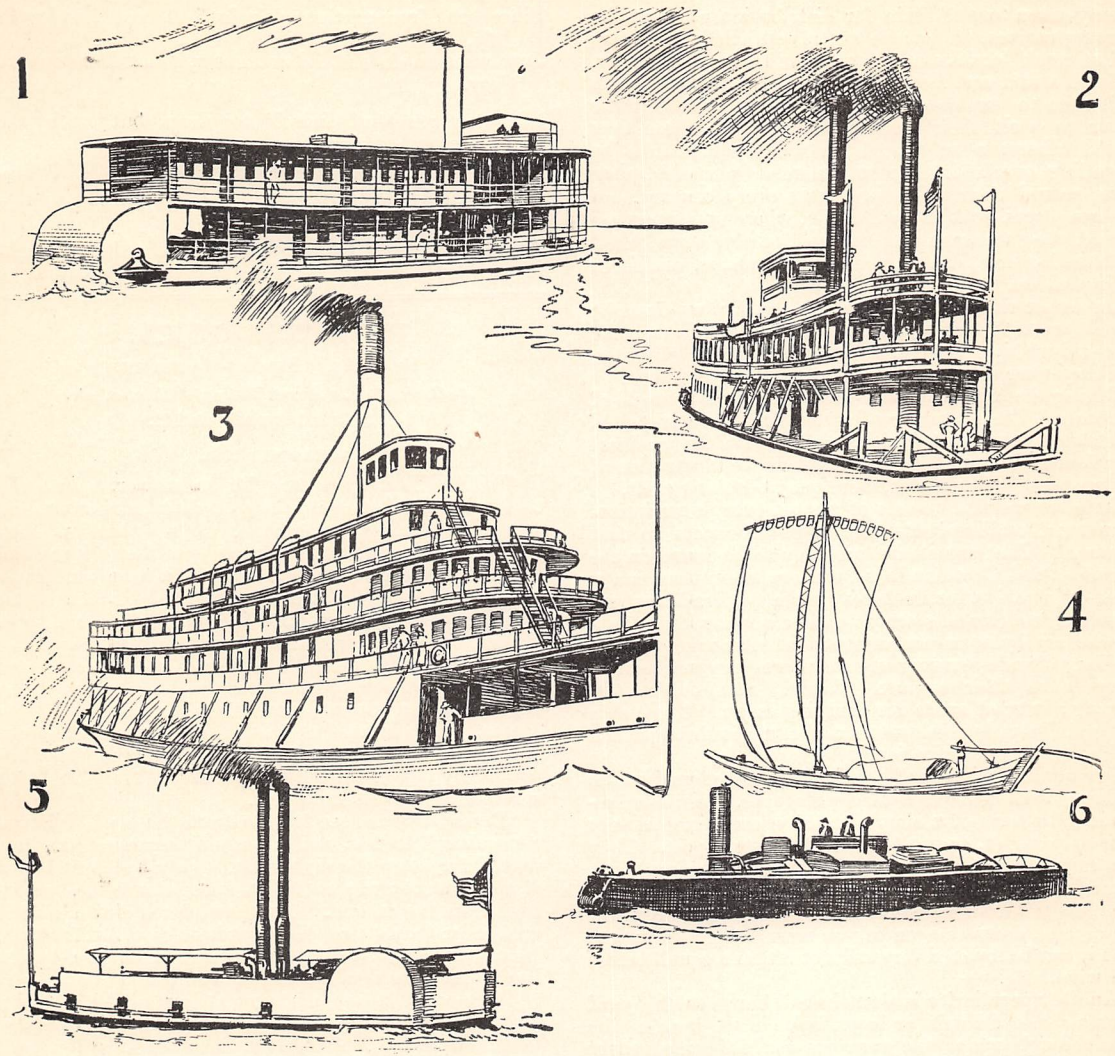
Nowhere has this type of vessel been more used than on the Nile, where the almost keelless native boats possibly gave the ship-builders the notion to build a boat, which though of some size, and large cargo and passenger-carrying capacity, should only draw a few inches of water.

In the first instance the shallow-draught gunboat was brought into use to assist troops on land, as a patrol boat in the lonely reaches of the river, or as a tug for barges full of men, camels, food, and equipment.

At the time of the expedition which went to the relief of General Gordon, surrounded and besieged at Khartoum, ordinary English river paddle-boats were used, protected by iron sheeting, and, owing to their draught, were often in trouble through running aground on sandbanks or rocks. Some of these boats made a gallant dash on Khartoum, only to arrive too late

The gunboats that Lord Kitchener had under hi-

"The mere sight of a gunboat would cause the enemy to retire."



1. Shallow-draught river steamer.
2. Mississippi steamer.
3. Canadian lake steamer.
4. Italian lake boat.
5. First American gunboat, *Taylor*.
6. Shallow-draught tug.

command during the Dongola Expedition and the retaking of Khartoum were modern steel vessels, especially designed and constructed for the work they had to do, and proved of immense value in patrolling and guarding boats and barges, also in dispersing parties of the enemy by machine-gun fire. In the Sudan the banks of the Nile are often low and flat, so that the machine-guns mounted on the upper deck often did deadly execution amongst the Mahdi's men, and were more than once the deciding factor in turning a retreat into a complete rout, so that the mere sight of a gun-boat steaming up the river would cause the panic-stricken enemy to retire hurriedly.

These boats were built in England, and sent out in sections, to be put together and launched above the rapids, where they were required, which was not the case of those steamers used in the earlier expedition, which had to be hauled through the rapids by main force by hundreds of natives.

The first iron steamers constructed on the Thames were river boats, built in 1832 to the order of the East India Company for use on the Ganges. With a tonnage of two hundred and seventy-five they had a draught of only twenty-four inches. They were shipped in sections and put together in India.

In 1874 some light-draught boats were built for the Indian Famine Relief and shipped whole and ready for launching. With a three-foot draught they could carry

twenty-seven tons of grain for distribution amongst the starving natives, being able to travel rapidly up rivers and so reach localities that were far from any railway.

Small steam and motor launches have been of much assistance to explorers and missionaries, enabling the latter to visit their friends in comfort, when they would otherwise be forced to waste much time by travelling overland. For commercial purposes they have proved their value in almost every country, and in some places, such as on the Nile, where passengers are carried, they are large and very comfortable boats, fitted with bath-rooms, drawing and music rooms, and large dining saloon.

On deeper rivers, such as the Danube, shallow-draught vessels are not necessary, the types used being more like a sea-going ship. Several nations possess river gunboats, and they were often employed during the Great War.

During the American Civil War great use was made of gunboats. These were really the first to be propelled by steam and were fitted with paddles, with the usual tall thin funnels in use at the time, and, as the illustration of the gunboat *Taylor* shows, were quaint-looking craft.

On lakes we find vessels of almost every description, from small sailing-boats and large schooners to fast steamers. The largest are probably to be found on the American and Canadian lakes, and are larger than many ocean-going ships, for the lakes are really inland seas, and often very rough and stormy weather is met with, so that wrecks are by no means uncommon. Amongst others, the large grain-carrying steamers are very noticeable. They have their engines, funnel, and cabins aft, leaving plenty of space for carrying cargo. They ship the grain from huge elevators and carry it through lake and canal to its destination.

One of the quaintest of lake boats is to be found on the Italian lakes. It is of a very early type, the rudder retaining the form of a simple steering oar slung loosely over one quarter, or to the head of the stern-post. They also carry a primitive form of square sail, slung so that it can instantly be dropped when struck by a gust from the mountains. These sails are in two pieces, or rather are divided down the centre, the mast being so arranged that it can be lowered forward, not aft, in a squall before the wind.

Another peculiarity is that the sail hangs to the yard upon a series of bands, or loops, made in the head of the sail, through which the yard passes. Like most early types, these boats are higher aft than forward, and are very picturesque.

Before leaving the subject of lake and river boats, mention must be made of the large Mississippi steamers. They still have much in common with the early types, high funnels, and paddle-wheels, and are much used for carrying passengers and cargo. Some were built with the paddle built in a space in the centre of the hull, to save it, if possible, from being damaged by blocks of ice or tree-trunks floating down the river in winter or after floods had uprooted many trees.

W. Herbert Holloway.

THE ELF WITH THE BROKEN WING.

A BABY elf, one summer's night, when dancing on the green
Tripped o'er a daisy stalk and broke her wing of silver sheen!
Since back from earth to fairyland she could no longer fly,
Just what to do she did not know, so sat her down to cry.

She slowly sobbed herself to sleep, but with the morning light
A butterfly flew by who saw the fairy's sorry plight.

'Don't weep, my little fay!' he said, 'I'll take you home to-day,'
And safely back to fairyland he bore her straight away!

Katherine. F. Sherriff.

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' etc.

(Continued from page 171.)

CHAPTER XVI.

MICHAEL did not stop for an answer. Into the mouth of the causeway he dived, and after him went Frieda, close at his heels. Down the slope they ran in such haste that more than once they tripped and fell, to pick themselves up again and race on. They realised they could not hope to overtake Dibra, but at least they might discover in which direction he had gone.

Across the great hall they ran and out beyond, to halt and look eagerly from side to side. The plain around the palace was empty and deserted. From out of the night came a drum-drum-drumming, impossible to locate. The old walls caught it up and repeated it until it seemed to come from every side at once. Through the lonely night somewhere a horse was travelling, but whither they could not guess.

'Perhaps we can see further from the roof,' Michael remembered at that, and up again they climbed. But he had forgotten the night mist. They had been below it in the courtyard; above, it hung, cloud-like, breast-high from the ground. As they peered down into it anxiously, Ooma strolled towards them. And, at that, before she could speak, Frieda turned on her, caught her by the shoulders and shook her hard.

There could be no doubt now at least of Ooma's guilt. Duttia had been right—had understood the little Princess best from the first. And, all the more because she herself had begun to like Ooma a little, had been sorry for her, had actually planned to help, Frieda was indignant. Ooma had tricked her, and Michael, and Jai Singh most successfully and most thoroughly. They had been easy to trick, Frieda was forced to admit. Of course, Ooma must have planned the visit to the ruins with Dibra before he left the camp; she had invented the tale of the ghost to keep them till he came. They ought to have guessed it was an invention when Jai Singh knew nothing of it. They could have defeated the whole plan by returning at once to camp. Ooma had been too clever for them as Duttia had prophesied.

'Where is he?' Frieda demanded, and shook Ooma as never had the Princess been shaken before. 'Where is Jai Singh? Where has Dibra taken him? You know. You shall tell.'

'Dibra?' Ooma began with raised eyebrows. With a skilful twist she freed herself. 'Why do you talk of Dibra? I only saw the Rajah. It was he who caught up Jai Singh and carried him away.'

But this was too much for Michael in turn.

'Don't talk nonsense,' he said. He had arrived at the same conclusion as had Frieda. 'I don't believe there ever was a ghost. It didn't come to-night anyway. It was Dibra on that horse. I saw his face. It's no good your lying, Ooma. We know.'

'Yes, we know,' Frieda echoed. What with the excitement of the last half-hour, and her own outburst of anger, she felt horribly inclined to cry. She gulped; then she could not but laugh as she thought of Michael's expression if once she began. Already, he was looking at her anxiously.

'It's all right, Michael,' she told him. 'I'm not going to.' Then, again, she turned to Ooma. How could they make the Princess speak? Almost certainly she knew where Jai Singh had been taken, and what danger threatened him. But, certainly, of her own accord she would give them no information. She stood now with tilted chin and half-closed eyes, looking as she had looked when she had strolled into the zenana, at war with all the world.

'If you know so much, why come to me?' she mocked. 'Surely, people so clever need no help. Go and look for Jai Singh. If you look long enough you may find him. Look, then. Begin.'

The advice, at least, was sound, whatever the spirit in which it was offered. And both Michael and Frieda had begun to realise already that as far as Ooma was concerned they were practically helpless; that she could hold them at bay as long as she chose. Major Carnac would be able to deal with her far better than they; he had authority which they did not possess. They were merely wasting their time in argument when every moment was precious. It might be possible to find a clue now before the scent was stale.

'Leave her alone, Frieda,' Michael decided. 'We'd better search the palace and get the orderly to help. Perhaps Dibra is quite close by still with Jai Singh. It might have been one of our own ponies we heard galloping just now. I wonder if they all escaped, and if the orderly is looking for them still by the way?'

Already they were in the causeway again, and, after a moment, Ooma followed. They could not well prevent her, but they ignored her as far as possible. At least they could show her they had done with her, that they did not want to speak to her even. She looked sideways at them from time to time, but she said nothing. Through the hall the three went, and towards the stables. A glance showed them the stalls were empty; the orderly, too, seemed to be missing.

'He's gone,' Frieda began. 'No, there he is.'

At the base of a pillar, almost hidden in its shadow, they could see now the orderly was lying. As Frieda spoke, he pressed both hands to his head, groaning a little. Then he staggered to his feet, holding on to the pillar for support.

'What has happened?' Michael asked. 'Are you ill?'

'I do not know, Sahib,' the orderly admitted. He looked round, dazed apparently. 'I was sitting on the ground by this pillar, smoking my pipe; then something seemed to hit me on the head. Where have the ponies gone? Where is my horse? Is the place bewitched that they have vanished?'

'Dibra came on a big black horse and carried off Jai Singh, and I suppose he hit you on the head first,' Michael explained, while the orderly, still giddy from the effect of the blow he must have received, tried to understand. But when he found the ropes had been cut to which the ponies had been fastened, he very quickly grasped the situation, though for the moment it overwhelmed him.

'I have failed in my trust,' he lamented. 'Carnac Sahib bade me watch, and I was caught at my post.' He looked at Michael as if for orders, his confidence in himself evidently shaken. 'What shall we do, little Sahib?' he asked. 'Shall I run all the way to the camp to bring help?'

'We thought we'd search the palace first,' Michael told him. 'It will take such a long time to reach the camp on foot, and there must be heaps of hiding-places in the ruins.'

'But the Princess?' the orderly ventured, doubtfully, looking at Ooma. He also evidently believed her guilty, an ally of Dibra's at the very least; but, again, it was impossible to leave her behind. She might contrive to signal to Dibra if they neared his hiding-place, but this she might also do if left in the stables. She smiled impishly, evidently realising their predicament. But when they began to search she followed unconcernedly; she did not seem nervous nor anxious to signal.

In and out of the rooms of the palace they went, calling to Jai Singh, stopping every few minutes to listen for any sound that might guide them, but it was not long before they realised that to search thus was useless. The moonbeams, so bright in the open, could not penetrate into hidden places. It was almost impossible to distinguish one object from another in the rabbit-warren of the women's quarters, with its low ceilings and windows screened with fretted stone. Shadows looked solid; solid objects like shadows. They might easily pass, all unknowing, the entrance to some secret passage in which Jai Singh lay hidden.

'We'd better go back after all,' Michael decided, regretfully, and, as he spoke, from the main gateway of the palace came a soft snuffling and whimpering, and through it into the courtyard strolled Punch and Midnight. Where they had been, what they had seen, unluckily they could not say. They were jaunty, but a little ashamed. Punch, as Frieda ran up to him, rubbed his nose against her arm, and blew softly down her neck as if he wanted to apologise at least.

'Oh, Punch, if you could only tell us where Dibra went,' Frieda sighed.

'He could not tell you because he does not know,' said Ooma, suddenly.

'And how do you know that?' Michael demanded.

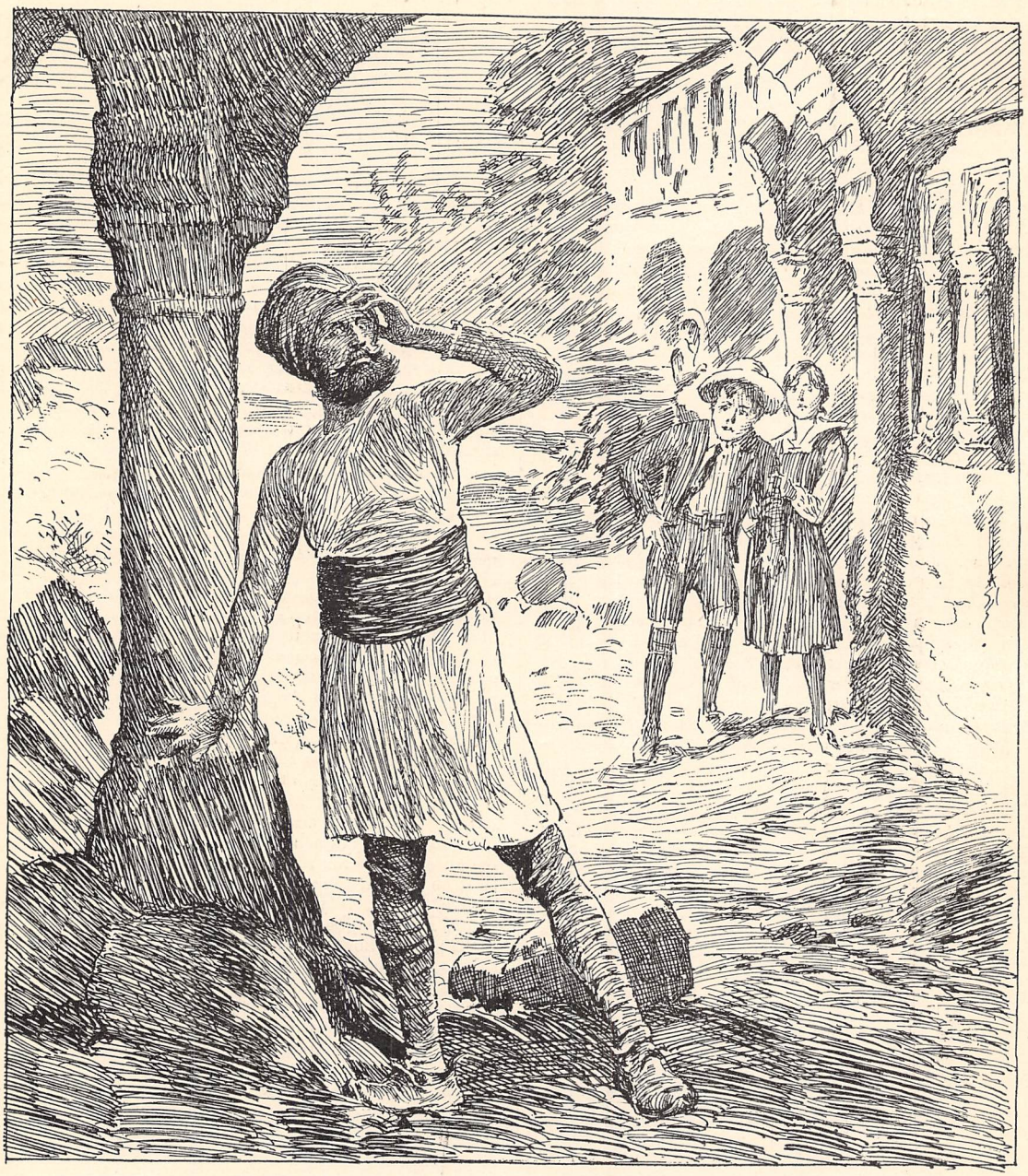
'Because I saw the ponies from the roof when you and Frieda ran down the causeway,' Ooma retorted. 'They were grazing close to the walls. They wandered away a little into the mist as you returned. My pony and the orderly's horse are there still, most likely. See, here they come.'

'You might have told us,' Michael reproached, forgetting for the moment that help of any kind was the last thing to expect from Ooma.

'And if I had told you, you would have said I was lying,' she answered promptly. Then, laughing, she drew herself up and flung her defiance at them, flinging all pretence away at the same time.

'I told Carnac Sahib my turn would come,' she said. 'It has come now. I have won.'

(*Continued on page* 186.)



"He staggered to his feet, holding on to the pillar."

"She was about to fling herself on Ooma."

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' etc.

(Continued from page 183.)

CHAPTER XVII.

'YOU won't win in the end,' Michael answered promptly. He looked at Ooma for a moment with his most obstinate expression. Then he began to tighten the girths of Midnight's saddle while the orderly attended to Punch. Various straps had come loose when the ponies stampeded, and now needed attention. Ooma watched for a while in silence. It was not until her own pony's turn came, that she answered.

'What do you mean?' she questioned them. 'I have won, I tell you. Own yourselves beaten, and make terms now. There is nothing more that you can do.'

'Oh, yes, there is,' Michael assured her. As a matter of fact, he was at his wits' end, but he did not mean to let Ooma guess it. He mounted without speaking to her again, and rode out of the courtyard with Frieda. Ooma cantered after them, but as she drew level, they turned on her with one accord.

'We don't want you to ride with us,' Frieda told her. And Michael added, 'You can ride behind. The orderly can look after you.'

Ooma looked surprised. Apparently she thought the twins would like her the better for what she had done, and would admire the cunning with which she had gained her end. But it was so obvious they meant what they said that, perforce, she obeyed. She tried to show how little she cared by singing at the top of her voice. But, since Michael and Frieda paid no attention, she did not gain much by the performance. Moreover it prevented her from hearing what they were saying to each other.

'Where do you think Dibra has taken Jai Singh?' Frieda asked, because she could not help it, though she knew the answer could not be of much use.

'It might be anywhere,' Michael was forced to acknowledge. 'Dibra must know this part of the country awfully well if he hunted here with the Regent, and lived at the palace. I wonder what Ooma meant when she talked of terms?'

But that Ooma wished to bargain proved at least that Jai Singh was not in immediate peril; that much of comfort there was, though the sooner Major Carnac took a hand in his rescue the better. Through the moonlight towards the tents Michael and Frieda galloped, urging the ponies ever to a faster pace. It was bewildering to find the encampment undisturbed; its inhabitants busy with their usual occupations. It seemed impossible so much could have happened and they not know of it. But at once the grooms came running to take the ponies, and Jai Singh's sais raised his voice in lament. 'Where is my master?' he clamoured. 'Where is his Highness the Rajah Sahib?' And, across to the office tent as quickly as they could, Michael and Frieda ran. Major Carnac had been seated at his table, writing; but already he was on his feet in response to the noise outside. Over the heads of his son and daughter he looked instantly to see if Jai Singh had followed. 'Jai Singh?' he began, and:

'Jai Singh has gone,' cried the two together. 'Dibra has carried him off.'

'Where and when?' Major Carnac questioned. So reassuring was the promptness with which he grasped the situation, it made the story easier to tell. Before it was finished Ooma strolled into the tent, the orderly at her heels. He did not mean to let her out of his sight until his master had delivered sentence.

'This tale is true?' Major Carnac asked her sternly. 'You admit, Princess, you arranged Jai Singh should be kidnapped? That it was done by your orders?'

'It was done by my orders,' Ooma owned immediately, still entirely pleased, it seemed, with her achievement. 'I arranged it all. I bade Dibra hide in the palace. I said I would contrive to bring Jai Singh thither before we returned to the city. I knew that, somehow, I could get my way. When I was telling the tale of the ghost, I threw out my hand as a signal that all was ready. Dibra was watching; he was waiting below to let loose the ponies and hit the orderly on the head.'

There was an angry grunt from the orderly as Ooma bestowed on him a smile and nod.

'All my debts I pay,' she murmured. 'I bade him hit hard.' Then, more loudly, 'You were right, Carnac Sahib, when you said at first there was no plot. But, always, I meant to be conqueror in the end. Those who stand for my Father knew it well. They guessed the time had come when I went to visit the Rani, and, therefore, were there rumours. I lost on the day of the tiger hunt, but that was not my plan—it was Dibra's. To-day I have won.'

She waited, smiling, for Major Carnac's answer; but, before he could speak, into the tent rushed Soma, the whole of her a quivering fury. 'Where is my king? Where is his Highness?' she shrieked. Just in time, at a sign from Major Carnac, the orderly caught her by the arm as she was about to fling herself on Ooma. However guilty the Princess, it was clear she could not be left to Soma's mercy. That she must be protected, little as she deserved it. Soma, struggling with the orderly, glared at her fiercely. 'Let me get at her,' she shrieked. 'I will tear her limb from limb. I will cut her into littlest pieces.'

'Frieda,' Major Carnac ordered, 'take Princess Ooma to your tent. The orderly will be on guard outside, and I will talk to her later. Get something to eat, Michael, and then be ready to ride back with me to the palace. Soma, go to the Rani and ask her to receive me. I must consult with her at once.'

'Come,' said Frieda to Ooma briefly. It was a comfort to feel that, at least, there was something she could do; that, though she and Michael had failed, they were to be trusted again. Catching the little Princess by the wrist, she marched her across to the tent where Duttia was waiting in the verandah. Duttia had already managed to learn, by some method of her own, most of what had happened, and she looked at Ooma indignantly. 'Why do you bring her here, Miss Sahib?' she questioned. 'She is no fit company for you.'

'And this is no fit place for me,' said Ooma, sulkily, as she looked round the little tent with its simple furniture. It held a folding bed, a table and a chair, and a camel trunk with Frieda's clothes. 'If I am to remain my own silk cushions must be brought me and my couch. My satin quilt and my silver looking glass.'

She seated herself haughtily on the bed as she spoke; it was more than Duttia could endure. She crept towards the head, something gave way, and Ooma, bed, and bedding collapsed upon the ground.

'Beat her—beat her!' Ooma cried angrily to Frieda, as she struggled to her feet. 'I would beat my woman till her back bled for a less fault.'

But, already, Duttia had retreated to safety and the bathroom, and Ooma and Frieda were alone. And, suddenly, Frieda remembered the Ooma of whom she had had a glimpse. Ooma had been threatened, she had been defiant; but no one had appealed to that other Ooma yet.

'Look here, Ooma,' Frieda began. 'Won't you tell us where Jai Singh is? You've been cleverer than we have,' she admitted with an effort.

'Much cleverer,' Ooma purred.

'Well,' Frieda finished, swallowing her annoyance, 'now you ought to be satisfied. Do tell Dibra to bring Jai Singh back. It's awfully hard on the Rani, you know. Just listen.'

From the Rani's tent there came a bitter wailing, in which the Rani's voice and those of her attendants mingled. Ooma, who had exchanged the bed for the chair, leaving Frieda with only the floor to sit on, merely laughed. 'Let her cry,' she said. 'I like to listen. Besides, when my terms are granted, I have told you Jai Singh will be set free.'

It was Major Carnac who answered. His short interview with the Rani over, he had come back to question Ooma. 'What are your terms?' he asked her.

'Dibra is to keep Jai Singh hidden until you say the throne is mine,' she told him triumphantly. And at that, to her evident surprise, he laughed in turn.

'Princess, you have made a mistake,' he answered. 'The throne can never be yours. The English Government would never let you rule through treachery in any case. And did you not know that no woman can ascend the throne of Drind?'

Ooma looked at him a little less confidently. She had heard how much Major Carnac knew of the customs of the State. She wanted to believe, but could not quite persuade herself, that now he was mistaken. 'But other women have ruled in India,' she argued.

'In other Indian States, yes; but there is an ancient law that Drind may not be ruled by a Rani, except as regent. As a matter of fact no woman, so far, has been direct heir to the throne, so that the law is not widely known; but that it exists I can assure you. If I had guessed you had such an absurd idea in your head, I would have told you of it long ago.'

'An ancient law,' Ooma faltered. She looked round blankly as if she actually saw her castle in the air toppling to the ground. 'To whom does the throne go then?'

'To a distant cousin, failing Jai Singh. And, if he should be harmed, little Princess, you will certainly be banished from Drind. So tell me where we can find him. Believe me, it will be better for you in the end.'

'But I do not know where he is,' Ooma cried, on the verge for the moment of panic. 'Dibra was to bring Jai Singh back when I was proclaimed Queen in his place. Thus it was arranged, since Dibra said it would be better so; that the fewer who knew of his whereabouts the better.'

'Send a message to Dibra,' Major Carnac urged. 'That, at least, you can do.'

'No, I cannot,' Ooma retorted. She was beginning to regain her self-control. Momentarily, she grew more defiant. 'Dibra said he also would disappear until I was Rani, and Beeja is with him. They said they would learn the news somehow; that they would find out what was happening. When they went in disguise to buy food they would listen to the gossip perhaps. How can I tell? All I know is that they told me nothing of their plans.'

And now she looked at Major Carnac with her most impish smile. 'Dibra,' she said, softly, 'is a cruel man and he loved my Father. He will be frightened, very frightened, as the days go by and I am not made Queen. He is quickly scared of things he does not understand, as are all the jungle folk. He will say, "I must save myself, and I must avenge the Regent. These people will pretend to forgive me if I bring the Rajah back. They will promise many things loudly; but they will surely punish instead once I am in their power. If Jai Singh were dead, I could hide his body. The score would be even, and, unhampered, I could escape to some distant State."'

'It would not be so easy,' Major Carnac assured her. 'Do you think we shall leave any stone unturned in our search for the Rajah? Every outlet will be watched.'

'Dibra is a man of the jungle,' Ooma retorted, still smiling. She was evidently enjoying her gruesome prophecies. 'Do you think he will leave a track behind him they all may see, that any may find? Oh, Carnac Sahib, remember also the *machan; that* Dibra dared. If you hope to rescue Jai Singh you had better rescue him quickly. I do not wish to be banished from Drind, but banished I think I shall be.'

(*Continued on page* 199.)

THE MOON AND THE FAIRIES.

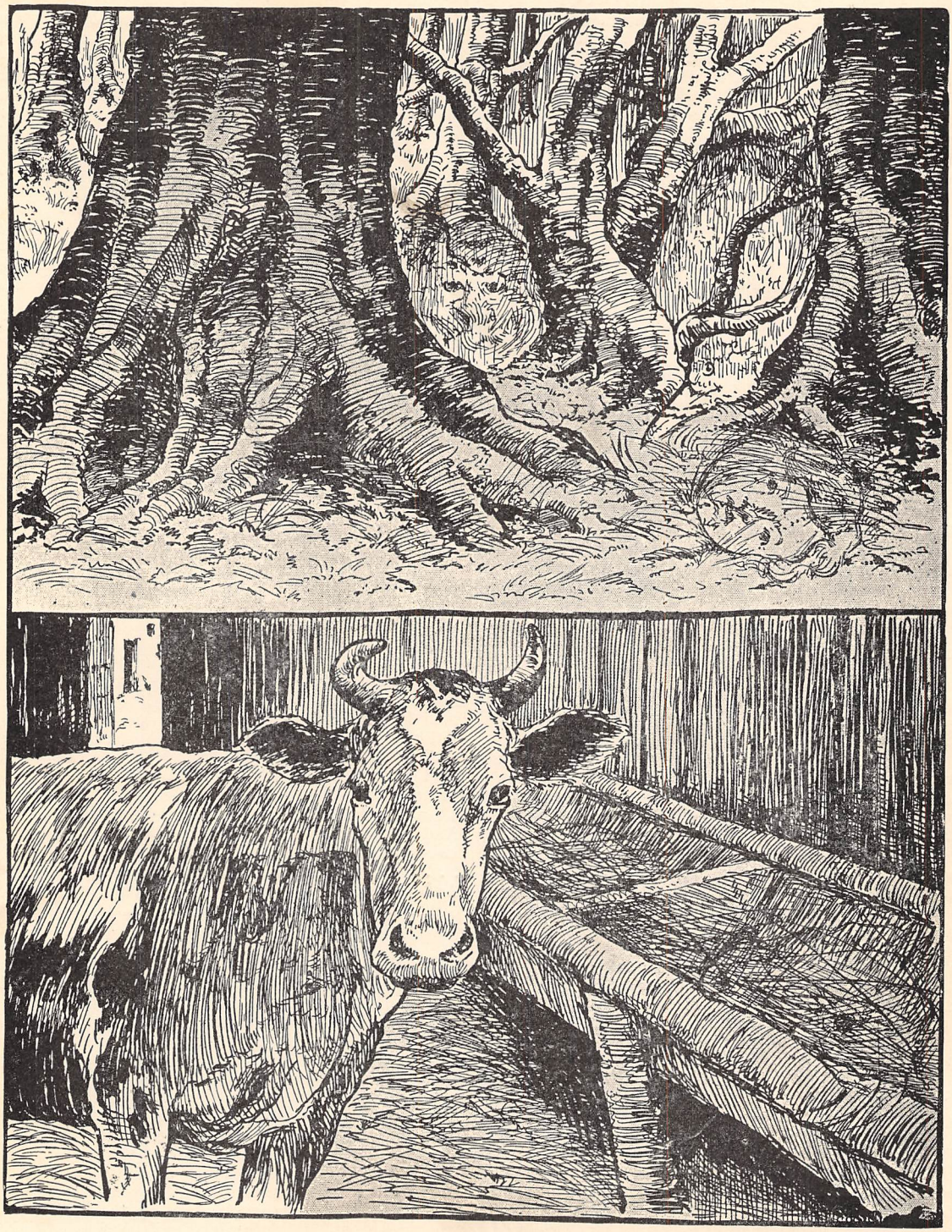
SIS says the fairies come out to play
When the moon shines bright at the close of day,
And the fairy rings she has often seen,
Where the wee folk dance in the meadows green!
But Willie declares there are no such things
As moonlight dances or fairy rings!
And I couldn't be sure which one was right,
Till the moon smiled down on me yester-night,
As half asleep in my bed I lay,
And I thought I could hear him softly say,—
'You children are fast asleep all night,
Then why should I trouble to shine so bright,
And make the night as light as day,
Except for the fairies that want to play?'
. . . So now I am certain that Sis was right,
And there must be fays, if the moon shines bright!

THE FURUSHIKI.

THIS is the name of the substitute for paper used by the Japanese. The furushiki is a carrying cloth—a simple square of washable material.

In Japan the shop-keepers do not wrap their customers' purchases in paper; everybody has his or her own furushiki. That of a wealthy person is very dainty, made of rich, delicately coloured material, on which is stamped the family crest. Poor folks have big, plain, cotton furushikis. Errand-boys and pedlars have huge squares, and carry their goods on their backs, knapsack-fashion, with two ends of the cloth drawn round their shoulders, and tied across the chest.

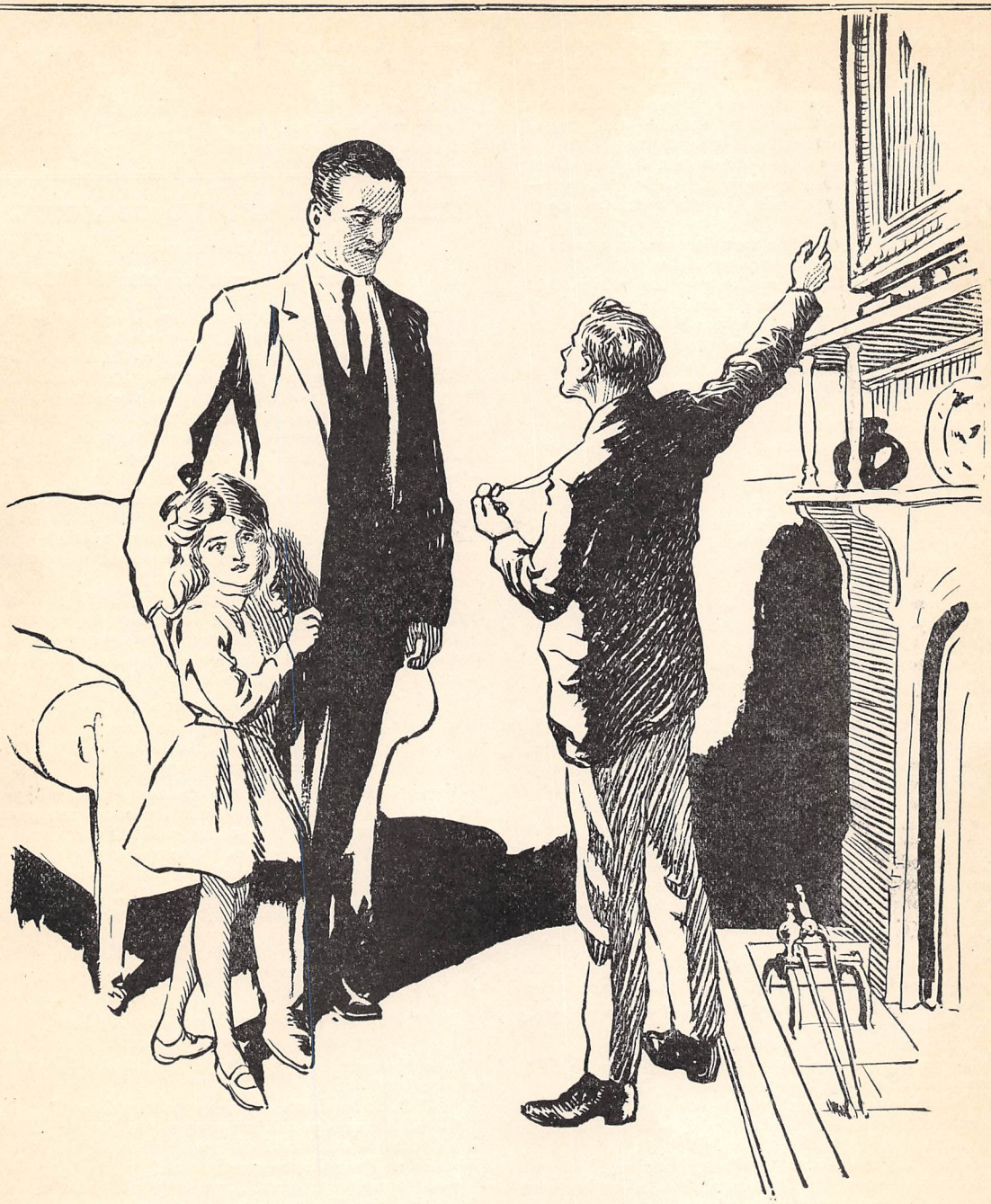
When a parcel is 'sent home' to you from a shop, you take out the contents and return the furushiki to the messenger. But when a friend's present is sent in one of these cloths, you are sometimes requested to accept the covering as well as the article wrapped in it.



TWO PICTURE PUZZLES.

Find the Babes in the Wood and the Birds. Find the Dog in the Manger and another Cow.

Sailing on the Ice



"The boy drew out a tiny gold locket."

OUT OF A JOB.

(*Concluded from page* 166.)

BRIAN led Molly to the hidden nook where he had slept. Molly was delighted with it; now she had got over her fright she was quite enjoying her adventure with this strange boy. Up they scrambled, and were soon curled up in a warm nest on the bales. Brian put his coat round her to make sure she was warm enough, and presently she grew sleepy, and nestling in his arms was soon off to the land of dreams, while the

boy sat holding her tenderly, but staring wide-eyed into the darkness, watching the moonbeams climb higher and higher up the wall.

It seemed hours that he sat there watching and listening—Molly's soft breathing and the scurrying of rats the only sounds that broke the stillness. But at last came another sound, one that sent the rats flying into hiding, and made the boy raise his head eagerly—the sound of a key turning in the lock and men's voices.

'She's not here,' said the manufacturer, in a worried tone, as he came down the wooden stairs.

'She's here, sir,' Brian spoke from his refuge. At once the flashlight danced on the cotton bales.

'Who spoke? Where are you?' demanded the master; then, as the light caught them, 'I say, here she is, Andrews! And you, boy,' he added, gathering his little daughter tenderly in his arms, 'what are you doing here, anyway?'

Brian explained; and Molly, who was awake by now, put in, 'I was so frightened, Father, till he came, then I wasn't.'

'Well, I suppose I must do something for you, though you've no business here,' said the master, his hand going to his pocket; but Brian stopped him with a quick 'Give me a job, sir.'

He hesitated, and Molly added, 'I'm dreadfully hungry, Father, and so's that nice boy, and he's no father or mother, or any one; isn't that funny?'

'Hungry, eh!' The manufacturer glanced from Molly to the boy's eager face. 'Well, you'd better come up to the house, then; as to the job of work, we'll see. Lock up, Andrews. Thank God, we've found her.'

Brian shivered as they stepped into the street, for the wind from the river blew cold; but when they reached Molly's home he forgot to shiver, for such magnificence he had never seen. Shyly he followed across the hall and into the dining-room; then he stopped as if he had been shot, his eyes big and staring. Directly opposite him was the painted portrait of a lady. For a moment Brian stared, then he sprang forward, and caught the manufacturer's arm.

'What are you doing with that picture?' he cried, accusingly; 'she's my mother, she is!'

'*What!*' The man whirled round, 'your mother!'

'Look here!' and pulling open his shirt at the neck the boy drew out a tiny gold locket attached to a piece of string. He snapped it open, and the face of the lady in the picture smiled up at them.

'Where did you get that?'

'My mother gave it me before she died, and said I was to keep it always,' answered Brian.

'If that's your mother,' said the manufacturer at last, 'she's my only sister; you're my nephew and Molly's cousin!'

'Garn!' retorted Brian, 'you're kidding me!'

But it was true; and Brian now, if he has no brothers or sisters, has an uncle and cousin.

THE QUESTIONER.

MANY boys (and girls also) delight in asking questions. There was once a little Indian boy who was continually asking questions of his father—a very busy man. One evening this boy said, 'Oh, Father. I saw a bush on fire! I went to it and saw that it was full of flies on fire. What is it all about? Why do they do that?'

The father did not know. Then the boy said: 'Never mind—is not beauty enough?' That boy became a distinguished naturalist.

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 179.)

AT Captain Mitchell's suggestion, Sybil disappeared without a word, but was back in a twinkling with her 'squashy-covered' copy of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

'You *shall* have the book, and you shan't make any more excuses,' she asserted boldly, 'so there!'

'You little wretch, how dare you make bargains with me like this! However, there won't be time for anything besides 'Regillus'; it will take you quite half-an-hour to say it.'

'Thirty-five minutes,' Sybil corrected him, 'unless I gabble.'

'Pray don't do that, or I shall be more irritable than ever! Now then, "Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note!" I believe that's how it begins, isn't it?'

Perching herself on the arm of the Captain's chair, Sybil launched forth into the stirring Lay, declaiming it with vigour and feeling. She waxed eloquent over the encounter between Herminius and Mamilius, and there were tears in her voice at the lines:

'But, like a graven image,
Black Auster kept his place;
And ever wistfully he looked
Into his master's face.'

Except for occasional interpolations of, 'Aren't you tired?' 'No, are you?' the recitation continued uninterrupted, until the final stanza, which Sybil brought to a close with a loud sneeze. She was toying with her 'squashy-covered' book, and wondering whether she dared ask Captain Mitchell about his D.S.O., as she very much wished, when a half-sheet of paper fluttered down on to the hearthrug.

'What's this?' asked Captain Mitchell, as he picked it up; 'why, the desperate gallop of the dark-grey charger, to be sure.

"He rushed like a whirlwind up the Pass,
And he left the wolves behind!"

That's the part, isn't it? Isn't he going a pace! Who drew this?'

'I did . . . but it wasn't meant to tumble out.'

'Which means you didn't want me to see it? Well, it did tumble out, and I did see it; the only point now is whether I'm going to give it back.'

'Of course you must . . . unless you'll draw me my favourite part, Black Auster standing over the body of Herminius.'

'I couldn't. Why don't you draw it yourself?'

'Because there's a man in it; I can't draw anything but horses.'

'Really? Well, *I* can't draw anything but men. We ought to combine and illustrate the whole poem.'

'But if you can draw men, you must be able to draw horses: they're so much easier.'

'*Vice-versâ!*' maintained the Captain. 'Horses are difficult, but men are easy—especially dead ones.'

Sybil looked sceptical. 'Show me how you do them,' she commanded.

'With pleasure, sometime; but there's the dressing-gong, old lady; I must hobble upstairs and change; and here's Derrick come in search of you.'

'In search of *you*, you mean,' Derrick corrected him. 'I meant to have looked for you before, 'cos we didn't have time this morning to thank you for saving us from being found out. P'r'aps Sybil's been thanking you now, though?'

'Rather, for the last hour or more, in the nicest way imaginable! Now, Derrick, we'll see what sort of a load you can bear; you've just come at the right moment,' and, leaning on the boy's shoulder, the Captain got upon his feet.

Derrick's face was a study as he watched him limp towards the door. 'But, if you've hurt yourself carrying that beastly ladder it's worse than a hundred punishments!' he cried.

Captain Mitchell laughed and hastened to reassure him. The boy breathed a sigh of relief. 'I *am* glad,' he said, and then added, 'Thank goodness, everything is all right, then, at last!'

At that moment Sybil sneezed again, and everything was *not* all right. Before bedtime arrived, there was no longer any doubt that she was in for a bad cold. So apparent was it at dessert, that afterwards her grandfather, refusing to have a sneezing child in the drawing-room, dispatched her to the housekeeper, with injunctions that she was to be given a hot drink and put straight to bed.

One of the best things about Timpie was that on such occasions she never bothered one with inconvenient questions, but contented herself with administering remedies, and making these as agreeable as possible. During a wet winter she considered a certain number of colds inevitable, and therefore to be accepted as such, though she did all in her power to hasten their departure.

Sybil found that, though her cold elicited much sympathy, none was forthcoming with regard to the Colonel's proposed remedy.

'Hard lines to send you to bed, do you say? Well, what next, I should like to know? Where else do you expect to be, my dear? It's to bed you go, and in bed you stay, while you're sneezing like this.'

'Not to-morrow, Timpie; I can't possibly stay in bed to-morrow.'

'Who says so?'

'Why, Timpie, you know I can't; it's the hunt.'

'There'll be no hunt for you, dearie, with that cold.'

'But it's *our* meet, Timpie, and Grandfather said we might both go. He said so ages ago, and we've been looking forward to it all the holidays.'

'I can't help that, Miss Sybil. If I was to let you out of the house with a cold like that, I should deserve to be put on a horse myself!'

'But it may be better to-morrow,' with a loud sneeze.

'Sounds like it, don't it, my dear?'

'Oh, Timpie, *don't* say "No." I promise I'll take arrowroot and hot lemonade, and even ammoniated quinine, all night, if you like, if you'll only be reasonable, darling Timpie.'

'You'll not get round me with "darling Timpies," not if you wheedled me for an hour, Miss Sybil. And it's you that's not reasonable, my dear. Why, you're as hoarse as a croaking frog, and yet you talk about hunting.'

Pleading and arguing proving equally futile, Sybil fell asleep feeling that the 'revenge' had indeed been dearly bought. Even the black-currant jelly, which Mrs. Timmins brought her for her throat with permission to take a spoonful whenever she felt inclined, proved but poor consolation, and there were tears on her pillow when Dick came up later to bid the children 'Good-night.' Derrick, on hearing the decree, begged, bantered, and bullied his dear Timpie with far more assiduity even than Sybil herself, but with no more success, and so great was his disappointment at his failure that he nearly awoke his cousin to express his sympathy. Common sense, however, bade him think better of it, and instead, he determined on a heroic resolve; in consequence of which he strolled into Sybil's room the next morning, after breakfast, and asked, casually, 'What would you like to do, Bill, after I've been down to Rufus? Play draughts?'

'Sybil, wrapped in her blue dressing-gown, was sitting up in bed, reading one of her Christmas books. 'You can't go to Rufus *now*, Derrick,' she said, looking up in surprise; 'it must be nearly ten o'clock, so there's not nearly enough time.'

'There's the whole morning,' was the unexpected rejoinder.

'Whatever *do* you mean? Is the hunt off, then?'

'As far as we're concerned,' replied her cousin, with a grown-up air and an attempt at appearing indifferent.

'Do you mean you're not going, Derrick? Why on earth not?

'Because if you can't, *I shan't*.'

The boy spoke quietly, but with an air of finality which was hard to combat. Sybil knew well both look and tone and seldom disputed either; but this time she took her courage in both hands, and there followed a spirited contest.

'I don't care!' repeated Derrick for the tenth time, after they had been arguing for several minutes. 'I don't care! Whatever you say won't make me think it fair for me to go and hunt and leave you here, stuck in bed; especially as it ought to be me that got the cold, 'cos I thought of it.'

'Well, never mind whether it's fair or not. That doesn't matter; but it does matter what Grandfather thinks. He'd never understand; he'd either think that I was jealous and wouldn't let you go, or else that we're not keen on hunting—and that would vex him more than anything.'

'I like the idea of *your* not letting me go! When did *you* ever "not let" me do anything, please?'

'Now,' was the prompt reply; 'for I'm not going to let you stay. Oh, Derrick, please, please go,' beseechingly. 'I want to hear all about it; and, if you don't go, there'll be no one to tell me.'

'There'll be Dick.'

'But I shall want to hear about him most; and of course he would say there was nothing to tell.'

'Do you *really* want me to go, Billy?'

'Really and truly, Derrick.'

'Very well,' slowly, 'then I will; but I'll try not to enjoy it. Oh, dear, having a revenge does have beastly consequences, and they never seem to come to an end . . . we'd better not do it again.'

(*Continued on page* 194.)

"She waxed eloquent."

"'Wouldn't you be dreadfully disappointed if you couldn't hunt mice?'"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 191.)

CHAPTER XV.

THANKS to the good old housekeeper's remedies, Sybil's cold seemed to have been successfully nipped in the bud. So much so that by twelve o'clock it was decidedly better, and after luncheon Mrs. Timmins so far relented as to permit her little patient to get up and dress; but it was on the distinct understanding that she did not run about in draughts, but remained in the schoolroom, where a blazing fire was to be kept up.

The little girl certainly seemed more herself, when she took up her abode in the big arm-chair, with Cinders for company; but a troublesome cough warned Mrs. Timmins that she must still be careful. Having settled her comfortably with a book and some lozenges, she departed, and Sybil opened *Ivanhoe*—not to make much headway, however, for her thoughts continually wandered to Dick and Derrick and the hunt. It had been a bitter disappointment missing it, and she could not help feeling lonely and depressed.

'You might be more sympathetic, Cinders,' she said to the kitten, who lay curled up in her arms, purring contentedly. 'Wouldn't you be dreadfully disappointed if you couldn't hunt mice? No, I don't believe you would—not *very;* but then, perhaps you don't look forward to a mouse-hunt for weeks and weeks beforehand!'

'Who are you talking to? I thought you were all alone. May I come in?' said a voice, as the door opened, and Captain Mitchell appeared upon the threshold.

Sybil jumped up. 'I thought you had gone to the hunt!' she exclaimed. 'Timpie said you had. Is your knee worse, then? Couldn't you go after all?'

'I went to the Meet, and tried to follow for a bit; but my knee's so bad that I couldn't grip; so I had to chuck it and come back.'

'What a shame! I'm so sorry.'

'Rough luck all round, to-day, isn't it? We're companions in distress both grousing over the same grievance. May I come and grouse in here?'

'Yes, do!' And Sybil's face lighted up. 'You must sit in the big chair,' she commanded, as he hobbled towards the fire, 'and I'll get another for your poor leg. Take Cinders, please.'

The Captain did as he was bid and accepted the fluffy ball, which was too sleepy to raise objections to the transfer. Sybil fetched two more chairs and an abundance of cushions, and, in administering to the Captain's 'poor leg,' forgot her disappointment for the time. He watched her with an amused smile, and, when she had arranged things to her satisfaction, 'That's tip-top,' he said. 'I shall recommend you for an army nurse.'

Once assured of her comrade's comfort, Sybil sat down on the hearthrug, and gazed into the fire.

'What are you going to do to entertain me?' asked Captain Mitchell, seeing whither her thoughts were tending, and anxious to divert them.

'Let's draw those pictures of the Battle of Lake Regillus,' she proposed. 'I'll do the horses and you do the men, as you suggested, you know.'

'Woe unto him who promises anything to a child,' murmured the Captain. 'Do you really mean to keep me to it, Sybil?'

'Of course,' she answered, looking up in surprise, and then added after a moment's thought, 'unless your knee hurts too much.'

He laughed shamefacedly. 'Far be it from me to make such a lame excuse,' he said. 'Lame in more sense than one. All right. We'll have a shot.'

They fell to work, and found the occupation so engrossing that it was nearly five o'clock before they realised that an hour had passed; nor would they have become aware of the fact if Jane had not entered with a well-loaded tea-tray. She set the things on the table and left the room, and Sybil looked up at Captain Mitchell in dismay. 'What's wrong?' he inquired.

'Why, I'd no idea it was so late. We haven't half finished, and now you'll have to go back to the drawing-room.'

'Thank you. I *had* been hoping for an invitation to have tea in here, but since you're so marked——' and he made a pretence of getting up.

'Oh, will you stay? Can you really stay? How splendid!' cried Sybil. Then her face fell, and she added: 'but they won't like it in the drawing-room, and there'll be a fuss.'

'There's nobody in, except old Lady Bouverie and Silly Owl; all the rest are hunting.'

At this point Jane re-entered with the teapot. 'Your tea is ready, Miss Sybil,' she announced, 'and Mrs. Timmins said you were to be sure and eat plenty of bread-and-honey, and you might have some cake if you picked out the currants.'

'Hurrah!' cried the Captain. 'Cinders and I will share them.'

'Thank you, Jane,' said Sybil; 'Captain Mitchell's going to have tea with me; so will you bring another cup, please? A big one, like Dick's.'

'Very good, Miss Sybil.'

'And Jane!' called out Captain Mitchell, as the maid withdrew, 'ask Mrs. Timmins how much bread-and-honey *I* may have? Tell her it's quite as good for sore knees as it is for sore throats.'

And a very cosy tea they had. Sybil made hot-buttered toast, and Derrick not being there to startle her, she did not let it fall into the fire this time, but brought it to a successful issue.

'Doesn't it smell good?' observed the Captain, with satisfaction, as she put a large, well-buttered slice on to his plate. 'But where's a knife? Of course you must have half of it.'

'I daren't. Timpie never lets us have it when we have got colds; she says it makes us cough.'

'I expect she's right; and you certainly have a very nasty cough. That comes of your nocturnal prowl, you know, old lady; January's not the best month in the calendar for dancing about the roof in the middle of the night.'

'It would have been all right if we could have got back when we meant to; but, after I rolled down into the gutter, I was so cold waiting in the rain while Derrick fetched the ladder.'

'What!' cried the Captain, aghast. 'You rolled off the top of the roof into the gutter? Why, you might have broken every bone in your body!'

'Oh, it didn't hurt much, thank you,' she observed, complacently. 'Didn't you know that part of it, then? I thought Derrick must have told you all about it, as

you seemed to know what we had done. Who did tell you we were on the roof at all, then, if it wasn't Derrick?'

'Nobody. I guessed it from that little affair of the ladder. And now that you've let out about the gutter, I insist upon knowing the whole story; but if you give me your solemn word of honour that you'll never do such a thing again, I won't get you into trouble or tell your grandfather.'

So Sybil gave a full account of the whole adventure, her companion listening attentively. 'I *wish* I could have done some of the squirting,' she wound up, regretfully, it must have been such fun! I shouldn't mind having a cold nearly so much if I had.'

'Yes,' growled Captain Mitchell; 'Derrick seems to have had all the fun, and you all the consequences of it! He's always getting into mischief that you have to pay for; it was just the same on Christmas morning.'

'But it's not his fault. How can you say such things?' cried the child, indignantly. 'You know quite well that what he did on Christmas Eve was every bit for my sake; and if I'd done what he told me the other night, I never should have fallen down the roof. *He* keeps on declaring that it was his fault, too; but it wasn't a scrap, 'cos he never wanted me to go first.'

'All the same, it's he who devises the mischief, and he who gets the treat of the hunt, while you have to stick at home with a cold.'

'But he didn't *want* to go.'

'Didn't *want* to go! Why, I thought you were both dead set on it?'

'Yes; I don't mean that—I mean he wanted *not* to go. He wanted to give it up and stay with me, only of course I wouldn't let him. Grandfather wouldn't have liked it, so I made him go; but we had a fight about it, and he only gave in because I said I *must* hear all about it.'

'Well, it was decent of him to suggest giving it up, so we won't say any more about it. That was a rattling good bit of toast—I never tasted a better. I say, what a ripping fire we've got! Just right for roasting chestnuts.'

'So it is. Shall I ask Jane to bring some in, when she comes in for the tea-things?'

'Yes—at least, no. On second thoughts, I'm afraid they'd be worse for your cough than hot-buttered toast.'

'Oh, but I could roast them for you.'

'That wouldn't be fair. I haven't forgotten what a dab you are at it, but it's no fun eating them alone. I tell you what, though, we might make some toffee. That's the very thing for a tickly throat, and will do you no end of good.'

This suggestion was hailed with glee by Sybil, who exclaimed, eagerly, 'What fun! And we'll have it ready for the boys when they come in. I *am* glad you thought of it. Accordingly, when Jane reappeared, she was greeted with a demand for the toffee-saucepan. 'My own saucepan, you know, Jane—the little blue one with the brown mark inside, where Derrick scorched it.'

'I know, Miss Sybil; you shall have it, all right.'

'*And* some butter and sugar—brown sugar, please, Jane; and an enamel plate to pour it into——'

'And a slice of lemon, if you've got it, Jane,' the Captain struck in; 'and, hi!—don't take away the milk-jug. A little milk's a great improvement, you know, Sybil.'

Accordingly, Jane departed with the tea-things, to return shortly with a tray bearing all the requisites for toffee-making.'

'Aha!' cried the Captain, gaily; 'this looks something like.'

'There's a drop of cream in the small jug, sir,' Jane informed him. 'Mrs. Timmins says you'll find it better than milk, but that you can have the milk as well, if you like, sir.'

'Mrs. Timmins is a first-class brick, and you may tell her so, with my love. But, Jane, you never came back to tell me how much honey she said I might have. How was that?'

Jane smiled, but maintained a discreet silence. She hardly liked to repeat what had occurred when she delivered the Captain's message; how Mrs. Timmins, with her most motherly beam, had exclaimed, in the fulness of her gratification, 'Bless his dear, soldierly heart! For amusing Miss Sybil he shall finish the whole comb if he wants it, and welcome.'

'Tell her, Jane,' pursued the Captain, 'tell her that I waited as long as greed would permit, and that then, having received no injunctions, I ate as much as I could, which was twice as much as she could, and three times as much as I deserved.'

'Very good, sir,' and Jane withdrew.

(*Continued on page* 205.)

LIGHTER THAN CORK.

A PIECE of cork weighs only one-fourth as much has the same bulk of water, but there are other substances very much lighter even than cork. The pith from a twig of elder is only one-tenth as heavy as water. The lightest vegetable substance known is the pith of the sunflower stalk, which is about thirty-five times lighter than water. The sunflower is grown very largely in some parts of Russia, where every part of the plant is put to some use. The pith is employed for making life-belts for use at sea.

A GOOD WAR-HORSE.

DURING the Great War a Yorkshire farmer sold a horse to a cavalry officer, warranting the animal to be a first-rate war-horse. Some time afterwsrds the officer came to the farmer in a towering rage, saying that he had been swindled.

'You call this creature a good war-horse?' shouted the officer. 'Why, there's not a bit of go in him! A good war-horse, indeed!'

'So he is,' replied the farmer. 'Sure, he'd rather die than run!'

THE OYSTER-CATCHER.

FROM its name, you would naturally suppose this bird to be an enemy of the oyster, but such is not the case. The bird used to be known as 'Sea-pie.' It haunts the coast, and sometimes feeds on mussels and limpets.

But the oyster, of course, has other enemies, one of these being the 'boring sponge,' which perforates the victim's shell, and extracts the contents by suction. Unmolested the oyster may live for twenty years, but its average age is less than half that period.

THE ROMANCE OF SHIP-BUILDING.

VIII.—SAILS.

WHEN at the sea-side we watch the sailing-boats pass to and fro, their sails flashing white in the sunshine, and the foam at their bows, how often we exclaim: 'I wonder what she is and where she is going?' If attention is paid to the different rig and shape of the sails, it is not so very difficult to tell one from another.

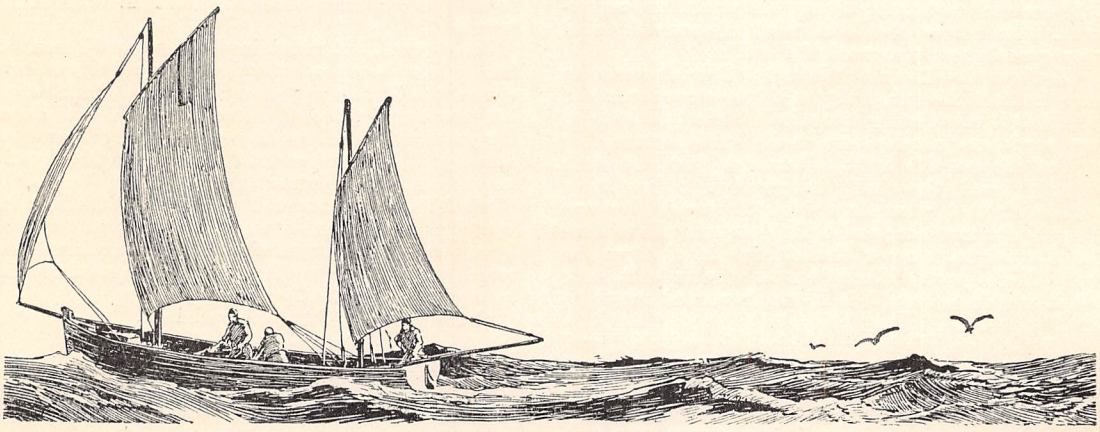
The first sail, as we saw when speaking of Phœnician and Greek galleys, was a simple square, hung before the mast on a horizontal spar or 'yard.'

It is from this that the simplest form of sail has been evolved, the lug, which instead of being placed square on the mast has the greater part projecting to one side. At each tack this sail has to be lowered and hoisted again on the other side of the mast. This is done so rapidly that the sail is down and up again as the boat shoots up in the wind, and before she has lost way.

Most of the smugglers on our coast ran their contraband in luggers, handy boats, with one to three masts, with the lug-sails just described.

Many a wild adventure and fight did smugglers and preventive officers have in the old days, and with most of the population—even sometimes justices of the peace, and other officials—ready to assist them and mislead the government men, the smugglers often ran their cargoes with success.

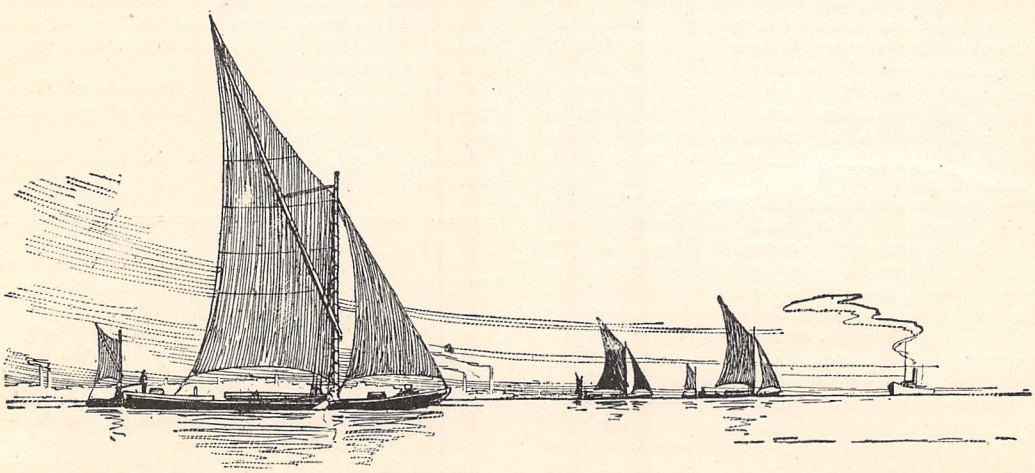
A simple lug-sail is that of the Deal galley, or galley-punt. These are long, deep boats, and carry much ballast. Like their namesakes, the old galleys, they row as well as sail fast. They were, and still are, used for tending vessels on their way through the Downs. As these galleys are entirely open, in rough weather one of the crew is constantly at work at the pumps.



Lugger.

Another lugger rig is the Scotch herring-boat, with two masts.

The 'chasse-marée,' a Norman boat, is fast disappearing. It was a fast three-masted boat with lug-sails and jib, and was much used for bringing vegetables to

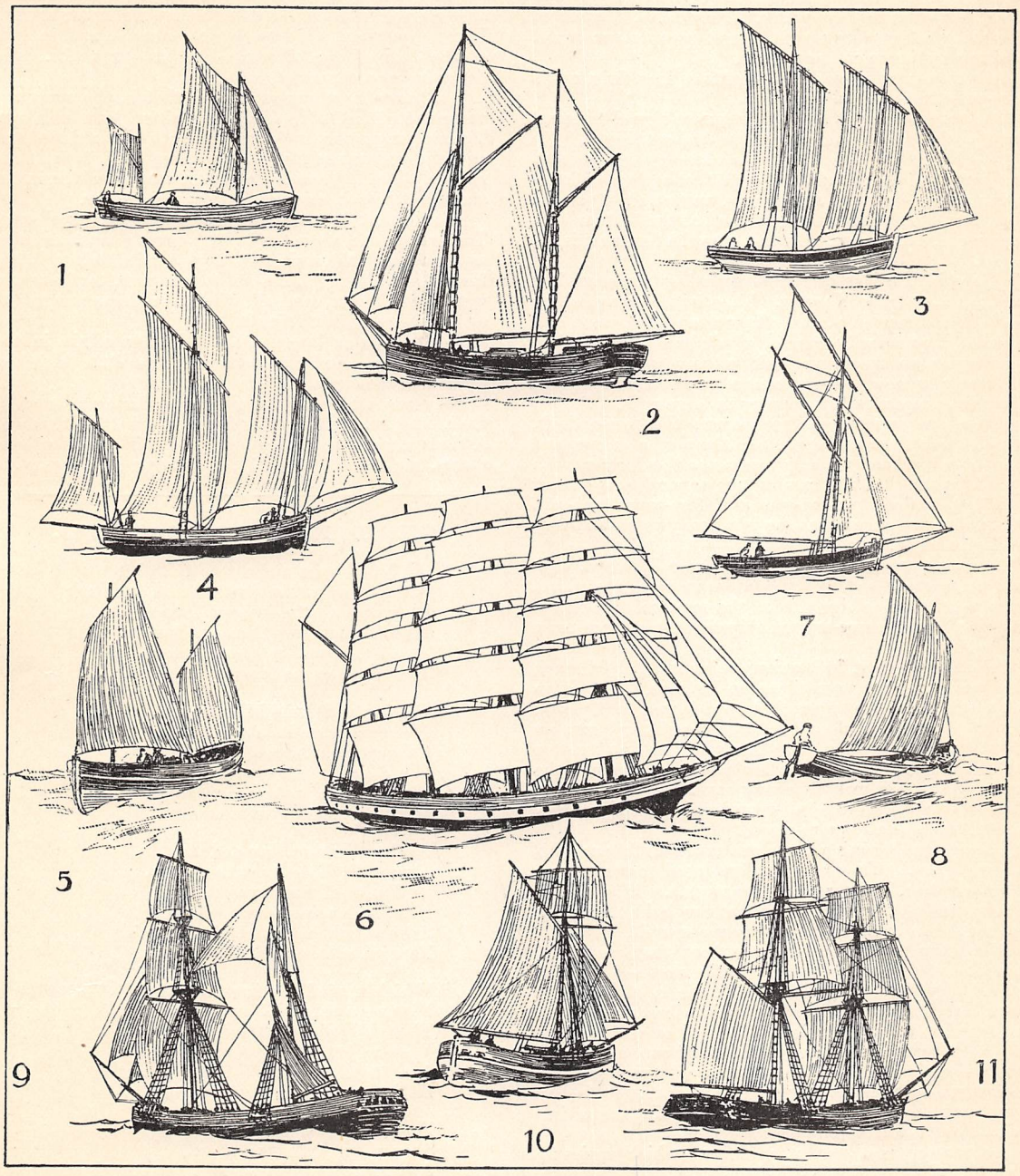


Thames Barges.

England. The fishing-boats of Beer Head, in Devon, are also an early type of vessel: three-masted, with a lug for each mast, but no other sail, very similar to the two-masted Channel Island boat.

A Dutch sloop, with mainsail and two jibs, may also sometimes be seen.

The yawl is a cutter-rigged boat, with a small mast right aft.



1. Portsmouth Wherry.
2. Coasting Schooner.
3. Channel Island Boat.
4. Norman 'Chasse-marée.'
5. Lug-rigged Scotch Herring-boat.
6. Full-rigged Ship.
7. French Cutter.
8. Deal Galley.
9. Brigantine.
10. Sloop-rigged Billy-boy.
11. Brig.

A brig is a two-masted vessel with yards and square-sails on both fore and main mast, the latter being the taller of the two, which is just the reverse to the yawl. Brigs have been much used for carrying coal across the North Sea, lumbering along, safely nosing their way over that ever restless water. They have, nowadays, like many other sailing craft, almost been driven out of business by steam collier tramps.

A barque has fore and main masts as in a brig, and a fore-and-aft rigged mizzen.

The barquentine has a brig's square-rigged foremast only, but her main and mizzen fore-and-aft rigged.

The brigantine has a brig's square-rigged foremast, but her main is fore-and-aft rigged, that is, her mainsail being run on the mast with hoops, and attached at the top to a spar called the 'gaff,' and at the bottom to a larger one, the 'boom.' In this case the foremast is the taller.

Early in the last century brigantines were used to bring timber from Norway. The timber was piled up on deck and kept in place by heavy baulks of wood and ropes. They usually carried a windmill for pumping, which gave a very curious look to the vessel.

Timber is now usually carried by steamboats, and sometimes comes to this country in huge rafts.

There are two types of schooner: the fore-and-aft, which has both masts rigged like those of a cutter, and the top-sail schooner which resembles the former, with the difference that she carries two square sails on her foremast, called fore-top-sail and fore-topgallant-sail. A small crew is needed as she is a handy vessel and very easily managed.

The most common type of schooner is two-masted, but there are also three-masted schooners, the third, mizzen-mast, being rigged like the main-mast. She is unique amongst three-masted ships in that her fore-mast is the highest.

Schooners of four, five, and even six masts, all of much the same rig, are sometimee to be seen. The extra masts are called the 'jigger,' 'second jigger,' and 'third jigger.' These are, of course, large vessels, and capable of going on long voyages. The addition of a mast or two makes no difference to her name—a schooner she remains, however many she may have.

The same applies to a full-rigged ship, usually three-masted, each being square-rigged.

These large sailing vessels are much in favour with many owners. They are fast, and need fewer officers and crew than, say, three smaller vessels. It is for this reason that it is only big ships that can hold their own against steam in the important overseas trade.

A lumbering and picturesque boat that may still sometimes be seen, particularly on the north-east coast, is the 'billy-boy.' A good sea-boat, she is bluff in the bows, heavily built, and nearly always has windows in her round stern. The mast is stepped in what sailors call a 'tabernacle,' a strong trunk, and can be lowered for passing bridges. She is a very old type of boat, unchanged with the passing of years, and still holds her own for the carriage of grain and other things requiring a dry, stoutly-built hold.

The wherry is a hardy little boat, which varies in minor details according to the locality. At Portsmouth these boats were in use for centuries as tenders to the fleet, a sort of sea-cab. The masts being short, a wherry is extremely handy for running alongside a man-o'-war, with her projecting booms, &c. Built of oak and copper-fastened, she is well-nigh imperishable, and is handed down from generation to generation.

We must not forget the barge, with her picturesque red sail. Barges are built with flat sides, so as to fit the locks through which they have to pass, and the mast and rigging can be lowered for passing under bridges. Like the wherry, she dates back centuries, and in spite of the competition of steam-lighters, tugs, &c., still flourishes as a carrier of goods.

The barge has a large sprit-sail, that is, the upper and outer end of the sail is held in position by a long spar. The tiny mizzen-mast is stepped upon the rudder-head, and the sail made fast to the after end of the large rudder. The little sail is almost a second rudder, in the air, and it acts in unison with the real rudder.

A sail that is now obsolete is the old 'sprit-sail.' This was in use when the bowsprit was almost as erect as a mast, and the sprit-sails were carried below it, the lowest sail having holes in each corner, to allow the water caught by the sail when the ship plunged to escape instead of splitting it.

The triangular lateen sails had their origin in the Mediterranean, and have changed but little with the passing of the centuries.

They are still used by all the seafaring peoples of the inland sea, also the Red Sea, and many Eastern and African coasts, but are rarely seen off our Northern shores.

W. Herbert Holloway.

THE DANGERS OF DANCING.

ONCE upon a time the Whiting
Thought the Scottish reel exciting;
'Twas before the days of Two-step,
And, in fact, was then a new step.
Said he, 'I will wait no longer,
But take lessons from the Conger.'

He was under the impression
He could learn it in one lesson;
Conger-eel informed him gaily,
He would have to practise daily,
If the art he wished to master
Without meeting with disaster.

So the Whiting, day and nightly,
Exercised till he grew sprightly,
And a lot of time expended
Ere the dancing-lessons ended.
Salmon, who're of Scotch extraction,
Recognised his graceful action.

Whiting, at all festive meetings,
Was received with joyous greetings;
Though Red Mullet and the Cat-fish
Were as jealous as the flat fish;
And the Haddock told Miss Gurnet
He'd made up his mind to learn it.

Had the fish more moderation
Shown for this exercitation,
And not been quite so enraptured,
They would never have been captured
In the net on them descending,
Which to dancing put an ending.

G. D. Lynch.

THE WORKING MONKEY.

THE Malays train the pig-tailed Macaques (or Broks) to pick cocoanuts. R. W. C. Shelford, in *A Naturalist in Borneo,* tells us how the thing is done. The monkey, with a cord fastened round its waist, is led to a cocoanut palm, which it rapidly climbs. Then it grasps a nut, and if the owner thinks the nut to be ripe enough for plucking he shouts to the monkey. Thereupon the intelligent creature twists the nut round and round until its stalk is broken, and it falls to the ground. Should the monkey catch hold of an unripe fruit, the owner tugs at the cord—a signal which means 'try another.' The 'naturalist' once saw a 'Brok' act as a very efficient fruit-picker, with no cord, guided solely by the tones and inflections of his voice.

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 187.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALL through the night the search went on, the fruitless, anxious search. In this at least Ooma had been right; Dibra had left no tracks behind him. Already the soft sand surrounding the palace had dribbled into the hoof-prints. The ancient buildings, brooding in the moonlight, yielded no clue. For a little Michael was with the searchers, and then he was sent back to sleep, for there was no more that he could do. He had pointed out the corner of the roof where the four of them had hidden; the stables where the ponies had been tied. But, very early in the morning, he was up again to find Frieda dressed, too, and waiting for him.

'I've been dreaming all night of the tiger-beat and the *machan* slipping down the tree,' she told him. 'I'm awfully frightened about Jai Singh.'

'So am I,' Michael acknowledged, 'and I think Father is, too, though he doesn't say much. He hasn't come back yet; but he told me last night we could do anything we liked to help to-day. Anything we could think of without waiting to ask for leave. We might happen on something useful with luck.'

'Oh, I do hope we shall,' said Frieda, unhappily. It would not bear thinking of that Jai Singh, so real a friend, so constant a companion, was in such danger. Before, when he had been in peril, at least they had been with him. Now he was deserted—alone. 'And what are we to do about Ooma?' she asked. 'She had her bed, such a grand bed, brought over to my tent last night, and she's still asleep, I think.

'Father said we had better take her with us wherever we went, or else tell Duttia to look after her,' Michael explained. 'He made the Rani promise she would leave Ooma alone, but he couldn't make Soma promise anything. Soma does understand, though, she had better do nothing at present, because Dibra would take it out of Jai Singh if she did. Look at her watching your tent now.'

Outside the Rani's tent Soma was crouched, watching intently. She turned her head a little at the sound of Michael's voice, and then she beckoned to him. 'The Rani would speak with the two of you, little Sahib,' she said. 'I pray you go within, and I will sit here lest that evil child be plotting some fresh mischief.'

Inside the tent the Rani lay exhausted with hours of sobbing. She had not slept all night, and had refused to eat or drink. 'Frieda, Michael,' she implored. She could never get their names quite right, but pronounced them in a queer soft way all her own. 'Find my son for me. Once ye saved him before; I beseech you save him again.'

'But this time we helped to lose him,' Michael felt bound to acknowledge.

'It falls to all of us to be tricked sometimes,' the Rani consoled. 'I, too, was to blame when I let Ooma visit me. Her mother also has a violent temper, and I was afraid to refuse. I do not like it when people storm and shout at me,' she admitted timidly. 'And now I can do nothing to make good my mistake, as I cannot go hither and thither as can ye. But see—this I can give.'

She put up her hand to her throat, unclasped a pearl necklace she wore, and slid the string into Frieda's hand. 'There are those who can be bought,' she reminded them. 'Use my pearls as seems good.'

And, remembering the money she had seen Ooma give Dibra, Frieda felt more hopeful. If they could only find Dibra, perhaps he would be less afraid of them than of some one more important. Perhaps he might even agree to deliver up Jai Singh secretly in exchange for the pearls. But how to get in touch with him, that was the question. And, in a flash, Frieda remembered the little jungle temple, the oracle and the prophecy.

'Oh, Michael,' she cried, breathlessly. 'The temple; we've forgotten. It was because of the oracle Jai Singh made Dibra his shikari. I do believe Ooma had arranged it all beforehand. Don't you remember how queer she was? She pretended to know nothing, and really knew a lot. Oh, perhaps the oracle could help us. Perhaps we could bribe him with some of the pearls.'

Already Michael was calling for the saises to saddle Punch and Midnight, and at the same moment Ooma emerged from Frieda's tent. She shot a glance first at Soma and then at the twins. 'Where are you going?' she demanded. 'To search the palace again? I have told you already it will be useless.'

'We are not going to the palace. Duttia, watch her while we are away,' Michael answered shortly, and they left her staring after them evidently puzzled. That she did not guess their destination was a little disappointing, since it looked as if she were not afraid of what they might discover at the temple. But their spirits rose involuntarily as they cantered down the forest path. At least they had a definite end in view; there was something to be done. They had already cut the string of the pearl necklace, so that each pearl could be used separately.

'Only one of us can ask questions at a time,' Michael reminded his sister. 'We had better draw lots.' And he caught at a leaf as he passed.

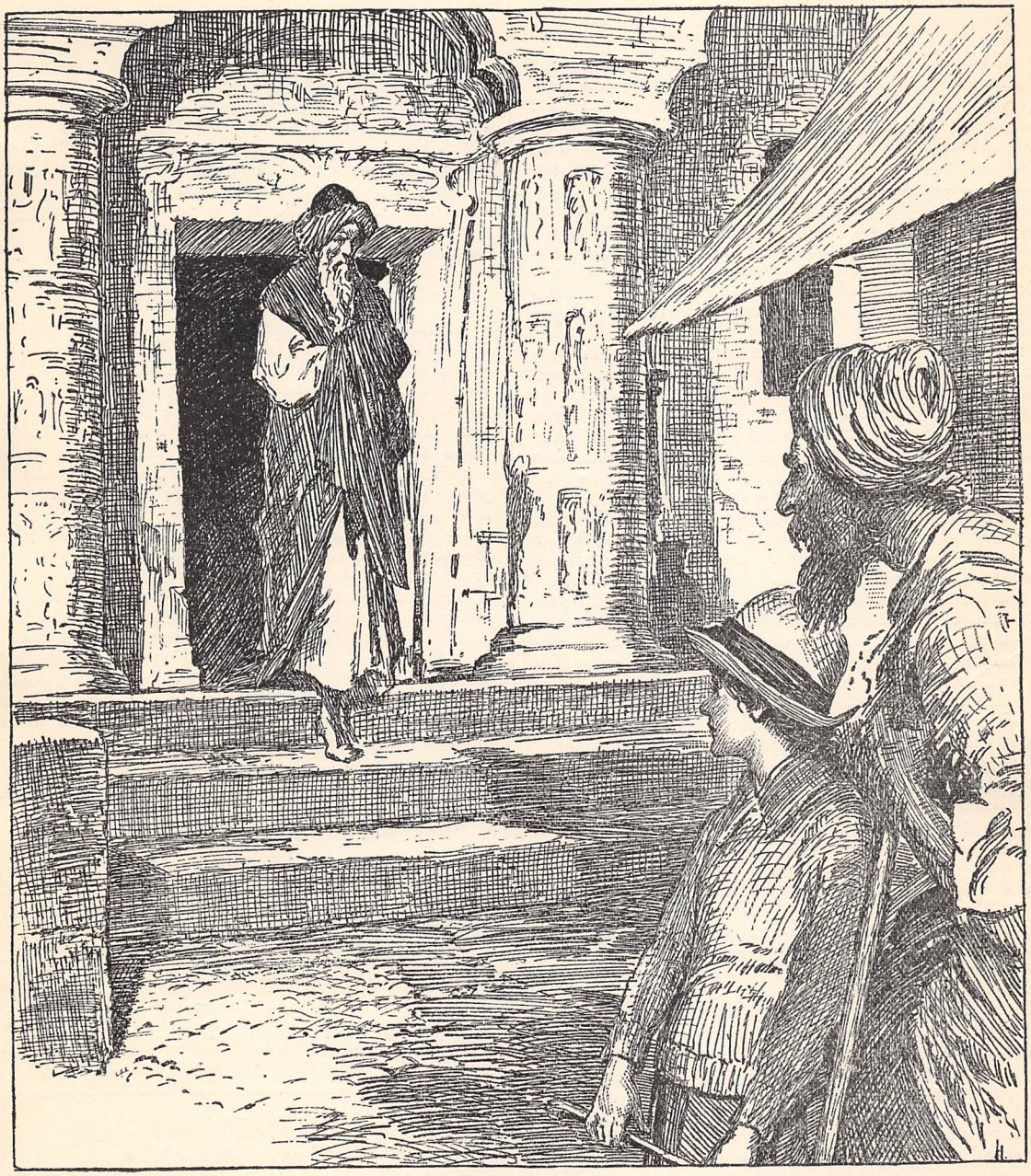
'Right hand or left?' he asked. And 'Left,' Frieda guessed. He opened his left hand, and the leaf was inside it. 'It's fair, after all, it should be you,' he admitted. 'You thought of the oracle first. What will you ask?'

'I shall say first—"Do you know where Jai Singh is?"' Frieda decided.

'And don't forget,' Michael warned her, 'that if the oracle shakes his head backwards and forwards it means "Yes"; and from side to side means "No."'

(*Continued on page* 202.)

"She unclasped a pearl necklace she wore."



"Out upon the temple steps came a tall old man."

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 199.)

'I WON'T forget,' Frieda promised. But as she walked up the hill towards the temple, she found herself repeating Michael's directions. What if she remembered wrong at the critical moment? Then she began to be afraid the temple was deserted, so asleep it looked in the noonday sun. Even the little flag that hung above the gateway was limp. Beside the gate-post was a copper bell, and, lifting her riding-whip, she struck on it. As the echoes died away, she could hear a snuffling and a shuffling inside the courtyard, and a sleepy voice murmured—'Enter.' A moment she turned to wave to Michael at the foot of the hill; then she lifted the latch of the gate, which opened towards her, and slipped through.

She was undoubtedly more nervous than she had expected; and, so used she was to sharing every adventure with her brother, it seemed very strange to be in this alone. One hand she kept on the pearls in her pocket for reassurance sake. They felt so large, so valuable, it was comforting, for surely they must prove a sufficient bribe. Round the courtyard she looked in search of the oracle, but its sole inhabitant was the old priest.

He was half lying, half sitting, on a wadded quilt spread beneath the shade of a fig-tree that grew through the courtyard wall. He had evidently just woken from his mid-day sleep, and blinked at Frieda with his mouth wide open. No doubt he had expected to see some humble village worshipper, and for the moment was completely puzzled. Then, as he recognised his visitor, he scrambled to his feet, puffed out his chest, and tried to look impressive. 'It is the Miss Sahib who came with the Rajah Sahib,' he cried. 'Indeed my poor temple is highly honoured. What is the Miss Sahib's pleasure? Let her speak and it is done.'

'I've come to consult the oracle,' Frieda told him. 'Where shall I find him?'

'But the oracle is not here,' the old priest answered, growing distress ousting the pride from his face. 'At times he is absent for many days, and then he will return. He comes and goes at his will. Is it because of the Rajah Sahib the Miss Sahib would speak with him?' he went on eagerly. 'Now that is a good thought. I heard the bad news at dawn, and all the morning have I offered prayers for the Rajah's safety.'

So deep was his concern, it was impossible to doubt that it was genuine; that if any part of the plot against Jai Singh had been hatched in the temple, he had no share in it. He looked at Frieda beseechingly as if for advice and help. 'Miss Sahib,' he faltered, 'it is my gods, the gods of the jungle, who have failed the Rajah, and I know not what to do. They have not done right, for he paid them due respect. I think I will go serve other gods in another place. If only the oracle would return,' he mourned. Then, all at once, he paused and pointed to the temple door. 'See, he comes,' he whispered.

The temple door was opening very slowly, little by little, almost inch by inch. Some one was looking through the crack, Frieda felt certain. She felt an eye fixed upon her, a piercing, inquiring eye; then out upon the temple steps came a tall old man.

Far more imposing he was than was the priest. He was clad in a long dark cloak of some thick material he held wrapped about him. His matted grey hair hung thickly to his shoulders; his grey beard reached to his waist. He was staring straight in front of him as a sleep-walker stares, and he paid no attention to the two in the courtyard. For a long moment he stood, motionless, on the steps; then he strode towards the priest's wadded quilt that still lay outspread. Down upon it he sat, cross-legged, lost, apparently, in meditation.

'But he could see where the quilt was,' Frieda found herself thinking. 'I'm quite sure he saw us too.' And, at the same moment, the old priest murmured:

'It is he, Miss Sahib. Speak to him. But where is the gift you should have brought? Without an offering the oracle will not answer.'

CHAPTER XIX.

Already Frieda had taken a pearl from her pocket; one of the smaller pearls which she had decided she would offer first in case the oracle, like Duttia's cloth merchant, preferred to bargain. Across the courtyard she went and sat down opposite the motionless figure, and laid the pearl in front of it, while the old priest stood behind her, watching. She heard him draw his breath sharply at sight of the jewel, but the oracle appeared unmoved. There might have been no pearl at all for the little notice he took of it.

'What does he do if he likes the gift?' Frieda asked the priest, puzzled. 'Is it all right? Shall I question him now?'

'He takes it in his hand if he is satisfied, but not always, even then, does he answer,' the priest admitted.

And Frieda, after a moment's hesitation, took out a second pearl, a third, a fourth, a fifth, and laid them beside the first. One more she would offer, she thought, and then she would stop, and try and make the oracle believe there were no more to come. She felt like a gambler, risking coin after coin.

(*Continued on page* 214.)

THE DEVIL-SWALLOW.

WHAT a dreadful name for a bird! Why, we wonder, has this name been given by country folk for the swift?

Perhaps one reason is to be found in his colour. He is coal-black all over, and has a wicked-looking black eye.

The swift is absolutely fearless. If you succeed in capturing him, he grips you as firmly as you hold him and when you relax your grasp—*how* he goes! Well, he is called the *Swift!*

It is said that in warm, still weather, this bird can remain on the wing the whole night through.

'NAMESAKES.'

VI.—THOMAS AND ALICE.

WE have already seen how, at different periods of history, different Christian names have been popular, while others seemed—for a time—to fall into disuse.

Thus, in Saxon times, names such as Alfred, Edmund and Edgar were the favourites, while later the Norman Conquest brought with it a throng of Williams, Richards,

and Henries, with, as their companions, Eleanors, Matildas and Isabellas. Hundreds of years later we find that German names, Frederick, Albert, Ernest, and the like, were introduced into England during the reigns of the Hanoverian Kings; and even in our own day, it often happens that a great soldier, a popular prince, or some hero of romance, is followed by a host of namesakes.

Thomas, with its shortened form, Tom, is now one of the most widely used of all our Christian names, but it does not seem to have enjoyed its present popularity before the early sixteenth century. In Tudor times, however, the Thomases appear to have had things all their own way, and, if we open the pages of our history books, we shall see that the name was borne by nobles and merchants, by soldiers and statesmen, by priests and peasants, and saints and sinners alike.

Of course we have plenty of namesakes that belong to still earlier days, and to begin with there is St. Thomas the Apostle, who, although slow to believe at first, was ready to die for his faith, and it is said suffered martyrdom in India, where he had journeyed to preach the Gospel to the Brahmins. Other saintly namesakes are Thomas Aquinas and Thomas à Kempis, the writer of a beautiful work called *The Imitation of Christ*, while another saint—and one of quite a different character—was St. Thomas Becket, the son of that romantic couple—Gilbert the Crusader and his Syrian wife—of whom we have already heard.

To our modern ideas Thomas Becket, perhaps, hardly seems the saint that he was acclaimed to be in the Middle Ages, but he was doubtless one of the strongest and most brilliant figures of his time. The story of the 'turbulent priest' who was Chancellor of England at the age of thirty-six, who amazed every one with his splendour and extravagance, who defied the king and who, at last, was slain by that king's wishes, if not by his orders, before the altar of Canterbury Cathedral, is a wonderful one. After his tragic death, Becket, archbishop and martyr, became even more popular and famous than he had been in his lifetime, and his tomb was one of the great pilgrimage shrines of Europe. Kings and princes, and soldiers and poets alike came to Canterbury to pay their respects to the new saint, and among the pious throng we catch sight of the gallant Black Prince, of Froissart, the Flemish historian, and of Geoffrey Chaucer, with all his motley merry throng of make-believe wayfarers.

All through the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries Thomas Becket was revered and honoured; but when the Reformation came, and Harry VIII. cast greedy eyes on the rich abbeys and monasteries of England, the gold and silver and jewels of the martyr's tomb, to which thousands of devout men and women had brought their offerings, did not escape his notice. The King then tried to find an excuse for pillaging the shrine, and at last hit upon the strange plan of accusing the long-dead Becket of high treason, summoning him to appear before his judges, and—on his inevitable failure to come forward—of confiscating all his possessions, and declaring them to be the property of the Crown.

And thus Thomas Becket was stripped of his glory, but there were others to take his place, for in Tudor times we find ourselves surrounded by a crowd of powerful and notable namesakes. There was Thomas More—perhaps one of the most attractive of all—and we see him as a very learned and witty and charming gentleman, the friend of the great scholar Erasmus, and himself the writer of *Utopia*—a brave man, too, who was not afraid to assert his own opinions, even in face of the King's displeasure, and who, when called upon to pay the penalty of his steadfastness, went to the scaffold with unflinching courage and a jest on his lips.

Close on the heels of this namesake comes Thomas, Cardinal Wolsey—a churchman as splendid, as powerful and as ambitious as Becket himself. Like his forerunner, too, Wolsey's career ended in disaster and humiliation, for King Henry VIII. treated his favourite counsellor as harshly as King Henry II. had treated the martyr of Canterbury; worse, perhaps, for at least the Plantagenet sovereign repented and did penance for his sins, while Henry VIII., after Wolsey's downfall and death, only appropriated the Cardinal's residence, York House, and turned it into his own palace of White Hall.

'If I had served my God as I have served my King, I should not now be in these straits': Wolsey is said to have uttered these words when he found himself forsaken by his fickle and heartless master; and turning now to Henry VIII., we see him bestowing favours and honours on another namesake in the person of Thomas Cromwell, a man who was as unscrupulous, as covetous and as dishonest as he was himself, and who also did not hesitate to feather his own nest with the treasures of the churches and monasteries which he overthrew.

Then, still in Tudor days, there was Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, who suffered martyrdom rather than deny his faith; Sir Thomas Wyatt, who upheld the cause of the little nine days' queen Lady Jane Grey, and Thomas, Duke of Northumberland; while, in the reign of Charles I. comes the stately and tragic figure of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, the loyal servant of a weak king, who remained faithful even when unjustly accused and condemned to death.

We close our histories now and open our story-books, where we find Tom Brown, who spent his happy school-days at Rugby, and a merry group from the old nursery rhymes, among whom can be seen such well-known favourites as Tom, Tom, the Piper's son; Tom Tiddler, on his treasure-strewn dominion; Little Tommy Tucker, who cried for his supper—once upon a time—and Tom Thumb, the tiny hero of many a knightly adventure, who, so some people say, was given a place at King Arthur's Round Table itself.

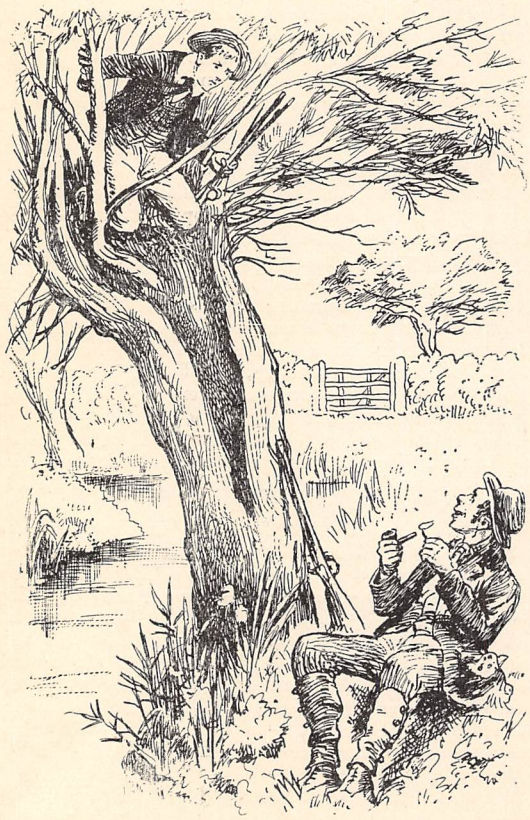
As a companion to Thomas, we will take to-day the name Alice—meaning Noble Maid—with all its many variations of Adela, Adelicia, Alicia, Adelaide, Adèle, and Elsa.

This name was a great favourite in Norman days, and we are carried back by memory to the time when Alice of Louvain, the 'Fair Maid of Brabant,' came across the Channel to be the second wife of King Henry I.

A very beautiful and accomplished lady was this young Flemish Princess, and her exquisite needlework was famed throughout Europe. One banner which she embroidered was carried by her father's warriors into the Battle of 'The Standard'—to which it gave the name, and afterwards hung for many long centuries in the cathedral of Liège.

We might have had another still greater royal namesake in Norman days, for Alice was the real name of the great princess whom we call the Empress Maud,

Sir Thomas More bidding farewell to his daughter.



Tom Brown caught trespassing

and who battled long and bravely for her rights as the first Queen regnant of England.

A third very noble namesake for all our Alices is Dame Alice Lisle, who was noted in Stuart days for her charities and benevolence. Although her husband was a staunch Puritan, Alice did not hesitate to befriend unfortunate Royalists, and later, in the reign of James II., when Monmouth's rebellion ended in disaster, she gave food and shelter to the fugitives from the battle of Sedgemoor.

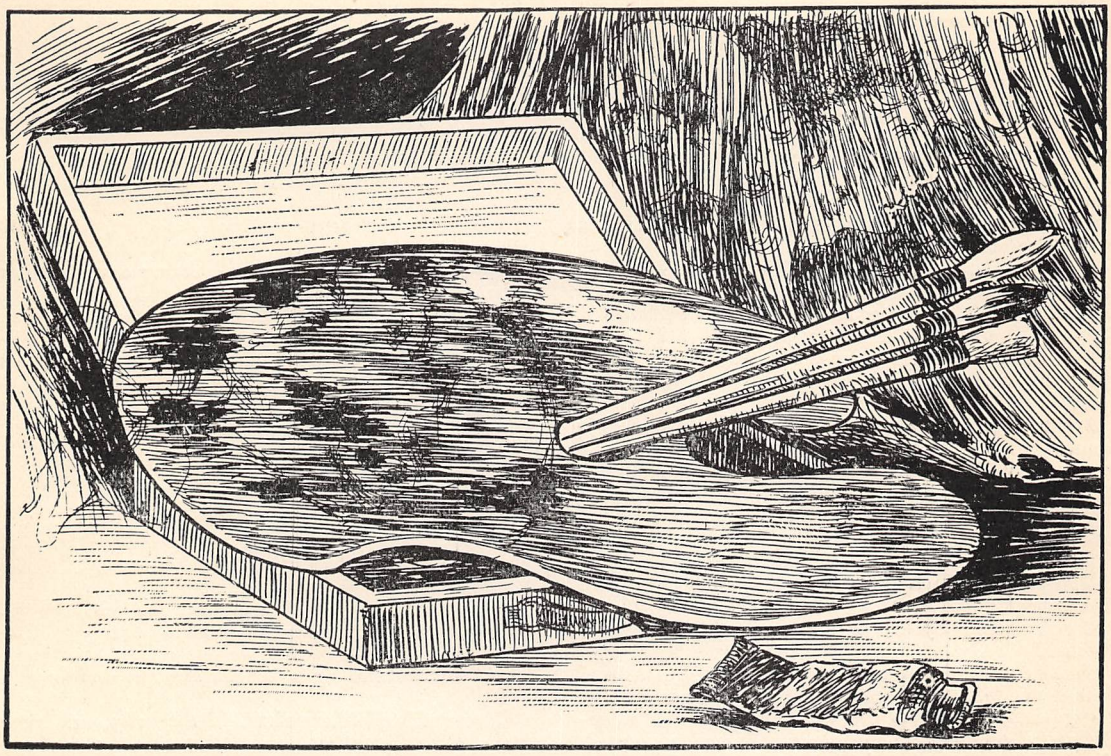
Punishment came quickly to the West-country folk with the failure of the revolt, and Alice Lisle was accused, imprisoned, and sentenced to be burnt alive. This cruel decree was changed to beheading, so great was the agitation on behalf of the lady whose good works had made her beloved; but King James, knowing that his own seat on the English throne was a very insecure one, and fearing every whisper of treachery, refused to spare her life.

The arrest of Dame Alice Lisle.

We must turn from history to romance now, and find Tennyson's plaintive little maiden begging her mother to call her early on May morning, because she had been chosen by her playmates as their queen; and then there is Alice Brand from Scots ballad, and fair-haired Elsa of the old legend, pacing with her mysterious bridegroom, Lohengrin, to the strains of Wagner's Wedding March, and sacrificing all her love and happiness to foolish curiosity.

Last of all, we see and welcome a dear little familiar figure who, in clean pinafore and strapped shoes, appears at the head of a strange band of followers, among whom can be recognised the White Knight, the March Hare, the Mock Turtle, and many others; and so, with this our favourite Alice of all, we will go Through the Looking Glass, into new Wonderlands of fairy-tale and delight

A. A. M.



A PICTURE PUZZLE.—Find the Artist and his Subject.

THE JAPANESE CRAB.

JAPANESE crabs, unlike the Japanese people, are big and ugly. They grow to an immense size. So when you go to Japan do not order a whole crab, unless you wish to be all day eating it! A crab's foot will make you a sufficient meal.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE PIG.

THE pig is certainly an unbeautiful animal, except, perhaps, in his extreme youth. George Morland painted a charming picture of infant pigs. But 'handsome is that handsome does,' and pigs, like most other folks, have their good points. At any rate, they have some excuse for their bad points.

The pig is said to be dirty. Well, how can he be anything else when he lives in a sty? *We* should be dirty were we cooped up in such a place. Travellers who have seen pigs in their native haunts, in wood and forest, say that they are not dirty animals.

Greedy people, as well as dirty people, are often compared with pigs. But *is* the pig greedy? Appearances, undoubtedly, are against him. But in his natural state he is compelled, unless he wishes to starve, to eat plenty in the autumn, when acorns and beech-mast abound. In winter, food is very scarce, and we cannot blame the animal for storing fat in his body against the evil days to come.

Thus our domestic pigs get their greedy-looking manner of feeding from their ancestors, the wild pigs, which sensibly ate as much food as possible while they could get it.

One lovable trait in the mother-pig is her devotion to her children and her courage in defending them. The wild boar, too, is brave, and has been called 'the pluckiest thing on four legs.' Even a tiger nearly always has the worst of it in a tussle with one of these animals.

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 195.)

'THIS is going to be the very best toffee I've ever made,' Sybil announced, with conviction. 'Fancy, *cream* in it! What *will* Dick say?'

'He will only wish he'd been here to help make it, instead of fooling away his time, hunting. We shall have more to show for our day's work than he and Derrick will—even if we haven't enjoyed ourselves so much.'

'And we have—very nearly,' Sybil added.

'Yes, we've not done so badly in that line after all. At any rate, you don't look quite so forlorn as you did a couple of hours ago when I found you confiding all your troubles in Cinders. Don't let that cook too fast.'

'No,' said Sybil, stirring vigorously, 'but it must be done before they come in, you know.'

'No good hurrying it though; it will only get burnt. If it once catches, it will spoil the whole bang lot.'

'I hope it won't take very long to set when it *is* done.'

'Oh, dear, no; cool down in ten minutes if you put it outside the window.'

Sybil was stirring as if her life depended on it, bending over the fire, her face the colour of a beetroot.

'You needn't put so much energy into it,' laughed Captain Mitchell; 'if I were you, I'd move it to the side a bit, Sybil; then you won't have to stir at such a pace. It will cook just as quickly and with less risk.'

She took his advice, and observed, after a few minutes, 'I really believe it's nearly ready now; it seems fairly thick—look!'

'So it does. The best dodge for testing it is to drop a spoonful into a glass of cold water; if it's done, it will set at once; but I suppose there isn't one handy?'

'There's the flower-vase; wouldn't that do just as well? We could put the chrysanthemums back again afterwards.'

'Bright idea, Sybil! I see you are a woman of resource.'

So the chrysanthemums were ruthlessly ejected from their domicile, into which was dropped a spoonful of the golden-brown syrup. With a faint hiss it immediately solidified, and Captain Mitchell remarked, 'Yes, that's exactly right.'

So after liberally smearing a plate with butter, Sybil poured the mixture on to it. 'It smells all right, doesn't it?' she said, as she scraped the saucepan.

'Rather! I want to taste it, only it's so hot.'

'Besides, we must wait till Dick and Derrick come in,' added Sybil, as she put the plate outside the window. 'I'm going to hide the saucepan and everything, so that they'll have a nice surprise.' So saying, she heaped the cooking utensils on to the tray, which she put under the table, pulling the table-cloth down to screen it from view. 'And now let's go on with the pictures,' she said eagerly. 'I've finished the Twin Brethren's steeds, and they *are* nearly exactly alike; almost as nearly as the Twin Brethren themselves; you have done them beautifully.'

There was silence for a time, while the artists proceeded with their work, and the picture was just completed when Dick and Derrick burst in.

CHAPTER XVI.

'HERE we are, Bill!'

'How's the cold, Babs? Hullo, Mitchell!'

'Are you really back at last? Did you have a good time? Why are you so late?' and Sybil poured out a torrent of questions without leaving her cousins time to answer one of them.

Then followed a lively description of the hunt: how they had 'found' at the foot of Keniston Hill and had a splendid run over the hill itself; how the fox had taken them right away to Couple Cross, over Purley Down; how they had been in at the finish, and how they had found themselves so far away from Limborough that the Colonel had suggested cutting down through the valley to Masterton, and taking train from there back to Dunsford, trusting to chance to procure a horse-box; how Fortune had favoured them in this respect; and how they had had tea at Masterton Station while waiting for the train.

'How splendid!' cried Sybil, her eyes glistening.

'It was ripping!' decreed Derrick. 'I wish you'd been there, Bill. It was no end of a lark having tea at the station; and we were all jolly hungry, weren't we, Dick?'

'We certainly succeeded in putting away a record number of buns between the lot of us,' assented his brother; 'don't suppose they've ever sold so many before, not all at one go; we cleared 'em right out!'

'All the same, you didn't have such a good tea as we did,' Captain Mitchell challenged him, '*we've* been feasting on honey, and buttery toast, and cream and cake, and all sorts of luxuries; and we don't in the least envy you your dry old station buns!'

'They *weren't* "dry old station buns" declared Derrick, hotly; 'they were real proper Bath buns, all sticky with sugar on top.'

'Then I'm sorry for your grandfather's pocket, young man, if you ate an unlimited number—that is, if they really were the *bona-fide* thing.'

'Of course they were! And I can prove it, because I saved one for Bill, so there!' And the boy triumphantly produced from one of his pockets a greasy, crumpled paper bag, containing a much squeezed and battered bun.

Captain Mitchell examined it carefully, remarking, as he did so, that on second thoughts he considered Derrick's pocket more to be pitied than the Colonel's.

'It does seem to exhibit compressed signs of having at some remote period been the genuine article,' he admitted, 'but I doubt if it ever came up to my buttery toast.'

'Oh, didn't it, though! Here you are, Billy, catch! But don't give *him* any. You're not to have even a mouthful,' the boy added, severely, turning to Captain Mitchell.

The Captain's face did not express blank disappointment at this assertion. Was it fancy, or did Derrick actually detect a slight indication of relief?

'What have you two been doing to amuse yourselves?' asked Dick at this point; 'comparing notes on your various ailments?'

'No, indeed!' rejoined the Captain, 'we've been far too busy for that. Amusement, indeed! *You* may have had nothing better to do than amuse yourself, my boy; but *we* have been hard at work,' he continued, with a fine air of superiority.

Dick laughed. 'What at?' he asked. 'You look like hard work, Mitchell, I must say!'

'Sybil, produce the fruits of our labour.'

'We're illustrating the "Battle of Lake Regillus,' Dick!' cried the child, as she exhibited the drawings.

'By Jove, what a good idea!' And they were duly examined and admired by both the boys.

Derrick was sitting at the table, tilting his chair and fidgeting as usual. 'What on earth have I got mixed up with?' he exclaimed suddenly, and, stretching out his left leg, he brought to view the toffee-saucepan, adhering to the toe of his riding-boot.

'You've literally "put your foot into it" this time,

old chap,' cried Dick. 'Sneaks! They've been making toffee, and didn't want us to know! Talk about not enjoying themselves, when they've gobbled up every blessed scrap!'

'They can't have done that,' reflected Derrick, 'they haven't had time—toffee takes such a long while to eat; and, besides, they don't look nearly ill enough.'

'But we never did say we hadn't enjoyed ourselves,' Sybil struck in; 'we only said we'd been doing work as well as amusements.'

'You seem to think we're as greedy as you evidently are yourselves,' observed Captain Mitchell. 'As a matter of fact, I wasn't even allowed to taste it; it has been kept exclusively for your lordships.'

'Has it? Where is it, then? Out with it, Babs, at once!'

'No, no, Sybil!' cried the Captain, 'don't give it to them; make them hunt for it, as a punishment for so grossly misjudging us!'

And a lively search ensued. Cupboards, shelves, bookcases were ransacked, but all to no purpose, and at last Derrick exclaimed:

'I believe Captain Mitchell's sitting upon it; there's nowhere else left for it to be!'

'Ugh!' shuddered the Captain.

'I give it up, Babs,' said Dick; 'two hunts in one day are too much for a fellow!'

So Sybil relented, and, opening the window, produced the toffee in triumph. 'There!' she exclaimed with glee, 'and we haven't eaten a mouthful! We kept it all for you.'

'It smells jolly good,' observed Derrick. 'Here, where's a knife?'

'We can't eat much of it now, it's nearly dinner-time,' Dick reminded him; 'but I vote we have one lump all round.'

'Nearly dinner-time!' echoed the Captain. 'Great Scott, so it is! Past seven o'clock; I must hobble up and change. Derrick, give me a hand out of this.'

The boy complied with alacrity, proud of the distinction, and conducted the Captain to the foot of the stairs; while Dick threw himself into the vacated armchair, exclaiming: 'I'm not going to dress for another ten minutes! This fire is too jolly ripping to leave.'

He lay back among the cushions, just tired enough to appreciate the luxury. With his arms stretched above his head, and his long legs reaching nearly to the end of the hearthrug, he closed his eyes and listened to the children's conversation. Derrick had returned to the schoolroom, and was giving Sybil a more detailed description of the day's sport; and Dick heard with no little amusement the enlarged account of his own part therein. 'Draw it mild, old man,' he protested.

'Draw *what* mild, pray? You did take that hedge better than any one else; you know you did. Mahomet cleared it by at least four feet; I saw him.'

'Then you must have seen him through a magnifying-glass.'

Derrick ignored this rejoinder and continued his narration, at the end of which he observed: 'Jolly decent of Captain Mitchell to come and have tea in here. All the same, I wish he hadn't pitched on to-day.'

'Oh, Derrick!'

'Well, no, I don't mean that exactly, Bill. Of course I'm glad you had a treat to make up for losing the hunt. But it was a pity I missed him. Perhaps he will come again, though.'

'Perhaps he will,' agreed Sybil, and then added: 'But you're not to bag him, Derrick! You can't; he's mine.'

'I know; but he's partly mine, too, now.'

'He's not!' indignantly.

'Yes, he is; he has been ever since he helped me with the ladder, and got us out of that scrape—he was so jolly decent over it.'

'*That's* nothing to do with it! I bagged him ages before that—when he called Silly Owl a lunatic, on Christmas Eve.'

'No, you didn't; you didn't even know he had till I told you. And I have got a sort of right to him, too, haven't I, Dick?'

Dick laughed. 'How should *I* know! But if getting you out of scrapes give you a right to a chap, to which of you do I belong, I should like to know? Many's the scrape I've saved you both from, before now.'

'Oh, *you* belong to us both, equally, of course.'

'Then why can't Mitchell?'

'Oh, he's different. I can't explain—you wouldn't understand. Anyhow, I bagged him long before Derrick did; and when a person's bagged, he's bagged altogether, and nobody else can bag bits of him, afterwards.'

'This discussion's getting too much for me, so I'll leave you to fight it out by yourselves. Good-bye,' and with a final stretch, Dick got out of the armchair. 'You might let Derrick have his game leg, Babs!' he called back as he left the room, 'at any rate till it's healed. By rights it ought to belong to me, but I'll be generous and forego my claim.'

On the staircase he met the subject of the controversy, making a somewhat slow descent with the aid of the banisters. 'Dick, my boy, you'll be late for dinner if you don't do a sprint,' he said.

'Not I! There's a good ten minutes yet, and I can change in five, when occasion requires. I say, it was awfully good of you to take care of Babs this afternoon.'

'Rot! I enjoyed it.'

'So did she, and Derrick is quite envious. I left them having a heated discussion as to which of them you belong to.'

'I don't understand. I wasn't aware that I was the property of either.'

'You may not be aware of it, but that makes no difference. The decision, apparently, has nothing whatever to do with you; you're simply not asked.'

'So it seems! Then with whom does the verdict lie? I should be interested to know.'

'Well, it's like this, I believe,' Dick began. 'Any of Grandfather's guests who find favour with the kids, one or other of them "bags"; and if they both take a fancy to the same person, it's a case of who bags first.'

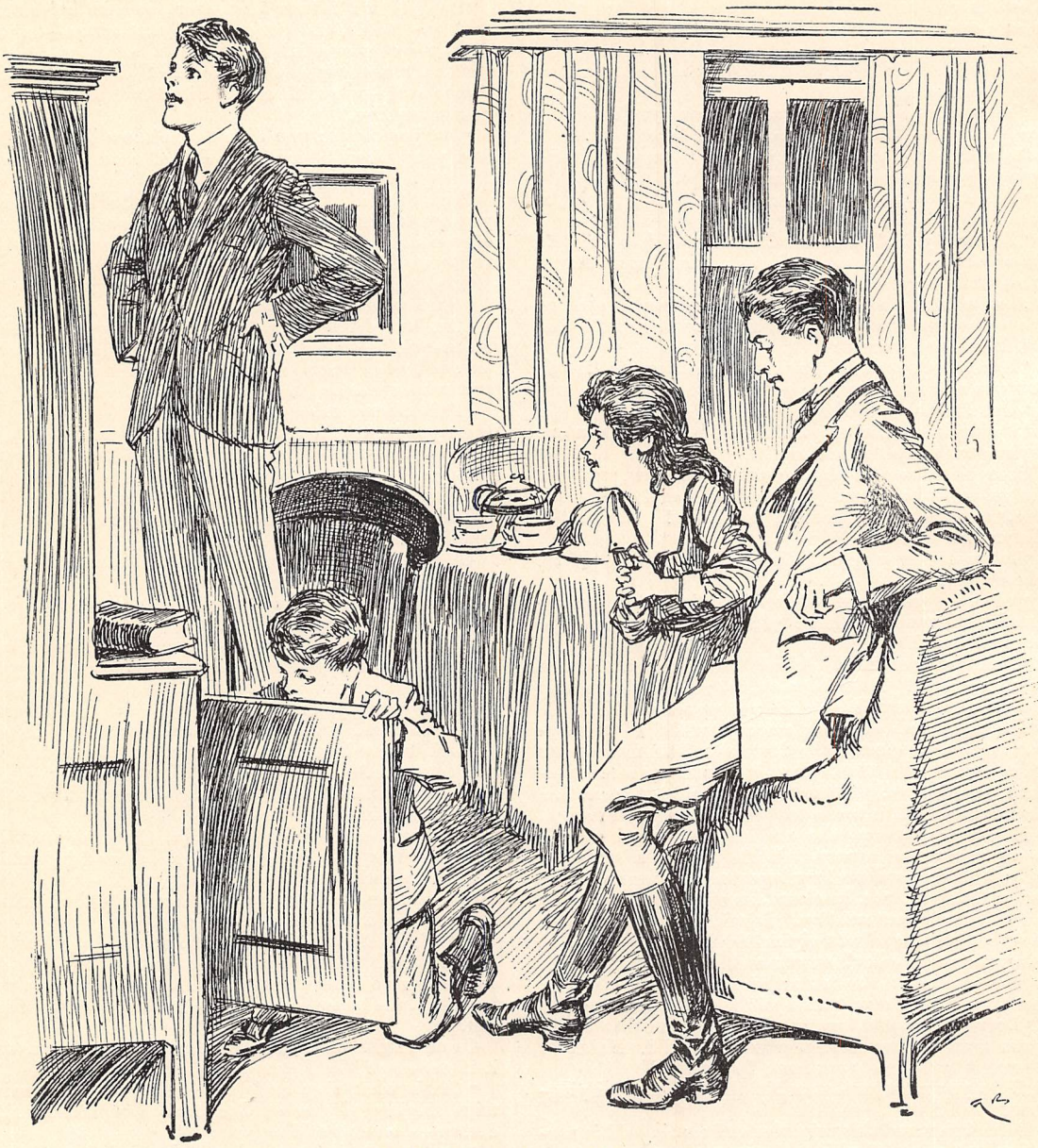
Captain Mitchell laughed. 'And which of them was it in my case?' he inquired.

'That's what they can't agree about. Sybil maintains she bagged you on Christmas Eve, and Derrick declares she never said so.'

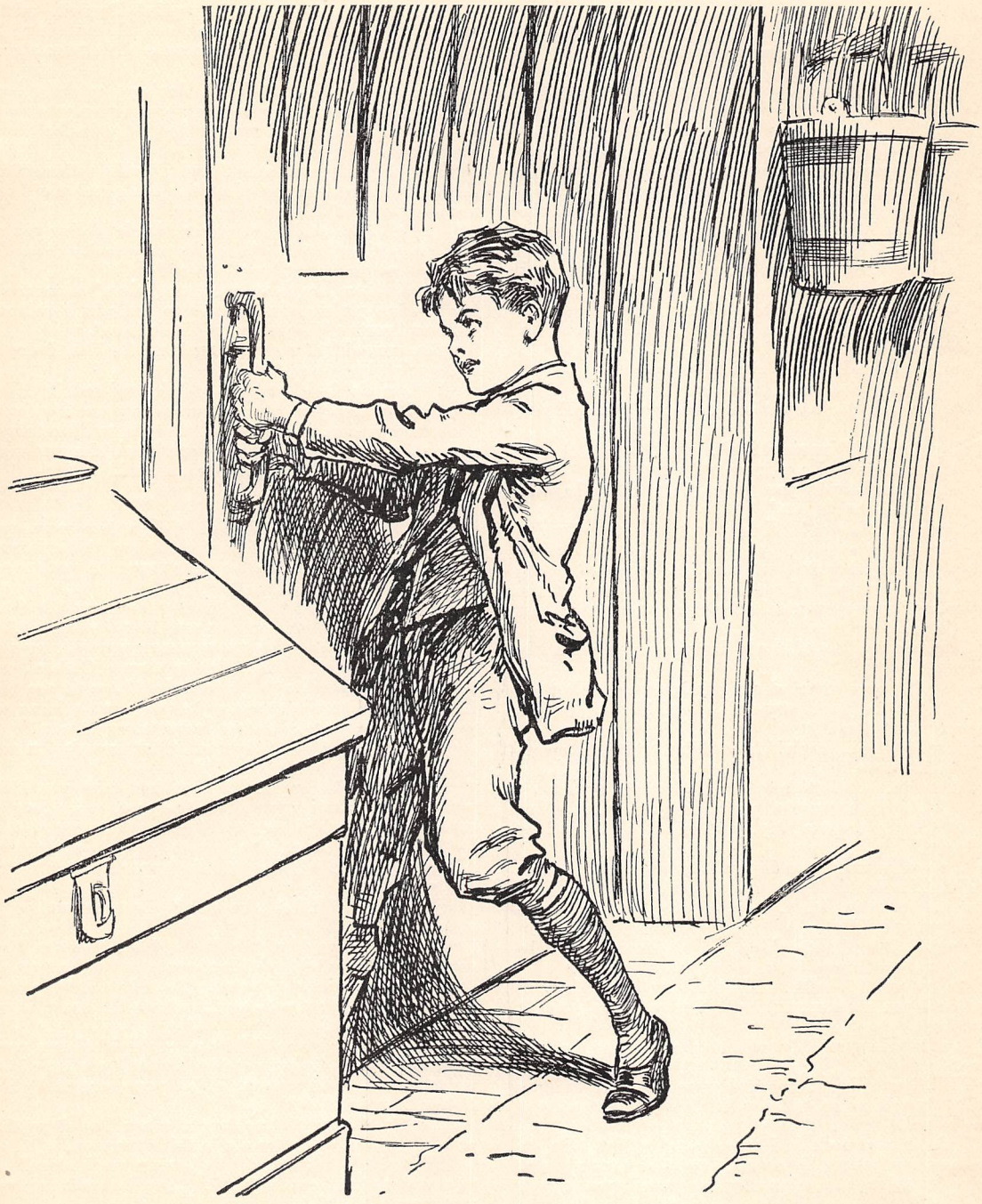
'And what is required of the individual thus "bagged"—the "baggee," so to speak?'

'Oh, nothing; he's not supposed even to know that he *is* a "baggee," I believe. Probably his words of wisdom are treasured up in the secret bosom of his possessor, but the possession in no way affects himself,' and Dick departed to dress.

(*Continued on page* 210.)



"A lively search ensued."



'He pulled and pushed, and wrenched at the latch.'

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 207.)

In remarkably few minutes Dick re-appeared in the schoolroom.

'*Dick!* How quick you have been!'

'I was in a hurry to get back to the fire; also I am anxious to hear whose property Captain Mitchell is. Has the weighty question been settled yet?'

'Oh, Bill's stuck to him. But I'm to have both the Hamiltons and first right to the next decent person who turns up.'

'Then you have nothing to complain of, Derrick. I call that decidedly generous.'

''Tisn't really,' said Sybil, 'because he won't get any one so nice as Captain Mitchell. There won't be any one *half* so jolly as he is in a hurry!'

'And I'd bagged the Hamiltons before.'

'Only Mora,' Sybil reminded him.

'Oh, but you don't want old Hammy; you said you didn't.'

'Why do *you?*' inquired Dick.

'Because he is such a ripping old sport.'

'He is; but how do you know that? You haven't had much to do with him.'

'Haven't I, though! He gave a rattling good whipping-top the other day, and a whole ball of string; and this afternoon he lent me his knife, to scoop out a little boat out of a bit of wood I found at the station, and never even said I wasn't to use the best blade.'

'That was reckless of him! I suppose you promptly broke it?'

'I didn't. And I hacked out a jolly decent little boat, and he said I'd done it very well. And he told Mora to make me a sail for it.'

'How lovely, Derrick!' from Sybil. 'Do let me see it when it's done.'

'Of course. She's to be yours, Bill; and her name's the *Consolation*, because of your disappointment about the hunt. She's quite tiny, you know, but I believe she'll sail.'

'Are you coming in to dessert, Babs?' asked Dick.

'No; Timpie said I was to stay here.'

'I shan't go in either, then, Dick. I shall have supper with Bill.'

'You can't without asking leave. You'd better be quick and find Grandfather, before the gong goes.'

'Oh, bother! Need I? He won't mind.'

'Not if you ask him; but he will be furious if you cut it without.'

'Stuff! He probably won't even notice I'm not there.'

'Well, I wouldn't risk it if I were you. If he does notice, though, no doubt he will think you're tired and gone to bed.'

Dick's last remark had the desired effect. To be tired, even though he were almost dropping from fatigue, was an admission Derrick was never known to make.

'What's that, my boy? Not want to come in to dessert, do you say?' the Colonel was asking a few minutes later. 'Very well, very well—long day been too much for you, hey? All right, my boy, go straight to bed, if you like, and have a good rest. You rode straight and you've earned it.'

'I don't want to do *that*,' replied Derrick, with emphasis. 'I'm not tired, thank you, Grandfather; I only want to stay with Sybil because she's been alone such a lot.'

'Oh, that's it, is it? Well, don't go catching her cold, and tell Mrs. Timmins to give you plenty to eat; I expect you're hungry after that long day in the field. There, cut along, and good-night.'

'Good-night, Grandfather,' and Derrick returned to the schoolroom to report that the old gentleman had not been so amiable for a long time.

'I'm glad he said that about Timpie giving you a good supper,' observed Sybil, 'because I don't suppose I shall get anything but bread-and-milk.'

'I shall have bread-and-milk, too, then,' announced her cousin; 'it wouldn't be fair to come in here and guzzle all sorts of things you mightn't have.'

'Yes, it would, of course, Derrick. Besides, I don't really mind bread-and-milk.'

'Neither do I—it's rather jolly,' persisted Derrick, who had never before been known to consume it except under compulsion. But he remained true to his colours, and when Jane appeared with one bowl, she was met with the unexpected demand for a second.

* * * * *

'I say, here's a lark!' cried Dick a few mornings later, as he entered the schoolroom, where the children were busy making arrows for their favourite pastime of playing at Robin Hood.

'What?' inquired Sybil, looking up from the feathers she was gumming on to a carefully peeled stick.

'Why, Grandfather and the whole crew, including old Lady Bouverie, are going to drive over to Catherstone Ruins, and then go on to Morecombe Chase to see Sir Lawrence's picture-gallery and have tea with him; so we shall have the whole place to ourselves all day!'

'How ripping!' cried Derrick. 'But haven't you got to go, too?'

'No. Grandfather said he couldn't take you kids without an invitation from Sir Lawrence, so I thought we'd have a day together; and I got out of going myself by offering to check the proofs of his article on "Heraldry" while he's out. He wants to send it off this week.'

'How dull! Will it take long? Do come and do it in here.'

'No, thanks; you'd jabber all the time. Besides, I've got all the things in the billiard-room, and I shall get it done twice as quickly in there. But I'm not going to bother about it just yet—promised Joe I'd box him in the ring for a bit.'

'You might ask him if he's nearly finished my new bow, then; and, I say, get him to buck up over it—we've made lots of arrows. Will you come and play Robin Hood with us?'

'If there's time before lunch, when I've done the proofs. I vote we go for a ride this afternoon.'

'Rather! What fun it'll be, having lunch alone.'

'And tea, too!' echoed Sybil. 'You'll have it in here, won't you, Dick?'

'Of course!' he called back, as he departed to the ring.

'I say, what luck, Derrick!' exclaimed Sybil, gleefully. 'What shall we do to celebrate the occasion?'

'Well, we can make as much noise as we like for one thing,' reflected her cousin, 'and we can talk all lunch-time, instead of having to be mum and listen to the grown-ups.'

'And we can play leap-frog on the terrace,' struck in Sybil, 'and bowl our hoops without any risk of tripping up old Silly Owl!'

'Hurrah!' cried Derrick, excitedly. 'And I'm going to set a booby-trap for Dick in the Den, to fall on him when he puts the proofs back. He won't mind, and I *must* do something desperate.'

'All right! And then we'll go and watch him boxing. Buck up with the booby-trap; I shan't be long over this arrow.'

Accordingly, ten minutes later, they made their way up to the ring, where an energetic match was in progress between Dick and the young groom. Joe was Dick's pupil, and a creditable one, having already acquired a good defence, and hitting out from the shoulder with no small measure of promptitude and accuracy.

'Now, you kids, on with the gloves,' commanded Dick at the conclusion of the last round, 'and we'll see what you're made of!'

'Oh, Dick, may we, really?'

'Why not? Come on! I'll second you, Babs, and Joe shall take Derrick in hand.'

But Derrick shook his head. 'I might hurt her, Dick! S'pose I made her nose bleed?'

'Don't care if you do!' retorted Sybil, fearlessly; and they had their first lesson in boxing.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when Dick realised that, if he were to finish the proofs before lunch, he must lose no more time in getting to work. He accordingly returned to the house, accompanied by Sybil; while Derrick, intending to follow in a few minutes, went into the granary in search of ammunition for his pea-shooter.

While he was thus employed, William, the head groom, on his way to his dinner, finding the granary-door open with the key in it, and thinking some careless stable-boy had forgotten to close it, shut and locked it, putting the key in his pocket and unconsciously making Derrick prisoner. Having filled his pockets with carefully selected peas, the boy turned away from the bin, and walked to the door, only to find that it refused to open.

'Bother the beastly thing, it's got jammed!' he said aloud. 'Wish I'd left it open. I thought I *did* by the way; how queer! It must have blown to; but I never heard it bang.'

He pulled and pushed, and wrenched at the latch, but of course without result; and finally abandoning the door as hopeless he turned his attention to the window. This was so high up that it offered no possibility of escape, and Derrick became aware that all he could do was to wait patiently until somebody should pass by. Realising that it was the men's dinner-hour, and that therefore nobody was likely to come within hailing distance till one o'clock or after, Derrick resigned himself to his fate; and determined to make the best of a bad job he proceeded to while away the time by declaiming 'Horatius' to an imaginary audience. Every now and then he paused and listened intently, in the hope of detecting the step of some chance wanderer; but it was not until he reached the last stanza, and arrived at the lines—

'And the maids are weaving baskets,
And the lads are mending bows'—

that he was rewarded by the unmistakable sound of approaching voices.

He was just about to give vent to a loud halloo, when he suddenly drew in his breath, and listened again. These were no farm labourers approaching; no Somerset burr struck his ear, no clang of hob-nailed boots; neither was it the voice of William nor of any of the other grooms. No, obviously it was two gentlemen conversing; and, as they drew nearer, Derrick realised the uncomfortable truth, one of them was his grandfather.

It was not the presence of the peas in his pocket which made Derrick's blood run cold, for the Colonel, though not particularly partial to pea-shooters, had never actually forbidden them; *but how about the booby-trap which he had set over the door of the Den?*

Here was a dilemma little anticipated! What was he to do? Should he shout just the same, and call upon his grandfather to release him? No, that would be worse than useless. The Colonel would not have a key with him; all he could do would be to return to the house, and, if he did not meet any of the men on the way down, give orders to John for his liberation. Thus it would be impossible to reach the Den before his grandfather. No; his only hope lay in the Colonel's not returning to the house until the trap had been removed; and the chances of such a deliverance were indeed small. Did Sybil know of his unexpected return? And if so, would she remember the booby-trap? And if she did think of it, would she be able to climb up and remove it? These and a hundred other questions chased each other round the boy's brain, the predominant one being, of course, the reason of his grandfather's return.

What had in reality occurred was that when the party had proceeded some six or seven miles they had met an old friend of the Colonel's driving over from Puddlecombe, a village where he happened to be staying, to pay a visit to Limborough Hall. What more natural, therefore, than that the Colonel should leave Mr. Hamilton in charge of the expedition, and bring his friend back to lunch at the Hall, promising to ride over to Morecombe in the afternoon, and join his party at the Chase.

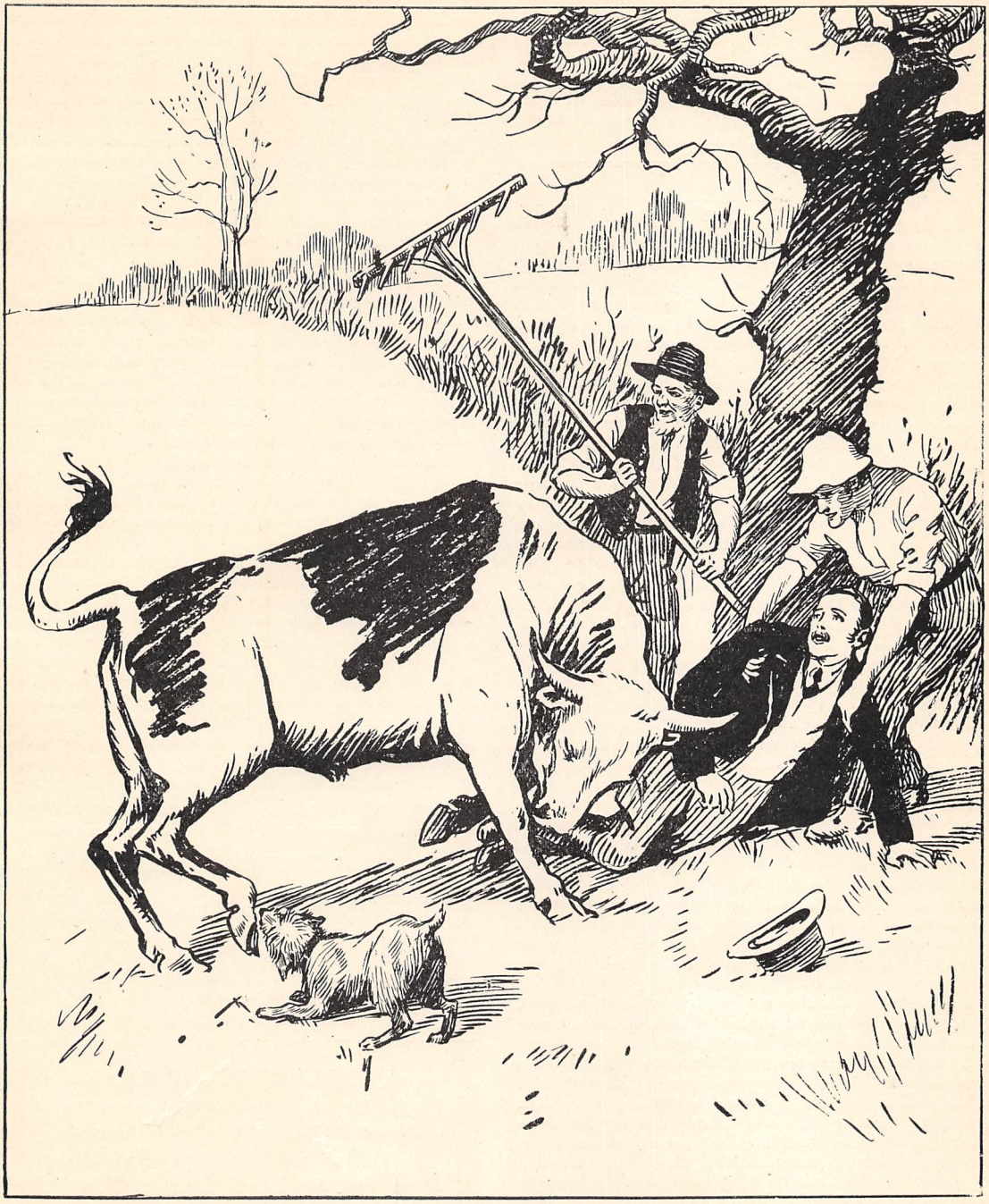
Having reached home, the Colonel delivered the trap to William, at the Lodge, and proceeded on foot to take his friend round the estate, it being that gentleman's first visit to Limborough; and thus it was that, in the course of their inspection, they passed by Derrick's prison. The boy, hearing a stranger's voice, and a few words here and there, expressing admiration of the view and so forth, guessed that somebody was being 'tooled around,' as he put it, and realised that, if only he could make his escape without further delay, he might still be able to prevent the disaster he feared.

'It wouldn't take me a jiffy to scoot down to the house and put things right. Oh, if only I could get out somehow!' And as soon as his grandfather's footsteps had died away in the direction of the cow-stalls, he gave another long, resounding call. Alas! it brought forth no result; nor the next, nor the next. With the determination of despair, however, Derrick continued to cry out for assistance; and his perseverance was at length rewarded by a faint halloo in response.

(*Continued on page* 222.)

TWO PICTURE PUZZLES.

Find two Arabs to look after the Camel (above), and Counsel for the Defence (below).



'Dandy sprang to the rescue.'

'DANDY.'

DANDY was a dog devoted to his master, whom he usually accompanied in his early morning walk. One day, however, the farmer went out much earlier than usual, and Dandy, who was asleep, did not see him go. By-and-by the dog was awakened by a great noise.

'Whatever is the matter?' thought he, as he bounded from his kennel and ran into the nearest field.

What a spectacle! The farmer had been attacked

and gored by his own bull. Two men with rakes in their hands were vainly trying to drive back the bull.

Dandy sprang to the rescue. Cleverly avoiding the cruel horns, he bit the bull's hind legs. This for a moment diverted the fierce creature's attention from its victim, and the men were thus able to drag their master into safety. Dandy, happily, was unhurt.

A QUEER FISH.

NOT long ago a fine specimen of the Giant Sun-fish was caught at Saltash, Cornwall, and people flocked to see the creature, which looks like the round head and shoulders of a huge fish, cut off abruptly, and furnished with a fin at the severed end. Another fin rises from the back, and when the fish floats on the water on warm days, this dorsal fin, appearing above the surface, has caused it to be mistaken for a shark. There is also a fin on the lower part of the short, compressed body, which is bulky out of all proportion to its length.

The common sun-fish — *Orthragoriscus mola* — is a native of tropical and sub-tropical seas, but is sometimes seen off the South and West of the British Isles. Some say it gets into the Gulf Stream, and floats or swims with it to our shores. Perhaps it is slightly numbed by the colder water it encounters in the North Atlantic and the Channel, for in most cases where it has been caught here it was floating near the surface, and made no attempt to escape, though in its native seas it struggles fiercely and violently when it is harpooned. It is generally taken in this way, because, being from six to eight feet long and very heavy, it would be almost impossible to get it into a boat without the leverage obtained by the harpoon. In its native haunts it is much esteemed for food, the flesh being white and well-flavoured—some say it is like that of the skate. The great liver yields quantities of oil, which sailors think good for rheumatism, bruises, and sprains On our coasts, however, if a sun-fish is caught, it is never used for food, or anything else, though fishermen in the South of England sometimes take it round on a board as a curiosity, or sell it for a trifle to fishmongers to exhibit in their windows. Some years ago a huge sun-fish was caught off the West Coast of Cork, but the fishermen round the small bay where it was found left it on the rocks, close to the spot where it was landed by the boat which, with some difficulty, towed the monster ashore, to the great joy of numerous sea-birds, who feasted royally upon it.

The sun-fish has a very curious formation of its eyes, which are embedded in a mass of soft, flexible, membranous folds, while at the back it rests on a sac full of gelatinous fluid. When alarmed, it can draw back its eyes against this sac, forcing the fluid into the folds of skin, and distending them so that the eyes are almost hidden.

Its jaws are also peculiarly formed, being fused together, so that the mouth cannot be opened or shut, hence, like its cousin the globe-fish, these odd creatures are known as *Plectognathi*, or 'fixed-jaws.' Owing to the curious confluence of the bones of the jaws, these fishes have a sharp cutting sort of beak, and the globe-fish has a strange power of being able to inflate or distend the gullet with air, so that the body, which is armed with short, sharp spines, is protected from most enemies by an outstanding array of spears, forming a regular coat-of-mail. All the soft movable parts of the body are withdrawn into this strange defence, and it is said that the globe-fish often floats back downwards when inflated in this way. The globe-fish are common in tropical seas, and haunt coral-reefs and other rocks, feeding upon corals, shell-fish, &c. They are often most brilliantly coloured, and while some are said to be extremely poisonous, others are eaten by the natives of those coasts. One species is spotted—*Diodon maculatus*. This is a small globe-fish, and few exceed a length of more than two feet, so they are by no means as large as the sun-fishes.

In stormy weather most of these creatures remain at the bottom of the sea or among the coral reefs, finding abundance of food in such quarters.

In the same seas we may find the strange 'coffer-fish,' or 'trunk-fish,' which belongs to the same order, but has its body covered with a six-sided shield or carapace, with horny spines over the eyes and along the back. It puffs itself out into a very odd shape—rather like a box with a lid. This fish is said to be most poisonous; none of the natives of the coasts where it is found will touch it, and it is said that Europeans have sometimes eaten it with fatal results.

The common sun-fish has rough, dark greyish-brown skin, changing to a lighter hue on the lower part of the body. In stormy weather, or when frightened, it sinks to the bottom of the sea, hiding among the sea-weeds, where it finds its food.

'Pennant's globe-fish' is one of the oddest-looking of this tribe. It owes its name to Thomas Pennant, traveller and naturalist, who died in 1798. It has a stomach like the crop of a fowl, and when angry or alarmed it puffs it out like a balloon, then turns over and floats on its back, drifting at the mercy of the waves, but, owing to its formidable array of prickles, it is an awkward customer to tackle. When it wishes to empty the air from this crop, it allows it to escape gradually from its mouth and gills with a curious rushing noise.

While we compare these big round or globular creatures to the sun, the French term them 'lune-de-mer,' or 'sea-moon.' MAUD E. SARGENT.

AN ELOQUENT WAR MEMORIAL.

IN a certain Highland village which contributed to the Army an amazing proportion of its manhood, a striking memorial has been erected to the fallen in the Great War. It is just a huge, rough-hewn granite block, bearing on its only smooth side the dates of the beginning and ending of the war, '1914–1919.' Surely this is the simplest and most dignified of war memorials.

PRINCESS OOMA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 202.)

'THAT is my gift,' said Frieda, as firmly as she could. And, all in a minute, a hand flashed out, caught up the pearls and hid them in a fold of the cloak.

'Now. *Now!*' the priest urged. 'He is pleased.' And: 'Where is Jai Singh? Can you tell me?' Frieda questioned. Just in time she had remembered she could only expect 'Yes' or 'No' in reply. Eagerly she waited, but no answer came; how should she know when she could no longer hope? And, meanwhile,

vaguely, something she could not define was puzzling her—a little teasing something. She was first aware of it when she watched the figure on the temple steps; the hand that had flashed out was someway connected. Gradually, the something was forcing itself to the front.

Should she put down another pearl? That, at any rate, she had better decide. But, as her fingers groped in her pocket again, the oracle rose to his feet, stalked towards the temple, and disappeared within. Frieda and the old priest were alone once more, looking at each other in wide-eyed dismay.

'Will he come again?' Frieda asked, and the priest shook his head mournfully.

'Never twice in one day,' he assured her. Then he asked, his eyes on Frieda's pocket: 'What will the Miss Sahib do now?'

'I don't know,' Frieda acknowledged. 'I think I'll go back to my brother.' Slowly she walked towards the temple gate. What was it that was bothering her? The figure on the steps? The hand? *What* was the link between the two? She laid her own hand on the latch of the gate, and looked at it absently. Then she was racing down the hill towards Michael, calling to him urgently.

'Has the oracle told you where Jai Singh is?' he called, equally excited as he ran to meet her. From the gateway the old priest watched them. He could not understand what they said, but he was waiting for an expression, a gesture, to guide him.

'No, no,' Frieda panted. 'The oracle said nothing. But, oh, Michael, do you know who it was? It was *Beeja*. Not a man at all; not an oracle, but Beeja, disguised.'

Before Michael could question her, she was pouring out her explanation.

'The oracle was wrapped in a big dark cloak, and the cloak reminded me of something when I saw it first. And now I'm sure, I'm *almost* sure, it was the cloak that Dibra wore last night.'

'Then the oracle was Dibra?' Michael interrupted.

'No, it was Beeja. I put the pearls on the ground by the oracle, and a hand came out of the cloak and it was a woman's hand. And I expect,' Frieda went on thoughtfully, 'that was why Beeja went away. She guessed from my face, perhaps, what I was thinking. It was worrying me so, the cloak and the hand.'

'*I'm* worried,' Michael protested, somewhat aggrieved. 'I can't make head or tail of what you mean. Do explain properly.'

'I'll tell you all about it from the beginning,' Frieda soothed. And as step by step she built up her story, Michael began to hope she might be right. Its foundations were not very solid, but foundations of a sort it had. As they planned what use they could make of this possible chance, the old priest came down the hill towards them. If he could not understand their language, at least they could understand his. He had thought his poor temple was in disgrace; but was it quite impossible it yet might benefit? When pearls were on offer, why should the oracle have them all?

'Is there nought that I can do?' he asked. 'All that I have is at the service of my Rajah Sahib.'

'We want to know for certain who the oracle is,' Michael told him. 'You must know.'

'But I do not know,' the old priest protested, piteously; and Michael could not but believe him as had Frieda before. 'Indeed, it is the truth, little Sahib,' he went on. 'The oracle has brought worshippers to my temple who have made to me gifts also of which I have been glad, for a priest must live. But out of nowhere he comes, into nowhere he goes. Perhaps the passage leads somewhere, but how should I know? Only such as he, set apart, honoured by the gods, would dare venture down it.'

'The passage? Why, it's there we must look,' cried Michael and Frieda together. The priest must mean the tunnel which was said to lead from the temple to the river, and of which they had heard before. They remembered it now with new hope. It might lead direct to Dibra's hiding-place, but already, perhaps, Beeja had conveyed a warning. There was no time to be lost; no time in which to summon help from the camp. No time for anything but to persuade the priest that down the passage they two must be allowed to go. Yet, if it opened from the inner temple, they knew their task would be difficult. Only followers of the jungle gods to whom the temple was dedicated might set foot therein.

'Listen,' Michael began to explain, 'the oracle is an enemy of the Rajah's, we're sure. Won't you help us now? We think Jai Singh may be hidden in that passage. We're almost sure he is. We *must* go down it. You *must* show us the way.'

'Look,' said Frieda. She remembered the quick-drawn breath she had heard behind her in the courtyard, the priest's hint that a gift would be welcome. Recklessly she fished up a handful of pearls and held them towards him. 'If you'll help us you shall have these, and ever so much money. The Rani would give piles and piles to get back Jai Singh.'

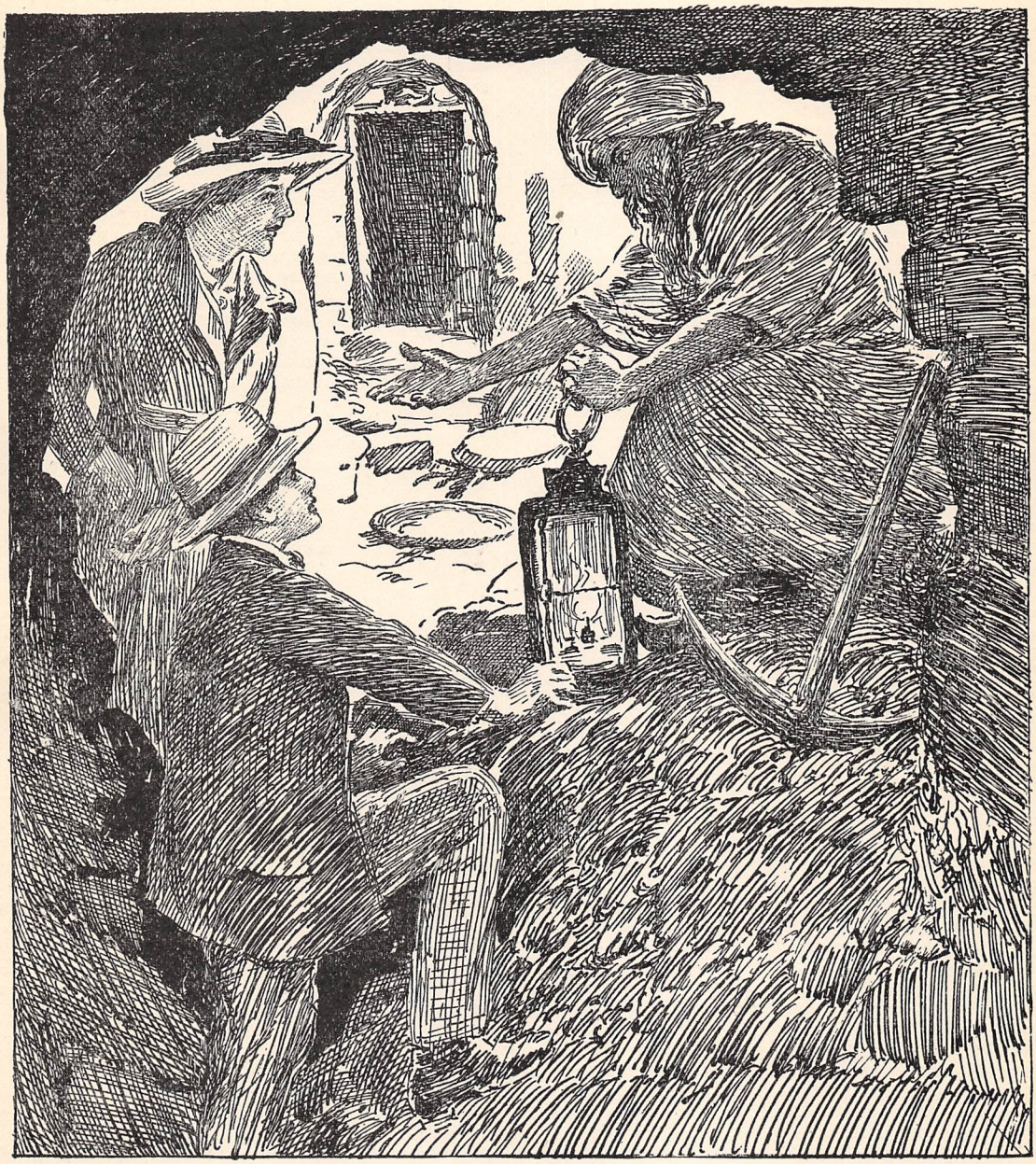
'I dare not... the gods will be angry... they will punish,' the priest wavered. But he stood staring at the pearls as if he could not look away; then he reached out a finger and touched them. And, with a gulp, he turned and hurried up the hill, beckoning to the two to follow. 'I will venture,' he murmured, feverishly. 'Come, Miss Sahib. Come, Sahib, I will show you a way.'

But instead of making for the temple door, he ran across the courtyard to a hut in the far corner. In a moment he emerged, carrying a small pickaxe, and round behind the temple he went. Where the rock joined the wall of the building he aimed a blow. 'There is a weak spot here,' he told them. 'Looking closely a while since I saw it. A tiny crack only. But if a boulder could be loosened, perhaps ye could slip through.'

He could not work for long, for his old arms were feeble, but, in turn, Michael and Freda took the pickaxe. There was a crack undoubtedly, a crack that widened as they worked till, with a crash, a piece of rock fell through. It tumbled into darkness beneath, and on to the edge of the hole it had left Michael clambered to light a match and look down. He could not see far, but it seemed to him a tunnel stretched away into the darkness, high enough for a man to stand within it upright. On the other side, the tunnel joined the temple wall, and he had a glimpse of the building within. It was very dimly lit by slits of windows, and, almost within touch, stood the image of a jungle god, many-armed and many-legged. On guard it seemed over the tunnel, and the secrets the tunnel contained.

(*Continued on page* 218.)

'A hand flashed out, caught up the pearls, and hid them.'



"'Indeed, it would be well if I were now paid my due.'"

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' etc.

(Continued from page 215.)

CHAPTER XX.

'CAN ye see aught?' the old priest quavered. He was trembling with fright. His eyes were starting out of his head as if he watched for an evil spirit to seize and slay him for his presumption.

'I could only see as far as the match carries,' Michael acknowledged, as he scrambled down and made way for Frieda to look in turn. 'There was just an empty tunnel; nothing more.'

He was counting the matches that remained in the box as he spoke. They were far too few. The tunnel must be long if it reached to the distant river as was rumoured; they might make a torch of a piece of wood. He looked round to see if there was a dry branch in the courtyard while the priest watched closely. If something further were needed, it might have a price.

'The little Sahib wants . . . ?' he asked.

'A piece of dry wood to make a torch,' Michael explained, and, at that, the priest chuckled.

'But I have a lamp,' he said. 'A most beautiful lamp. 'Twas brought me a few days since by a worshipper instead of an offering of money.'

And back to his hut he went, to bring from it now an old and battered lantern. It bore the stamp of the Drind State, and had probably been brought to the temple by some follower of the Rani, who thought thus to save himself expense. If this were the case at least it was about to serve its real owner well, and had given the old man unbounded pleasure. He lit and trimmed the wick with an air of solemn pride. Then, as he gave the lantern to Michael, he held out his other hand expectantly.

'I have performed my share of the bargain,' he hinted. 'Yea, and more. I have shown the way, and also I have provided a light. But who knows if the little Sahib and the Miss Sahib will ever return? While they are absent I will pray to the angry spirits in the temple. But, indeed, it would be well if I were now paid my due.'

'He seems quite sure we shall never come back,' Frieda remarked as, after giving the promised pearls to the priest, she followed Michael through the hole.

By the light of the lantern they could see much better. The tunnel was fairly wide as well as high. It was made, apparently, of beaten earth, and looked like the burrow of some gigantic beast. But whatever dangers it contained, at least it seemed certain that by this route Beeja had come and gone. Already from the temple arose the voice of the old priest chanting as he laboured to appease those he served. If the oracle had still been within the little building, he must have known it.

'At any rate we shan't see the things the priest thinks we shall see,' Michael argued hopefully. 'It would be rather horrid if that god in the temple could come alive.' And Frieda, with a hasty glance over her shoulder, agreed whole-heartedly. At least Dibra or Beeja would only have a couple of legs or arms apiece; and, if Beeja used the tunnel often, it was not likely to be the lair of anything dangerous. And down the tunnel the two went; very cautiously because, despite the lantern, it was so dark it seemed as if a hole might open at their feet any moment, and they tumble into it before they were aware.

'It's rather like that other time when you and I, and Duttia and Jai Singh, were all escaping from the Regent,' Michael remembered, 'when we found the underground passage in the fort. But that led to a treasure chamber, and there's not likely to be treasure in a place like this.'

'No,' Frieda agreed. 'And, if there were, I'm sure Beeja would have found it, and then she wouldn't be so keen about the pearls. Oh, I do hope she'll want more of them so much that she'll come back. Listen, Michael? Isn't that some one coming now?"

But it was only the old priest in the temple behind them stumbling about his business. So straight did the tunnel run that every sound from above could still be heard plainly. And, though it seemed that they had travelled a long distance already, in reality they had not come far. All the time the ground sloped steeply, and they were evidently descending the hillside. But, if the tunnel reached indeed to the river, they must dive deeper yet.

'Perhaps it ends in a cave,' Michael hoped. A cave, they both began to think, in which Jai Singh must certainly be, and from which they would surely be able to rescue him. Faced with discovery, Dibra and Beeja would probably think first of saving themselves. They could not know of whom the rescue party consisted, nor how great was the danger in which they stood. And to drag Jai Singh away with them might delay them so long it would be far too risky. Michael swung the lantern forward, looking eagerly for a cave entrance. Instead, he suddenly found himself confronted with a blank wall. The tunnel had turned abruptly at right angles.

'They must be round the corner,' Frieda whispered. For a moment they paused. Then round the corner the two ran, to find themselves at the tunnel's mouth. The lantern had flickered out, but there was need for it no longer; through a round hole, half screened by a bush, the daylight poured. Outside they could see was the forest; the forest through which they had ridden so lately, and in which no clue to Jai Singh's whereabouts had yet been found. They stared in silence at each other as they realised how vain had been their hope. Moment by moment it had mounted higher; now, in a flash, it had tumbled to the ground. This much they had learnt and no more. Beeja was the temple oracle; she came and went by the tunnel in the hill. Catching at the chance that Beeja might perhaps be still lingering near, Frieda ran out into the open, her hands full of pearls.

'Beeja,' she called. 'Beeja! Beeja! You shall have all these if you come.'

'It's no good,' said Michael, watching; but he too glanced to right and left in case Beeja should emerge from hiding. Then, all at once, he stooped to pick up something lying at his feet. 'Frieda,' he called eagerly. 'Come and look.'

It was his hand that was outstretched now, and on its palm lay, not milk-white pearls, but a little tin whistle.

For a moment Frieda looked; then she remembered. 'It's Jai Singh's whistle,' she cried. 'The whistle he got out of a cracker on our birthday. He said he would keep it always. Oh, Michael, he must have been here. It is the whistle, isn't it?'

Michael nodded as he turned the little toy over; on the under side was a spot of blue paint. As they looked at it, they could see Jai Singh again marking the whistle carefully with paint from Frieda's paint-box lest some one should claim it in his place. He was apt at times to take a fancy to some trifle; to value it more than all his other possessions. 'It is my whistle. *Mine*,' he had cried. 'Wherever I go, it shall go too.'

'I wonder if he dropped it on purpose,' Michael pondered. 'Or if it just fell from his pocket. But, if it's here, he's been here too. They may have brought him to the tunnel for the night. They can't have taken him far away to-day with so many people searching. Quick, we'll go and tell Father. Now he'll be able to get on the right track.'

(*Continued on page* 230.)

GRASS HOUSES.

EVEN the present scarcity of houses would hardly tempt people to erect the grass houses once inhabited by a Red Indian tribe, known as the Wichitas, who are said to have been the only tribe to successfully build grass houses that would stand and prove comfortable. Some say these curious buildings were not healthy, but were warm and cosy.

The fast-dwindling Wichitas now live in the Indian Reservations in South Oklahoma, U.S.A. The town of Wichita preserves their name. The United States Government built them two-roomed huts on the prairies in their reservation, instead of the grass houses. It is said that the old men of the tribe, who alone knew how to build these strange dwellings so that they would be durable and habitable, refused, even for high wages, to erect some houses that could be preserved as models of the curious art. But it appears that the redskins did not wish their quaint homes to survive them, and it is said that almost all the grass huts have been torn down and destroyed.

M. E. S.

WHO WAS SPARTACUS?

WE have heard much lately about the Spartacists, the German extremists who have taken as their party label the name of Spartacus.

They have gone a long way back to find a name. Spartacus was the leader of an insurrection of slaves in Southern Italy, which took place in 73 B.C. He was a native of Thrace, who, after being a shepherd, became a robber-chief.

Taken prisoner by the Romans, Spartacus was placed in a training-school for gladiators. Here he formed a conspiracy among his companions, with the result that they broke out of the school. About seventy got clear away, succeeded in obtaining arms, and took refuge in the crater of Mount Vesuvius (at that time inactive).

Here they were joined by many runaway slaves. Thousands flocked to the standard of Spartacus, who won brilliant victories. All the southern part of the peninsula fell into his hands, and for two years he was master of Italy.

At last, however, in spite of a most gallant resistance, he was defeated and slain in battle by the famou Crassus.

THE ROMANCE OF SHIP-BUILDING.

IX.—THE STORY OF THE LIFEBOAT.

IT is but right that Great Britain, as the most important seafaring nation, with a large extent of coast-line, and the greatest Mercantile Marine, should have been the first to build boats designed solely for the purpose of saving life at sea, and should have retained the lead in the building and improvement of lifeboats.

Most of us who have been to the seaside for our holidays have seen a heavily-built boat, painted red, white, and blue, sometimes riding peacefully in the harbour, or safely stowed away in the lifeboat-house, or perhaps on wheels in a procession on some important occasion.

The first lifeboat was designed by Lionel Lukin, a London coach-builder, who about 1784, encouraged and financially assisted by the Prince of Wales, fitted up a Norwegian yawl as a lifeboat, calling it his 'Insubmergible Boat.'

Lukin's idea was to transform an ordinary sound open boat into an unsinkable vessel. As just mentioned, he acquired a yawl, and added a gunwale of cork, and two large water-tight compartments, one at the bow and one at the stern. He also added a false keel of iron.

Although Lukin's boat saved several lives, no similar boats were built or transformed, and nothing was done to assist ships in distress until 1789. That year a ship, the *Adventure*, was wrecked at the mouth of the Tyne, and her entire crew drowned.

This disaster caused renewed efforts to be made to obtain a really good lifeboat. Eventually two plans were combined, and a boat built from them was launched about 1790. The following year she saved the crew of a brig, and during the next few years saved the crews of several ships, but it was not until 1798 that another was built.

This was at the expense of the Duke of Northumberland and fully proved its capabilities and value. By the end of 1803 no less than thirty boats had been built upon these lines.

It was not until 1823 that the society which eventually became the Royal National Lifeboat Institution was founded and soon had numerous lifeboat stations under its control, but little advance was made in actual improvements of design.

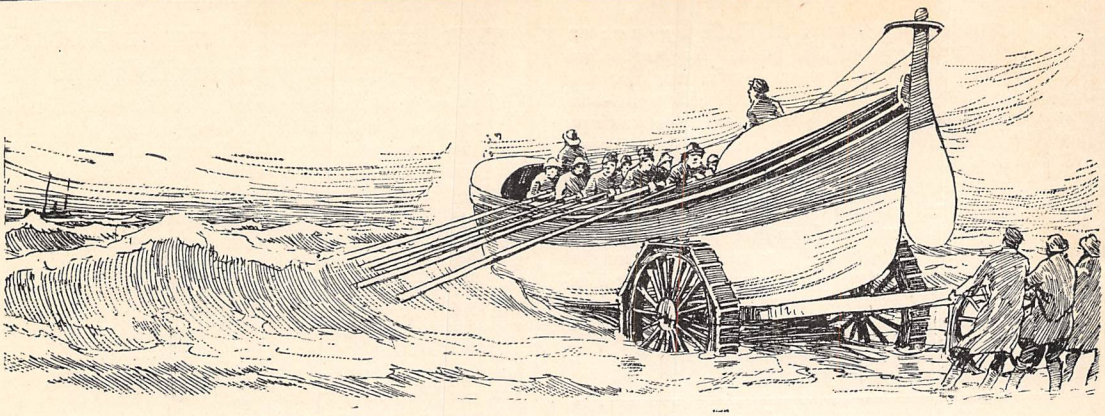
Incorporated by Royal Charter in 1860, the National Lifeboat Institution continued to build, and also introduced new improvements and modifications, until we come to the self-righting boat of the present day.

These boats, besides a very heavy keel, which keeps them from capsizing, have air-boxes along the sides from thwarts to deck, and a large air-case bow and stern.

Another peculiarity of the lifeboat is the capability of discharging, without being baled, any water shipped, and so preserving her buoyancy, by an ingenious arrangement of self-acting valves which allow water to pass downwards, or out of the boat, but not upwards into her.

It must not be supposed that the Lifeboat Service has reached its present condition of readiness and perfection without many sad disasters. The crews who are always ready, summer and winter, to come out in all weathers and do battle with the sea, face danger on almost every occasion that they put off from the shore.

Thus, early in the history of the lifeboat, in 1810, a lifeboat with the rescued crews of several small boats on board, struck on the South Bush Rock, on the coast of



Launching a Lifeboat.

Northumberland, and split in two, all those on board being lost.

Another disaster occurred about the middle of the last century, when, owing to an accident to the South Shields lifeboat, some twenty men were drowned.

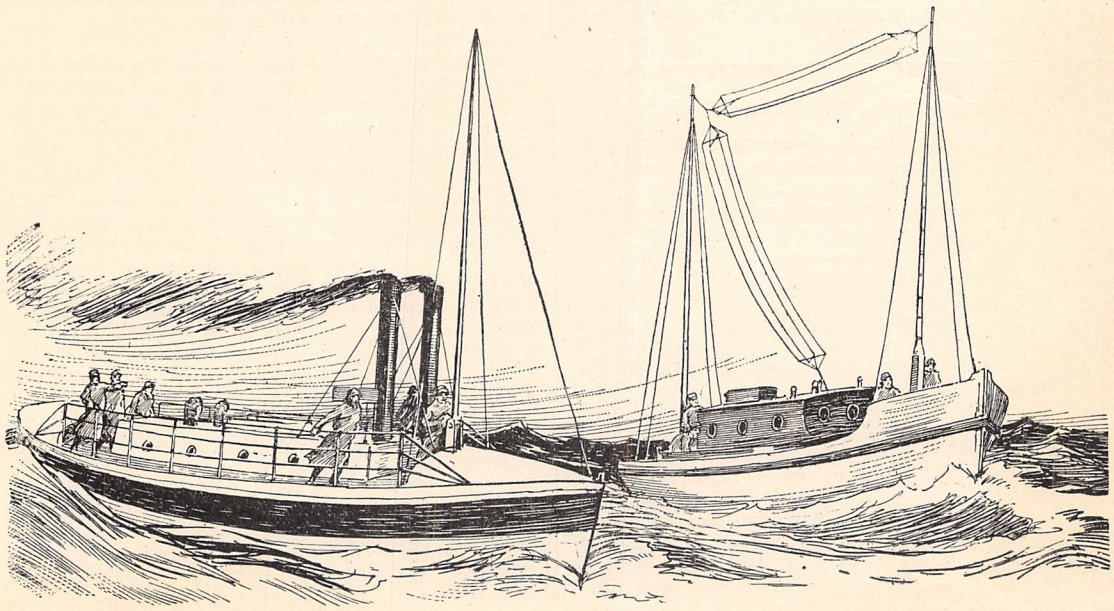
Just as steam was applied to war and merchant ships, so was it adapted for the use of the lifeboat, and still more recently the possibilities of the motor have been realised, and doubtless, not many years from now, most lifeboats, instead of relying on sails and oars, will be steam or motor propelled.

Many inventors have turned their attention to the improvement of existing types, or to the evolution of some fresh type of boat, such as the Brude Lifeboat which resembles a Rugby football in shape, being completely decked over, with a small hatch and conning tower aft, and a small mast and sail forward.

As with boats provided by the Royal Lifeboat Institution, so with the boats that every liner must carry. It is the same tale of constant improvements, though many tramps and even large vessels in the merchant service, owing largely to the parsimony of their owners, possess only old and out-of-date boats.

A glance at the drawing of the modern liner's motor lifeboat, furnished with a cabin, and equipped with wireless installation to enable her to call for help and indicate her position, shows how very up-to-date and comfortable the latest lifeboats are.

When passengers and crew have 'taken to the boats,' the motor lifeboat collects the other boats, and takes them in tow, making for land, or the nearest of the steamers coming to the rescue, with whom, owing to her being equipped with wireless, she can keep in constant communication.



Steam Lifeboat: A Liner's Motor Lifeboat.

The Cheese Market at Edam, Holland

"To the Rescue!"

Some ships carry rafts which in case of necessity can be launched, and which will support a large number of people.

For the launch of a shore lifeboat the transporting carriage is an important item. By its aid the boat can be dragged along the shore, or roads, and so cover a greater extent of coast. Even when the boat is to be launched near its house, the use of the carriage saves time, and a boat can more easily be launched from a carriage through a heavy surf, when without one she often could not be got off the beach at all.

The carriage is strong and well contrived, and the boat takes the water in an upright position with her crew on board. Once she is safely in the water, the carriage is dragged back into safety by the lines to which she is attached.

Sometimes the beachmen use a 'sett,' a long pole with an angle iron at the end, which fixes into the stern of the boat, and with a shout of 'All together!' shove the boat well off into the sea.

In some harbours the lifeboat is kept ready launched, sometimes with a steam tug in attendance, ready to tow her to a wreck at a moment's notice. Such was, and, I believe, still is the case at Ramsgate, which is near the dreaded Goodwin Sands, where many a fine ship has come to an untimely end.

In America the principal type of boat used is the surf-boat, incapable of self-righting, and liable to be swamped, but they are light and easily dragged from place to place on their carriages by their crews.

The German boat is also usually lighter than ours. The heavy self-righting and self-emptying boats of England being unsuitable for the thinly populated, flat sandy coasts of Germany, the boat usually used is light and shallow, iron-plated and very difficult to capsize.

Lifeboat Societies exist in many other countries, all formed more or less on the lines of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution of this country, an institution of which we may well be proud, for with the devoted assistance of the sturdy and fearless lifeboat-men, it has been the means of saving thousands of lives.

W. Herbert Holloway.

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 211.)

CHAPTER XVII.

WILD with excitement, the boy called again, and this time was able to distinguish the reply of his approaching deliverer.

'All right! What is it? Where are you?'

It was a female voice, but did not sound like that of any of the maids.

'Here, in the granary!' shouted Derrick, 'and I must get out at once. *Please* buck up.'

'Coming as quick as I can!' replied the voice, which he now recognised as Miss Hamilton's. 'Are you in danger?'

'Yes! But not the sort of danger *you* mean. I say, I've somehow or other got locked into this hole! Can you help me to get out? I suppose the key isn't anywhere about on the ground, is it? I know it's not in the lock, because I can see through it.'

'I don't see any signs of it, but I can go and ask for it if you tell me where it is to be found.'

'That's just what I don't know! It was in the door when I came in; but whoever locked it must have gone off with the key. I expect it was one of the men on their way to their dinner, and they won't be back for ever so long. I simply must get out before that.'

'What for? Why this tremendous hurry? What's happened?'

'Why, now that Grandfather's come back before we expected him——'

'Has he? When?'

'Yes. Didn't you know? Didn't you come with him?'

'No. I never went.'

'Oh! Dick said every one had gone.'

'I intended going, but had a bad headache, so I changed my mind at the last minute, and stayed behind.'

'Oh! Then, if you've got a headache, I suppose you couldn't run for all you're worth to William's lodge, and see if he's got a key to this place?'

'I will if you like. My headache's nearly gone, or I shouldn't have come out.'

'I'm afraid it's not worth while, though,' reflected Derrick. 'You'd be almost sure to be too late; and William might not have a key, after all.'

'If you'd only tell me why you've got to get out at once, perhaps I could help you.'

'I've set a booby-trap for Dick over the door of the Tiger's Den, and I *must* get it away before Grandfather goes in there.'

'You have set it *where*, did you say?'

'Over the door of Grandfather's study; we always call it the Den, you know.'

'My dear boy, what an ill-advised place to choose!'

'We knew Dick would be going in there before lunch, you see; but now, of course, Grandfather will go in first! Oh, *dear!*' And Derrick groaned at the prospect.

'But, Derrick, if that's all, can't I remove it for you?'

'Oh, *could* you, do you think?'

'If I could get into the study without being seen, there ought not to be much difficulty. What is it? A bucket of water, or what?'

'Oh no, thank goodness; only a pile of big books. The door's a little open, and the books are balanced on top, so as to fall plump on the head of the first person who goes in.'

'Couldn't I squeeze in, without opening it any further?'

'You *might*,' doubtfully. 'But if you did knock them down they'd make an awful row; and if Grandfather were anywhere near the house by then, he would be sure to hear. It would be much safer to get in through the window.'

'It would be far more difficult!'

'Oh no, it's quite a low sill; you could easily climb over. Oh, do go quickly! I m sure Grandfather will take his visitor in there as soon as he's tooled him round the estate; and he must have nearly finished that now; he always does the farm-buildings last.'

'I'll do my best,' and Mora ran off at a good pace, calling back: 'And if I can, I'll send some one to your assistance.'

'What a fool I am to mix myself up with these children's pranks!' she thought to herself, as she hurried on. 'If I'm caught climbing through the study window,

a nice figure I shall cut! And yet, it would be more than mean not to help them, if I can.'

She reached the terrace, peeped cautiously into the 'Tiger's Den,' assured herself that it was empty, and then, with a guilty glance around, proceeded to raise the sash. The window, fortunately, was unlatched, so she had no difficulty about this, and, after another look round to see that the coast was clear, she climbed on to the window-sill and dropped lightly into the room.

If she had been there for the purpose of robbing the Colonel's cash-box, she could not have felt more guilty and uncomfortable, and it was with ears alert and beating heart that she drew a chair to the door and climbed up to remove the books. Just as she stretched up for them, a coal jumped out of the fire; she gave a start, and they fell to the ground in a clatter. Hastily she descended, gathered them up, thrust them into the empty spaces in the book-shelves, whence they had evidently been taken, and replaced the chair. Hardly had she done so when she heard the Colonel's voice in the passage. To get out of the door without meeting him was impossible; to escape by the window equally so, for he had almost reached the door, and would inevitably catch her in the act. One course of concealment lay open to her, and one only. In a rather dark corner of the Den stood a round table, covered with a long, heavy cloth, that reached nearly to the ground. Under this Mora dived, precipitately, and had barely hunched herself up in the angle of the wall, behind the leg of the table, when the Colonel entered with his guest.

'Anything tumbled down in here, I wonder?' said the old gentleman. 'I thought I heard a noise as we came along the passage; didn't you, Campion?'

'Only the wind, I think,' rejoined the other; and Mora blessed him, silently, from her retreat.

'Ah, yes, perhaps! Window open, as usual, I see; always telling those duffers not to leave the bottom sash up, like this.'

He walked over and closed the window, evidently satisfied as to the cause of the disturbance.

'Sit down, Campion, sit down,' he said as he returned, 'and let's talk over the old times. Have a smoke and a whiskey; plenty of time before luncheon.'

Alas for Mora! Her heart sank as she realised that there would be no chance of escape for an hour or more. Lunch was not till half-past one, and it was now barely a quarter past twelve. Could she possibly remain in her cramped and uncomfortable position for so long without betraying herself? The slightest sound would give her away. She hardly dared breathe in comfort; what if she were to sneeze? As to Derrick, there was no longer any chance of releasing him. So far as she was concerned he must remain where he was; and she no longer felt very sorry for him, for what was his position compared with hers? He could at least relieve the tension of his nerves by making as much noise as he liked; and what was still more to be envied, he could stretch his limbs!

The Colonel rang for drinks, and, as Mora had anticipated, he and Mr. Campion settled down to a comfortable talk. She tried to forget her anxiety by taking an interest in their conversation. She listened to reminiscences of old college days, hunting and racing anecdotes, travels abroad, Alpine expeditions—all of which would have greatly entertained her at any other time: but now her intense discomfort outweighed her powers of enjoyment. Already both her feet had gone to sleep, she had 'pins-and-needles' in her left arm, and the crick in her neck was becoming almost unbearable; and it was hardly one o'clock. Could she possibly hold out another half-hour? With a grim determination, she set her teeth and endeavoured to do so.

Derrick, meanwhile, having given up all hope of further assistance from Mora, had perforce resigned himself to his fate. He sat dejectedly upon a corn-bin, picturing to himself his reception at his grandfather's hands, should Mora have arrived too late to remove the booby-trap. And it was no pleasant scene that presented itself to his fertile brain. The Colonel, irate, and somewhat sore about the head and ears, would be far too angry to listen to his explanation, and he would be banished to his room, in disgrace, for an act never intended to produce such far-reaching consequences.

It so happened that William returned to the stables by a different route, so that Derrick's imprisonment lasted longer than might otherwise have been the case, and gradually he arrived at the conclusion that he was the most ill-used being on earth, ignorant of what Mora was suffering on his account.

In the study, the two old gentlemen talked on. Slowly the minutes crept by—slowly, slowly; would it never strike half-past one? At times Mora felt inclined to scream, at times to burst out laughing. At last, when her powers of endurance had well-nigh reached their limit, she heard the welcome sound of the gong.

'Ah, there's the gong for luncheon! Dear, dear, how quickly the time goes when one gets talking about the good old times,' observed the Colonel, in the best of humours.

'Quickly!' thought Mora to herself, to whom every minute had seemed an hour.

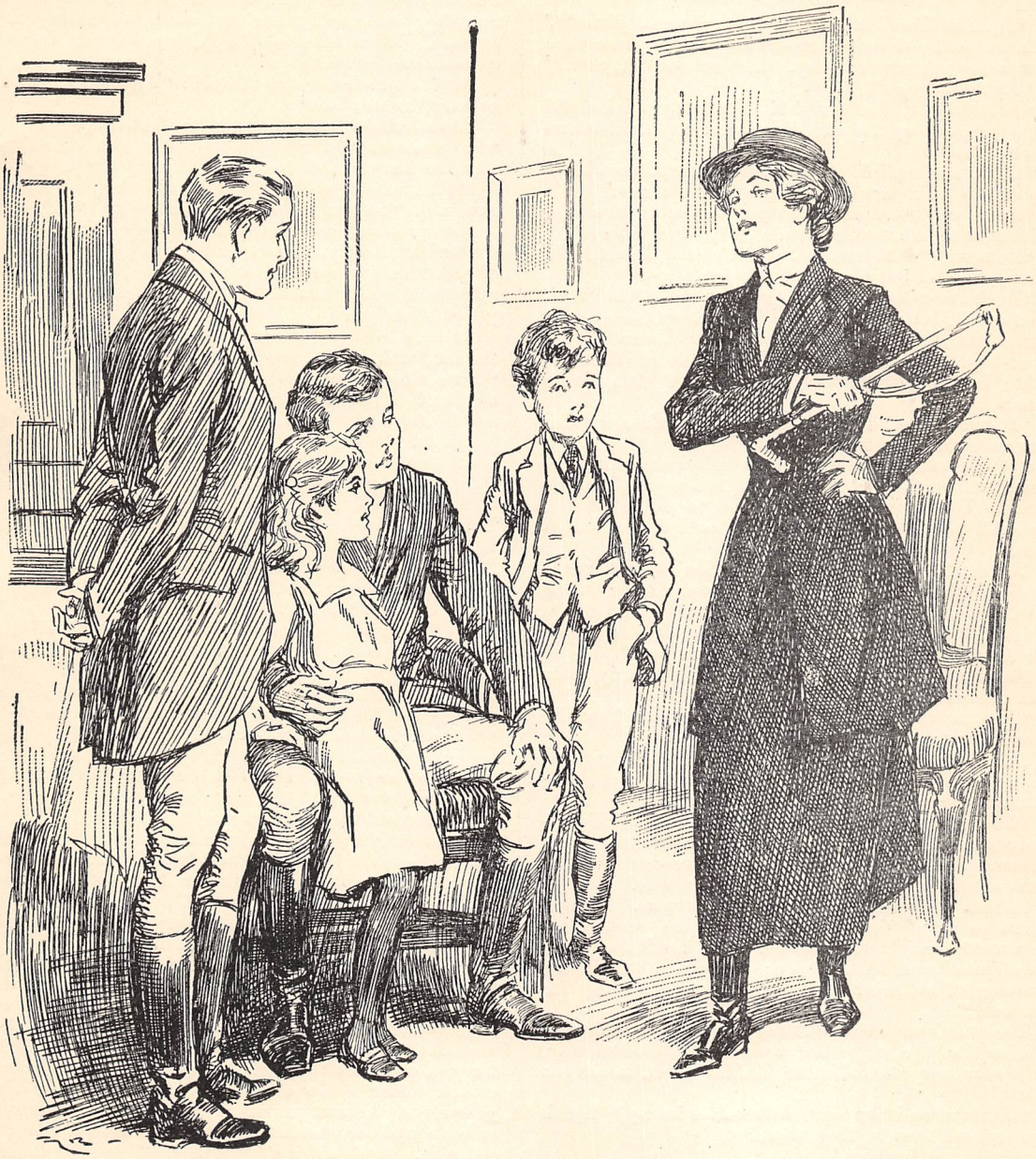
'Come along, Campion, and get something to eat,' continued the Colonel, with which words he and his friend got up, and Mora deemed the longed-for moment of escape at hand.

Alas, no! She was, once more, doomed to disappointment; for no sooner had her host's steps died away down the passage, than, just as she was about to emerge, a footman entered silently and began to attend to the fire. With what seemed to Mora superfluous care, he put on some coal and swept the hearth. Never, she thought, had she come across any one so slow over his work; and yet, in reality, Phillips had not been in the room five minutes. At last she saw him replace the glasses and decanter on the tray, which he removed from the table, and a moment later he retired from the Den.

Mora breathed a sigh of relief, projected a tousled head from under the cloth, and listened intently, determined, this time, to make sure that there was no one about to witness her escape. All was quiet, and, gathering courage, she crawled out slowly from her retreat, her cramped limbs preventing anything but the most laborious of movements. She stamped on each foot, alternately, to restore the circulation, stretched her arms and back, smoothed her hair as well as she was able without a looking-glass, and betook herself to the dining-room. On the way she sought out Phillips, whom she found stoking the billiard-room fire, told him of Derrick's plight, and commissioned him to give orders for the boy's release.

(*Continued on page* 226).

"The books fell to the ground with a clatter."



"'You shall hear everything in the proper order, if you'll have patience.'"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 223.)

'AH, Miss Hamilton, this is an unexpected pleasure,' was the Colonel's greeting. 'I feared we were not to see you again to-day. Headache better, then?'

'Yes, thank you.'

'That's right, that's right! Took my advice, did you, and gave up the expedition, and kept still for an hour or two?'

'I did,' she replied. 'I have never kept so still in my life as I did for the last hour-and-a-quarter.'

'Ah! I hope that means you had a good sleep? Allow me to introduce my old friend, Mr. Campion.'

'I am sorry to be late for lunch, Colonel Russell,' said Mora, after the introduction had taken place.

'Don't mention it, my dear Miss Hamilton, don't mention it,' replied her host; 'no apology due on your part, but I should like to know what's become of that good-for-nothing boy! Unpunctuality in children is a thing I detest. Sybil, where's Derrick? Why is he late?'

'I don't know, Grandfather; I haven't seen him since about twelve o'clock.'

'Which means, I suppose, that he's up to some mischief, and you know all about it, but won't give him away! Well, you're quite right not to tell tales; but he shall hear about it from me when I do get hold of him.'

The meal proceeded, and Mr. Campion began to relate to Mora one of the stories she had already heard in the Den. About half-way through he paused, and Mora, thinking some comment was required of her, asked, 'Was that the time you got lost in the snow?'

She had forgotten for the moment that nobody knew she had heard any of his adventures.

'No, no; that was on the Jungfrau; but how did you know I *had* been lost in the snow?'

Mora turned very red and muttered something unintelligible; and Dick, seeing her discomfiture, and guessing something was up, came to the rescue.

'Guessed it, most probably!' he suggested. 'Everybody who climbs gets lost in the snow once, if not oftener; and to do the climbs you have done without such an adventure must be almost impossible.'

At this point Derrick made his appearance. He was about to wend his way silently to his seat, when he was arrested by the Colonel. 'Ah, here's the young scapegrace,' said he, severely; 'now, sir, what's the meaning of all this? What have you got to say for yourself?'

The conscience-stricken Derrick, jumping to the conclusion that the worst had occurred, faltered meekly, 'I'm very sorry, Grandfather; I didn't mean it for you at all.'

'Didn't mean it for me? What does he say? Speak up, boy, can't you? Hey, what?

'I meant it for Dick.'

Whereupon Dick looked up, and asked, laughingly, 'Meant what for me, you little Juggins?'

In glancing up at his brother, Derrick's attention was attracted by violent signs from Mora, just beyond. Her expression was an odd mixture of a warning frown and an understanding wink; and no sooner did she catch Derrick's eye than she laid her finger on her lips, an obvious caution to silence, not unnoticed by Dick.

'You mean you thought I was out and you would only have Dick to reckon with, I suppose! Hey?' pursued the Colonel. 'Well, I returned unexpectedly; and it's just as well I did, since it seems that my orders regarding punctuality are not observed during my absence. What have you been doing that you dare to come in late for luncheon?'

Derrick breathed a sigh of relief. 'I got locked in the granary,' he said, simply.

This admission seemed to amuse the old gentleman, who, unexpectedly, laughed. 'Well, I'm sorry you were so hungry that you couldn't wait for your own food, but must needs go and rob the horses,' he chuckled. 'So you got locked in, did you? Well, well, I dare say it was no more than you deserved.'

Derrick, silently congratulating himself on the issue of events, fell to work with a will at his dinner, and soon made up for lost time; and the rest of the meal passed off in peace.

As they left the dining-room, Dick seized Derrick by the ear, and, overtaking Mora, said in an undertone, 'Come along into the schoolroom, both of you, and own up! You two have got some plot on, I can see, and it was very near coming to a disastrous conclusion just now. I did my best to save you from the results of your own clumsiness, Miss Hamilton, so I claim the right of knowing what it's all about. What made you both late for lunch? Why were you in the "Tiger's Den" (as you evidently were), and who locked Derrick in the granary?'

By this time they had reached the schoolroom.

'Shut the door, Babs,' commanded Dick, 'and we'll make 'em tell us the whole story!'

'With pleasure,' complied Mora, as she perched herself on the table. *You'd* better begin, Derrick, as I had nothing to do with it till half-way through.'

Whereat Derrick launched forth into a graphic description of the events with which we are already acquainted, giving a pitiful account of his mental sufferings under imprisonment.

But, so far from sympathising with the unfortunate hero, Dick was brutal enough to laugh. 'Well, you got jolly well sold that time, my boy! Ha, ha! Tried to set a trap for me, only to get caught in another yourself! Best joke I've heard for a long time. Now then, Miss Hamilton, let's hear how you set about his rescue, and what happened about the trap.'

'Yes!' cried Sybil. 'I quite forgot that Derrick had set one. *Did* Grandfather go into the Den?'

'He did, indeed,' replied Mora. 'And *how* I suffered for it! But you shall hear everything in the proper order, if you'll have patience.' Forthwith, she related her experience, with dramatic detail, her retreat under the table causing much merriment. 'It's all very well for you wretches to laugh!' she remonstrated. 'Just crouch under a low table for an hour-and-a-quarter, yourselves, without moving a finger or uttering a syllable, and see whether you feel like laughing at the end of it. And is *this* all the thanks I get for saving you from half-a-dozen books on your head?' she continued, turning to Dick. 'Ungrateful boy!'

'No, no, Miss Hamilton!' laughed Dick. 'That won't wash! You can't have saved both Grandfather *and* me; and you admit, yourself, that he was the first to enter the Den!'

'Well, now that I come to think of it,' reflected Mora, 'I'm not at all sure that he was! I believe it was Mr.

Campion who actually entered first, and it is he who is really indebted to me.'

'Yes, but it's all the same,' said Derrick. 'At least, the consequences would have been the same, so far as I was concerned. You got me out of a beastly hole, and I'm jolly grateful to you.'

'I should hope you are, you young ruffian!' said Dick, with warmth; then, turning to Mora, he continued: 'Did you ever know any one like Derrick for getting into scrapes for which other people suffer? It's usually Sybil; but this time you've had a taste of it, Miss Hamilton, and I hope you're none the worse?'

'So do I!' echoed Derrick. 'I'm afraid it wasn't very good for your headache?'

'On the contrary,' laughed Mora, 'it frightened it away! That is, what remained of it. I shall take out a patent for my new cure, and call it "Hamilton's Handy Headache Healer: Sit under a table, in one position, until you have pins-and-needles in your hands, both feet gone to sleep, and a crick in your neck." Do you think many people would try it?'

'Personally, I'd rather have the headache,' asserted Dick. 'I say, what shall we do now?'

'You said you'd take us for a ride,' Sybil reminded him. 'Won't you be able to now Grandfather's come back?'

'Oh yes. I don't think that'll make any difference. He's engaged with old Campion now, and, later on, he's going over to Sir Lawrence's.'

'Come on, then!' cried Derrick. 'And you'll come too, won't you, Mora?'

'*Derrick*, what cheek!' Dick admonished him. 'Who told you to call her that?'

'Fate has decreed it,' asserted Derrick, unabashed. 'Our mutual imprisonment this morning has put us on a more intimate footing. We were suffering, simultaneously, in the same cause, and henceforward I shall always address her thus.' He paused, breathless from the use of so many long words. Then relapsing into mere everyday diction he added—'But, of course, *you* can't.'

(*Continued on page* 237.)

A VERY USEFUL 'TEDDY.'

ONE of the most interesting things on view at an Exhibition held at Olympia was a 'Teddy-bear.' 'Teddy' of course, is a toy, but he may be 'something more and better.' This particular 'Teddy' had already saved four persons from drowning.

How did he manage it? What is the secret of his usefulness? In apperance he is just an ordinary 'Teddy' of the larger size. But he is stuffed with Perco-down, which will not sink, and has thus acquired his fame as a life-saver.

A well-known resident of Reading, who could not swim, allowed himself to be put into the river, in order to test Teddy's powers. Teddy was thrown to him and, clasped in his rescuer's furry arms, the trusting gentleman floated easily into safety.

THE EXPERT TREE-FROG.

THE green tree-frog, like the chameleon, is an expert in the art of colour-changing. A large consignment of these frogs had just arrived in a London establishment. A lady who wished for a pet tree-frog came to choose one from a crowd of small animals, which varied in colour from apple-green to sepia. The lady selected a green frog, and carried it away in a brown paper bag.

Next day, the customer returned, complaining that a brown frog had been given her instead of the green one which she had chosen. But the manager assured her that it was the same frog and explained to her its interesting performance in changing its hue to 'match' that of the brown paper bag. It would be rather nice if *we* could thus easily change the colours of our clothes.

'TAKEN ABACK.'

SOMETIMES we say, 'I was taken aback,' meaning 'taken by surprise.' The former is a nautical expression. When a ship's sails are suddenly carried back by the wind, she is 'taken aback'—hence our use of the phrase.

THE WORLD'S YOUNGEST SEA.

I WANT you to imagine an enormous wall, built of hard cement known as concrete, about sixty feet high, and twenty feet broad at the top. On one side of this wall there can be seen many little piers and quays where fussy little boats come alongside to unload their cargoes of fish, dairy produce, and the like. Far away the restless ocean roars unceasingly, and, when the winter gales arise, enormous breakers dash themselves to pieces against the massive masonry of the wall, and clouds of spray are showered into the valleys on the other side of it. If we glance towards the land side of our wall, we are so high that we can look down the chimneys of houses nestling at our feet. For miles and miles we see numerous meadows dotted with herds of cows, and all over the countryside we notice the old-fashioned windmill which is used for pumping water from the low-lying fields into the ditches and rivers, whence it will find its way into the sea.

Such is a picture of a Dutch dike, or dam. The Dutch have a proverb: 'God made the sea, but we make the shore.' For centuries the people who live in Holland have waged a battle with the sea. How dreadful if the wall gave way! Just imagine what an enormous amount of water would sweep through the fissure over those peaceful villages, carrying everything before it. There are few places in the world where danger is more imminent than in the Netherlands. True, those who live in certain parts of Italy, and other countries where there is constant danger from volcanoes and earthquakes, must always be prepared for some terrible calamity, but for more than a thousand years the Dutch have had nothing between them and disaster but a number of concrete walls or dikes.

About eight hundred years ago, there was a large lake in one part of Holland lying well below the level of the North Sea, but a number of terrible gales swept over this little country, and the angry sea was hurled against the sea-walls with such force that it completely swept them away, so that most of the land between the lake and the sea was flooded. During these

disastrous inundations numerous villages and farms were swept away, and thousands of poor people who lived in them were either drowned or had their homes destroyed. True, there were certain parts that the sea failed to conquer completely, and these have remained as islands, the most notable of which are Texel, Terschelling, and Ameland.

This large lake, which now became connected with the North Sea by various channels between these islands, was named the Zuyder Zee, *i.e.*, the South Sea. It is about eighty miles long, and forty miles in its greatest breadth. In the seventeenth century, the great Dutch war fleets found safe anchorage in its shallow waters, and hostile fleets could not reach them. The sea has formed a valuable fishing-ground for the Dutch, and it is estimated that four thousand fishermen sink their nets there.

The Dutch were always an enterprising race, and they have produced some of the world's most famous engineers, so it is not to be wondered at that they were never quite content to remain beaten by the forces of nature in this way.

For many years the Dutch Government has been at work on the preparation of a scheme for winning back the land, and a few months before the Great War, the work was put in hand. The scheme was suspended when hostilities commenced in 1914, but six months after the Armistice was signed, a bold and daring attempt was undertaken to pump this great sea dry. The work is expected to occupy thirty-three years, at a cost of about fifteen million pounds. A great dam is being built across the north end of the sea from Wierengen in North Holland to Piaam in Friesland, nearly fifteen miles in length. It will easily be the longest sea-embankment in the world. It is being built of sand, mixed with rubble and stone, and not of concrete, as is usual. Communication with the North Sea is maintained by thirty-three big sluice-gates, and two locks for shipping. It is expected that the work of constructing the sea-wall will alone take nine years.

Within the embankment four areas are to be drained and reclaimed. These portions won back from the sea are known as Polders. The areas of the four largest polders will be respectively 4,270, 78,800, 127,000, and 269,000 acres. When completed, it is expected that 486,020 acres will be suitable for farming, as the subsoil is clay and sand. The remaining is fen-land, and would be used chiefly for pasturage.

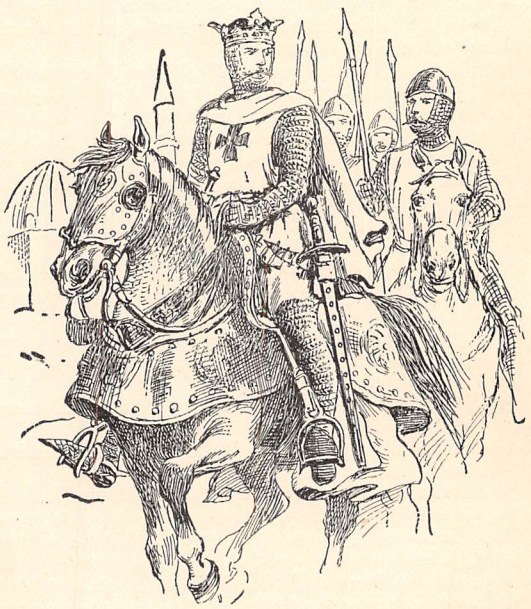
All Europe will watch with great interest the battle of the Dutch engineers with their remorseless enemy, the sea. If they succeed, they will win back an area as large as Cornwall, which, of course, will form a considerable addition to this small country. It is hoped that in a few years we shall find the rolling waters of the famous Zuyder Zee replaced by wide-spreading pastures, prosperous villages, sleepy canals, and farms and homes for thousands of people.

'NAMESAKES.'

VII.—RICHARD AND CHRISTINA.

A GREAT king and a wicked king and a monarch between them who was neither very good nor very bad, but only weak and unwise—those are the Richards of England, and we have besides royal princes and proud nobles. There have been saints and soldiers and leaders, too, but not many painters or poets or thinkers, for this seems always to have been a name for men of action, and as Cœur de Lion, our first and perhaps our favourite 'Namesake' to-day, was a hero of deeds, not of words, so the other famous Richards of history have, for the most part, followed in his steps.

'Cœur de Lion!' 'Heart of Lion!' It certainly was a splendid title for a warrior monarch to bear, and, living up to it, as it were, the great Plantagenet,



Richard the Lion-heart.

Richard I., is one of the finest figures in our annals. Tall and handsome and strong, he was a true hero, as we see him, clad in shining armour and with the Red Cross of the Crusaders at his breast, and yet, with all his courage and hardihood, this 'Namesake' of ours had many faults, and can serve us not only as a pattern, but as a warning, for he was arrogant and passionate and undisciplined—a rebel even in those headstrong, lawless mediæval days.

It is rather strange to see how this monarch has always been a prime favourite among the heroes of history, for he was really one of the least English of all our kings, and became Duke of Guienne long before he inherited his father's throne. Even after his accession he spent so much time abroad that, it is said, he was more French than English in manners and appearance, and could never speak his native language correctly.

When Richard did cross the Channel and visit his island dominion it was usually to play the chief part in some pageant or picturesque ceremony, and then his subjects, who loved their stately stranger sovereign in spite of his faults, would throng the narrow, dirty streets of old London in order to catch a glimpse of his tall figure and shout a welcome. It is perhaps some

far-away echo of those loyal acclamations that we seem to hear to-day when we read with enthusiastic interest and admiration of the romantic warrior who won renown at the siege of Acre, defeated Saladin, was taken prisoner on his homeward journey, and finally, after countless misfortunes and adventures and escapes, died a soldier's death in France

So much for Richard Cœur de Lion; and then, centuries later, a second 'Namesake' ascended the English throne, and his people must have expected another hero monarch, for this new Richard was the son of the great Black Prince, whose courage and ruthlessness had amazed all the world.

However, these high hopes were destined to be bitterly disappointed, for Richard II., who was only a baby when he succeeded his grandfather, grew into a delicate, feeble boy, and during the early years of his reign was petted and indulged and spoilt by his mother and his courtiers alike. Sometimes, it is true, he gave signs of being a worthy son of his father and a worthy 'Namesake' of Cœur de Lion. For we all know how bravely he faced Wat Tyler's savage rebels at Smithfield; but the promise was not fulfilled, and as the years went by the

Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.

young king's weakness, both of mind and body, seemed to increase, until he lost both the love and confidence of his subjects.

He lost his throne, too, in the end, and resigned to his cousin, Harry Hotspur, the crown of England, which had always been too heavy a burden for his feeble head.

Poor Richard II., we can only feel pity for him in those days of misery and humiliation; but our third 'Namesake' monarch was a man of a very different type, and, indeed, was one of the worst of all the bad kings who ever ruled—or mis-ruled—over England.

Murderer, usurper, and traitor, the figure of the crook-backed Richard III. is a terrible and a sinister one, and turning from him with a shudder of horror, we find ourselves face to face with one of his victims in

Henry VIII. and the Portrait of Christina, Duchess of Milan.

the person of the little Duke of York, who, with his elder brother, Edward V., so it is said, was murdered in the Tower of London by the orders of their cruel uncle.

'So it is said'—and those words remind us of one of the strangest mysteries in history, for eight years later the crown of England was claimed by a young man who declared that he was Richard of York, that he had escaped from the Tower at the time of his brother's murder, and that he was now the rightful King of England.

Perkin Warbeck, the son of a Flemish Jew, that was what the adherents of Henry VII. believed the pretender to be, but if Warbeck was an impostor, Henry Tudor was a usurper. Mary Duchess of Burgundy professed to recognise the young man as her nephew, and welcomed him to her court, while the Kings of France and Scotland both upheld his claims.

For many years the controversy and the conflict raged, and battles were fought and blood was shed before Perkin Warbeck was finally defeated and captured. Even now it is not quite certain whether the handsome. princely youth, who looked every inch a

king and who died a felon's death on Tyburn Hill, was the low-born impostor or Richard Duke of York, one of our most illustrious 'Namesakes' and the last Plantagenet sovereign of England.

Other famous Richards in history are the Duke of Cornwall, second son of King John, a very wealthy and magnificent prince, and Richard Earl of Warwick, the King-maker, who, wearing first the white rose and now the red during the long civil wars of the fifteenth century, was one of the most powerful men in England, and, as his nick-name tells us, could decide whether a Yorkist or a Lancastrian monarch should sit on the throne.

In this same fifteenth century we find another great Englishman whom every boy, whether he be Tom, Dick, or Harry, and especially if he be Dick, may well copy, and that is Sir Richard Whittington, who, even if the old nursery story of the little beggar-boy and his faithful cat be not true, certainly was Lord Mayor of London, and was, moreover, one of the wisest and best men who ever ruled over the city.

There is a story that Henry V., after the war with France had come to an end, owed Whittington a large sum of money, and one day while the king was sitting by an open fire of wood and spices at the Guildhall, Sir Richard produced the bonds and flung them into the flames, thus releasing Henry from the debt. All the company present were astonished at the Lord Mayor's generosity, and Henry exclaimed, 'Never had prince such a subject.'

For our other name to-day we will take Christina, and to begin with we have for a patron and a pattern of constancy and courage the Roman maiden, St. Christina, who became a Christian and endured many sufferings for the sake of her new faith.

One day Christina was looking out of her window, so legends say, and saw many beggars, but had no money to give them. Suddenly she remembered the gold idols that her father worshipped, and having had these broken up, she gave away the precious metal as alms. Christina's heathen father was enraged at this, and caused the girl to be imprisoned; but angels ministered to her during her captivity, and afterwards, when she was thrown into water with a millstone tied round her neck, they supported the heavy weight so that she floated and lived.

Afterwards the young saint was flung into a furnace, but the flames would not injure her, and when she was ordered to sacrifice in the temple of Apollo, the images of the god bowed down before her, to the amazement of the onlookers.

Coming down through history, we find several Scotch Christinas, for the name has always been a favourite one in the North. There was the Princess Christina, sister of Matilda of Scotland, who married Henry I.; and another royal 'Namesake' was the sister of Robert Bruce, who, during the long, bitter warfare of her brother's reign, was captured by the English and imprisoned in a cage, as was the custom in those savage, ruthless days.

To the same fourteenth century as this Christina belongs the learned lady, Christina de Pisan, who was the daughter of the astrologist to King Charles V. of France, and was one of the first of the great army of women writers.

This Christina married when she was only fifteen, but her husband died ten years later, and she found herself penniless and with three little children to support. She determined to adopt a literary career, and produced a great number of works, both in verse and in prose, between the years 1399 and 1405. Christina quickly became celebrated, for an authoress was a rare thing in those days, and one of her sons was also a noted poet.

Our next 'Namesake' is Christina, Duchess of Milan, a very beautiful and clever lady, whose portrait, painted by Holbein, was so much admired by King Henry VIII. that he dispatched a proposal to Italy for her hand.

King Henry, however, had already at this time divorced two wives and beheaded two others, so the fair duchess, instead of accepting the offered crown, sent back a message to say that, if she had had two heads, one of them should have been at the king's service.

We pass over another century now, and come to a still more famous 'Namesake' in the person of Christina, Queen of Sweden, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, who succeeded to her father's throne when she was only six years old.

King Gustavus had been very much disappointed that his only child was not a son, and therefore he brought up the little girl as if she had been the desired boy, and Christina was trained to be bold and hardy, taught to ride and hunt and shoot when she was still almost a baby, and allowed to accompany her father on all his travels.

There is a story that once when the king paid a visit to a town in his dominions he was to be greeted with a salute of guns, but the governor of the place hesitated, fearing that the uproar might frighten the little princess. 'She is a soldier's daughter, and must learn to be brave,' Gustavus said, and, to every one's surprise and delight, when the guns were fired, Christina, instead of showing any fear, laughed and clapped her hands.

When she first became queen, the Swedes loved and admired her, and everything seemed to promise well for the future; but the young sovereign proved to be wayward and capricious in character, and, as time went on, her popularity waned and her power decreased. She abdicated at last in favour of her cousin, Charles Gustavus, and, leaving Sweden, spent many years in exile before her death in 1689.

Another 'Namesake'—from the world of allegory this time—is Christiana, the wife of John Bunyan's Pilgrim, who, with her children, followed her husband in his long wearisome Progress through the dangers and difficulties and hardships of life, until, at last, she crossed the deep River of Death, and was welcomed with 'all ceremonies of joy' on the other side.

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 219.)

THERE was no need to climb through the tunnel again. Round the base of the hill they ran to where the ponies were tethered. A moment they paused to leave the lantern at the courtyard gate; then they were galloping towards the camp as they had galloped on the previous night. As they slipped from their saddles to the ground, Duttia came running

towards them, beckoning mysteriously. 'I have something to show you,' she murmured, as soon as she was near enough. 'It is a secret. No one else must know.'

'Every one will know if you make such a fuss,' Michael warned her. He was in too great a hurry to find his father to be patient with Duttia. He looked round eagerly, but there was no sign of Major Carnac; and now that the ponies had been led away, he, Frieda, and Duttia stood alone, close to the office tent. Towards the tent Duttia was edging, her finger on her lips, no whit disconcerted.

'Come and see,' she urged. 'I have not been idle while ye have been away. I bade Soma watch the Princess, and I went a-searching on my own account. About the outskirts of the camp I wandered among the Rani's attendants. There are so many of them, as I told the Miss Sahib before, so it is easy to move amongst them without attracting attention. I thought I might hear something useful, or see some small thing that might help. All the while I kept my eyes and ears wide open, and thus it was that I found her.'

'Who?' Frieda questioned, breathless. She had begun to guess.

'Beeja,' said Duttia, triumphantly. She had halted now on the threshold of the office tent, one hand on the curtain across the doorway. 'She had her veil drawn partly across her face, but *I* knew her. And she whispered as I passed, very softly—"Duttia!"—and *I* heard. And I waited till no one was looking, and then I coaxed her here. The orderly has gone with Carnac Sahib; they have not yet returned, and the tent is deserted. It is forbidden, as ye know, to enter without permission. Therefore, I could think of no better hiding-place. I bade her wait till ye came, and she is waiting now.'

CHAPTER XXI.

It was almost dark inside the tent, but a little sunlight found a way where the curtains over doors and tiny windows did not fit tightly. At first Michael, Frieda, and Duttia could see nothing till their eyes grew accustomed to the dusk. Then, gradually, out of the dimness, a figure shaped, crouched in the far corner. Like a wild beast it was, tense and watchful; alert to spring or vanish at a moment's notice. And, as it was no stranger to the darkness, it must have been watching them stealthily since their entrance.

'I promised her that no one should harm her,' Duttia murmured, just loud enough for the crouching figure to hear. 'I promised that she should go when she wished, and that no one would hinder. I had to promise, Miss Sahib, or all would have been lost. She and I were a little apart when I found her on the very edge of the forest. She is of the wild, wild. She could have slipped away between the trees before I could raise an alarm. I do not know why she came, though, surely, it must have been to bargain. Shall I speak to her first? She will be least afraid of me.'

Frieda nodded; she hardly dared to speak herself, as yet, for fear Beeja should melt away. There was no time to tell Duttia of the pearls, the scene in the temple, the finding of the whistle. And, perhaps, Beeja might speak more freely if she did not know how much she had already betrayed. Duttia, delighted to be so important, edged nearer to the crouching figure which, almost imperceptibly, shifted its position closer to the back entrance to the tent. Duttia, observing, stopped. 'Beeja,' she began, condescendingly, 'I have brought the little Sahib and the Miss Sahib, as I promised. They are ready to listen to all you have to say. They are very merciful,' said Duttia, soothingly. 'They——'

'Let them speak, then,' said Beeja, sharply; and Duttia, startled, subsided while Frieda began eagerly.

'Beeja, we've been down the tunnel behind the temple, and we found Jai Singh's whistle just outside, so we know he has been there. Help us to find him, and you shall have all the pearls you want. I have plenty left in my pocket.'

'You will scare her, Miss Sahib,' Duttia warned. But, though still sure she could manage Beeja best, she did not interfere further. She was far too interested, as she realised that much had happened of which she did not know.

'I guessed you were the oracle,' Frieda went on. 'It's no good pretending any more. And—and Dibra and Jai Singh will be found in the end if you do refuse to help. But, if they're found without your help, you won't get anything.'

'They will not be found,' Beeja retorted, sulkily. 'Neither will the Rajah's end be known. Let me see the pearls, Miss Sahib,' she wheedled, suddenly changing her tone, 'that I may be sure you have them.' And Frieda, keeping her distance for safety's sake, emptied the contents of her pocket into both her hands, and stood so that a gleam of light was caught and reflected by the jewels.

'Wah,' said Duttia, deeply impressed. 'Now, indeed, I know what she wants. 'Tis in truth a very goodly sight.'

And at that Beeja, to the surprise of her audience, began to whimper. 'Give me the pearls,' she whined. 'A few. Just a few, and I will try to speak.'

But both Michael and Frieda remembered too well her conduct in the temple to fall into the trap.

'You'll get nothing until you've told us what we want to know,' Michael assured her; and Beeja thereupon wriggled as if she were in pain.

'I cannot. I cannot,' she moaned. 'I want to speak, but I dare not. Indeed, it is the truth. Let me but *feel* the pearls, and perchance I shall gain courage.'

'Of what are you afraid?' Duttia asked, quite ready to take command once more. 'I have promised you shall come to no harm.'

But, to her annoyance, Beeja turned on her again yet more savagely. 'Be silent, you,' she hissed, 'as I bade you before. You are but a servant. Who do you think I fear? My husband?'

'Nay, I have heard you talk to him,' Duttia answered, delighted to score in turn.

But Beeja brushed the remark aside, as though she had not heard it. She seemed to be talking to herself now, rather than to Duttia; to be reasoning aloud in an effort to find a way out of her difficulty. 'These children?' she went on. 'What do they matter? Carnac Sahib, what can he do? There is no prison could hold me if I wished to escape. I, who am jungle born, who am kin to the folk of the jungle.'

She looked fearfully, and dropped her voice almost to a whisper. 'I fear one far mightier than they,' she said. 'One who will seek me out to punish wherever I may hide.'

(*Continued on page* 234.)

"'I have something to show you,' she murmured, as soon as she was near enough."

"'Where is he? Where is Jai Singh?'"

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 231.)

'WHOM can she mean?' Frieda whispered to Michael; but he shook his head, puzzled also. Could it be Ooma whom Beeja feared so intensely? It did not seem likely, since she must be aware from her own knowledge that the Princess at present was almost powerless. He had better make sure, however. 'If you are afraid of Princess Ooma,' he began.

'I am not afraid of her,' said Beeja promptly. Her eyes were still fixed greedily on the pearls; she began to groan as if she could scarcely bear the sight.

'It would be safe, perchance, if I gave a sign,' she sighed. 'The spoken word, that is most dangerous.' Then she straightened herself, and stared in front of her as she had done in the temple court. 'Speak as ye spoke to the oracle,' she ordered, 'and I will answer in the same fashion.'

'It's my turn,' Michael remembered, and sat down opposite. For a moment he thought; then, 'Was Jai Singh brought to the tunnel last night?' he asked, and Beeja nodded.

'Do you know where he is now?' Michael asked next. She hesitated, then she nodded once more.

'Is he in any danger?' Frieda interrupted, unable to keep silent longer; and, as Beeja nodded for the third time, she knelt by her and caught at her arm.

'Do, do help us,' Frieda implored. Recklessly she poured a stream of pearls upon the ground, and, wave-like, Beeja's greed suddenly engulfed her fear. She snatched at the pearls and held them tight, mumbling over them, kissing them in an ecstasy of greed.

'Where is he? Where is Jai Singh?' Frieda demanded, pressing her advantage home.

'He,' Beeja began; even now she seemed to find it difficult to speak. She looked at Frieda almost as if appealing for courage. Then, with a quick movement, she sprang to her feet. 'Look where death lurks,' she cried, and in a moment was gone.

In vain the three within the tent waited, she did not reappear. And when, anxiously, they lifted the tent curtain to look, there was no sign of her. It was as she herself had prophesied, as Duttia had feared. Beeja had vanished in the forest.

CHAPTER XXII.

'SHE has gone,' said Duttia, reproachfully. 'If you had been guided by me, Miss Sahib, we might have had her yet.' Then, content with her triumph and really anxious to help, she suggested: 'I will go look for her again; perchance she has not gone far. There is no doubt she covets the pearls greatly. Until she is sure there are none left, she will hanker after them.'

And out of the tent Duttia slipped in turn, while Frieda and Michael sat talking in the darkness as they waited, and tried to solve the mystery Beeja had left them. The place where death lurked? What had she meant? And, as the moments dragged and no Duttia appeared, they grew so restless they could wait no longer. They would go to Ooma, they thought. Perhaps, somehow, they could induce her to help; or from her manner they might gain a hint of Beeja's meaning.

'We'll ask her questions and watch her face while she answers,' Michael suggested, and across to Frieda's tent they went. Soma nodded to them gloomily as she saw them coming. Then, sure that the Princess was in safe hands, she vanished to wait on the Rani. She had been concocting a delicate curry on a charcoal brazier while she kept guard, with which she hoped to tempt her mistress. Soma was almost as attached to the Rani as she was to Jai Singh. Her only fault in Soma's eyes was that she had not been born a boy.

'So ye have returned,' was Ooma's greeting. She was sitting close to the tent door on a heap of cushions she had dragged untidily from her bed. So used she was to being waited on, she had not even brushed her hair, nor straightened her dress. Because of this, perhaps, she looked unusually forlorn; but her eyes gleamed mockingly as she glanced first at Frieda and then at Michael. 'It was time wasted, was it not?' she asked. Then as, instinctively, she guessed their answer, her expression changed. 'What have ye discovered?' she said.

'We have been to the temple, and we know now that Beeja is the oracle. You knew all the time,' Michael told her, and Ooma nodded carelessly.

'I knew,' she acknowledged. 'Beeja told me she had made much money by the trick. She found a way into the temple one day by chance when she was hunting with Dibra, and turned it thenceforward to good account. And what else did ye discover?'

'We went down Beeja's road into the temple,' Frieda answered, and there was no doubt now that Ooma was genuinely impressed. In quite a different voice she asked:

'What was it like? Beeja did not tell me. She liked to make a mystery of it.'

'It's a tunnel that runs from the temple to the foot of the hill. And Jai Singh was hidden in that tunnel last night. We found his whistle just outside.'

'I wondered where they would take him,' said Ooma, thoughtfully. 'But since ye have discovered so much, have ye not found out where now he is?'

'We have and we haven't,' Michael admitted. 'We have just been talking to Beeja.'

'Here?' Ooma interrupted, obviously surprised.

'Yes, here. We bribed her to come, and we bribed her to speak. But she was very frightened, and we don't know of what. She said she daren't tell us all that she knew. But, just at the end, she said, "Look where death lurks," and then she slipped away.'

'Look where death lurks,' Ooma repeated slowly. So interested she was by this time that it did not seem strange to herself or the twins that they should actually be consulting together. 'But what did she mean?'

'That's what we want to know,' said Michael. 'Could it be the name of a village, do you think? Villages have such queer names sometimes. You know this part of the country better than we do.'

Ooma pondered deeply, and then she shook her head. 'No,' she said. 'There is no such place, I am sure. Such names are given, sometimes, when there has been a great sickness and many deaths. But as for the people of this part, they have never suffered thus. Nought has happened in these villages since I can remember, save occasionally.'

She stopped, as though struck by some sudden thought. Then she threw herself back amidst her cushions, and burst into peals of laughter. She rocked herself to and fro, covering her face with her hands and peeping between her fingers.

'La, la!' she cried gaily. 'I was almost as dense as are ye. The place where death lurks. La, la!'

'If,' said Michael, deliberately, 'you don't stop that noise *at once*, and tell us what you mean, I'll throw a jug of cold water over you. I suppose you've got hysterics, and that's the right way to treat them.'

Completely nonplussed by the threat Ooma pulled herself together. Had Michael stormed and stamped, or Frieda implored, it would have delighted her. But a douche of cold water, that needed consideration. Hastily Ooma took counsel with herself. She stopped laughing, and sat primly upright, her hands in her lap. Only her eyes still danced, but her face was grave.

'And so ye cannot guess where death lurks?' she asked. 'But who deals death most often in the jungle? Have ye so soon forgotten whom we set out to kill, and who may kill in turn?'

'The tiger!' cried Michael and Frieda together. They had forgotten, it was true. So distant already seemed the day of the tiger-beat with its excitements, so swamped by all that had happened since. The wounded tiger! The tiger that had not yet been traced! The tiger that was lurking somewhere in the jungle, hungry and hurt; pitiless and desperate! And Jai Singh? Was Jai Singh already at its mercy? Now Ooma was speaking again, dwelling lingeringly on his danger.

'That was what Beeja meant. That was why she was so frightened. She wanted the bribe you offered—she was always greedy—but she dared not take it. Do you not know the jungle people hold that those who would cheat a man-eater must themselves pay forfeit? And did I not tell you before that if a tiger cannot kill game for any reason, he will kill man?' She touched the bangle on her wrist, from which the two bones hung.

'And so I think,' she went on, still very deliberately, 'that Dibra has planned the tiger shall have Jai Singh. No bullock this time, but Jai Singh. Dibra is less bold than Beeja, but he is more loyal. He will revenge his master, as I told Carnac Sahib. He will know by now I cannot have the throne. There were many listening outside the tent when we talked last night, no doubt. The news will have spread, and thus will it be.'

She clapped her hands softly, and her voice quickened. 'It is the second day since the tiger was wounded. It is likely he has not eaten yet. It is not the custom of the tiger folk to eat daily. But soon—soon—he will be hungry. Soon—soon—he must be fed. Soon he will be ready to do his share.'

(*Continued on page* 246.)

ODD FLOWER-NAMES.

WHAT a host of odd flower-names still linger in most parts of the country! One can understand the curiously mottled purple or white flowers of the fritillaries, that grow so freely in the water-meadows round Oxford, being known as 'guinea-hen' 'turkey-egg flowers,' and 'dice-box,' and even as 'snake's head,' for they do look a little like the head of some reptile as they sway on their slender stalks, but why are they known in the South of Ireland as 'Mother Ugly'?

The pretty blue hare-bells that swing so lightly on their thin stalks are known as 'witches' thimbles,' 'fairy-bells,' and, in some parts of Scotland, as 'gowk's' or 'cuckoo's thimbles.' They are the 'bluebells of Scotland,' our English bluebells are the wild hyacinths that spread an azure carpet in the woodland glades towards the end of April; according to tradition, they are in full bloom on St. George's Day. 'Roast beef' is the purple iris, common in the West of England, and also known as 'gladwyn.' The common yellow iris is known as 'flags' and 'flaggers,' and also as 'levvers,' 'dagger-flower,' and 'dragon-flower.'

Children seem to be fond of calling familiar flowers after various items of food: the yellow toadflax is 'butter-and-eggs,' so is a sort of narcissus, or daffodil, while another is 'bacon-and-eggs.' 'Bread-and-milk' is the pretty lilac 'lady's smock,' or 'cuckoo-flower'; 'milk-and-water' is an old Sussex name for the white arabis, known, too, as 'Sweet Alice,' and 'snow-in-summer.' 'Gooseberry-pie,' 'apple-pie,' and 'codlins-and-cream' are among the names of the hairy willow-herb, which shows its crimson-purple blooms by the water, or in damp copses. These names are due to the scent of the plant. 'Cherry-pie' is an old name for heliotrope, because the perfume is thought to be like that delicacy, 'Penny-pies' are the round green leaves of the penny-wort, also named 'pancakes,' 'penny-hats,' and, in Somerset, 'cups-and-saucers.' In the South of England the round fruit of the common mallow is known as 'cheeses,' in Ireland this plant is called 'dead-men's thumbs.' 'Granny's nightcap' is the large white convolvulus, also called 'Lady's nightcap.' 'Lady's lace' is that queer little parasite, the dodder, whose red, leafless stems twist and stray round heather and other plants.

The delicate wood-sorrel is 'cuckoo's meat and 'cuckoo's bread-and-cheese.' The hawthorn is often called 'bread-and-cheese tree.' The pretty little 'London pride,' or 'Nancy pretty'—probably 'none-so-pretty' originally—has a host of names. It shares 'hen-and-chickens' with a double daisy, or 'bachelor's button,' and also with a jonquil, and is called 'chickens,' 'Prince's feather,' 'garden-gate,' and in the South of Ireland, where it grows wild on many mountains in Cork and Kerry, it is known as 'the fox's cabbage' and 'St. Patrick's cabbage.'

Honesty, whose seed-vessels are like large silver coins, is called in some places 'money-in-both-pockets,' 'Beggar's blanket,' or 'Adam's blanket,' is the common yellow-flowered mullein, whose large, woolly leaves have much the same texture as flannel. 'Adam and Eve' is one of the many names of the wild Arum, known to children as 'lords-and-ladies,' 'cuckoo-pint,' 'Jack-in-a-pulpit,' 'parson-in-his-pulpit,' 'parson-and-clerk,' 'men-and-women,' 'cows-and-calves,' and 'wake-robin.'

MAUD E. SARGENT.

A GALLANT FRENCH ADMIRAL.

THE *Guillaume Tell*—a French two-decker carrying eighty-six guns—was one of only four vessels that escaped when, in 1798, the French Mediterranean Fleet attacking Egypt was heavily defeated by the British under Nelson. She was captured later, but only after fighting a very stubborn battle against great odds.

Leaving La Valette harbour one dark, stormy night, with Admiral Decrès on board, hoping to escape the vigilance of the British Navy, she was sighted by the *Penelope*. Signalling to the *Lion* and the *Foudroyant*, the frigate soon closed on the bigger vessel, and attacked her, bringing down her mizzen top-masts and mainyard, and escaping damage herself by greater speed and excellent seamanship. The *Lion* now came up and

"The French Admiral gallantly fought on."

the firing was fast and furious, the *Guillaume Tell* more than holding her own till the *Foudroyant* also joined in the attack. Still the French Admiral gallantly fought on, nailing his colours to the stump, when his main and mizzen masts were shattered, but after further damage and many casualties he was forced to surender The *Foudroyant* and *Lion* were so disabled that the prize was handed over to the *Penelope*. A. C.

"They slowed down to wait for the others."

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 217.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORA laughed.

'Perhaps Miss Hamilton would rather ride over to Morecombe Chase with Grandfather, than come out with an impudent young scamp, like you,' suggested Dick.

'No, she wouldn't—would she, Mora?' clamoured Derrick, the irrepressible.

'Rather not!' rejoined Mora, 'and if that's meant as a hint that you don't want my company, Dick, I'm not going to take it!'

'Miss Hamilton!' cried Dick, reproachfully, 'how can you? But I see what you're after,' he added; 'you want us all to say how miserable we should be without you; but it's the wrong time of year for fishing, you know.'

'You wretch!' retorted the indignant Miss Hamilton. 'Children, how can you let him insult me like this?'

'Don't quarrel,' advised Sybil, 'unless you want to be rolled on the floor. That's the penalty for quarrelling in here. Dick used to roll us on the floor when we squabbled, and then sit on our heads; so now we've given it up.'

'Yes, but the penalty still holds good!' cried Derrick. 'Come on, let's sit on Dick's head—he started it.'

'No, he didn't,' Miss Hamilton said, 'he meant things which he never did!'

'How do you know?'

'Anyway, you've got to get me down, before you can sit on me,' observed Dick, 'and, if you start trying to do that, you'll waste all the sunshine! Let's get out while it's fine.'

'A wise suggestion,' decided Mora. 'I'm going to change; come along, Sybil.'

A quarter-of-an-hour later, they were all four on their way to the Brendons, where they had fine fun. They raced and jumped hurdles, and galloped to their hearts' content; Rollo and Midnight were so fresh that, at first, their little riders had some difficulty in controlling them.

'How wonderfully those children ride!' remarked Mora, admiringly, as she watched them race on ahead.

'They wouldn't be true Russells, if they didn't,' affirmed Dick.

'No,' said Mora, 'it's evidently born in them; one can see that. I suppose you've been good riders for generations?'

'We have: and we pride ourselves on it.'

'Who gave them those perfect little ponies?'

'Grandfather, before we'd lived with him a month.'

'Really? Then he must be fonder of his grandchildren than he leads one to suppose.'

'Oh, he's fond enough of us in reality; you mustn't judge him by his rough handling. He likes to frighten us out of our wits, now and then, just to show his authority. Does it on principle you know; it's his method of training'

'A somewhat unpleasant method!' Mora opined. 'I know I often feel glad that I'm not Derrick or Sybil.'

'Oh, they're not really to be pitied,' said Dick, in loyalty to his grandfather. 'They're safe enough, so long as they behave themselves. Besides, they rather enjoy it, on the whole; they would find life a bit tame without a Tiger in the Den.'

Meanwhile, the children themselves, having raced to their hearts' content, slowed down to wait for the others.

'Won't it be splendid when Rufus can come up here with us?' said Sybil.

'It will!' agreed Derrick, 'and, what's more, it won't be long now before he can; he didn't seem a bit tired after his walk this morning.'

The children had gone down directly after breakfast, and taken the dog for a short run.

'No; but following the ponies will be quite a different thing; he won't get much rest. I do want to see him tearing after Rollo, though; he's nearly the same colour, and they'll look so lovely together.'

'Won't they just! I wonder if we dare do it before I go back to school?'

'Perhaps we'd better not,' sighed Sybil; 'you see, he hasn't even got the splint off, yet. When are you going to take it off, Derrick?'

'Oh, not at present. He's much safer with it on, and he doesn't mind it a bit, now.'

'No; but if we keep it on too long, his leg will get so stiff that he'll lose the use of it altogether.'

'Fudge! We'll massage it; that's the proper thing to do when a splint comes off.'

'Do you know how to?'

'Well, no; but I can easily make up. I'll practise it on you; it's only a sort of rubbing.'

'*I* think it would be best to take off the splint before his leg gets as stiff as all that.'

Apparently Derrick did not set much store by Sybil's opinion, for all he said was, 'I shall consult Howe.'

'Here come the others,' observed Sybil, a minute or two later.

'I say, shall we invite Miss Hamilton to tea in the schoolroom?'

'Of course; what a silly question! Do you suppose she'll want to have tea all alone?'

'Perhaps not. But the last time you asked her, you said afterwards you wished you hadn't.'

'That was before I knew her so well; besides, I only said so before she came. Of course we'll ask her, and you must make her some decent toast—and not burn it.'

'Wouldn't you rather make it yourself?'

'No, yours generally turns out best.'

This was a great admission, and appealed to Sybil, as was intended.

Mora gladly accepted the invitation; and, after tea, they sat round the fire and told ghost stories.

After several harrowing tales, Mora asked, 'Isn't this house haunted, Dick? It ought to be; it's old and rambling enough.'

'There is some old tale about a ghost, I believe,' replied Dick, while Derrick and Sybil nudged each other, 'but I don't know the rights of it; and Grandfather doesn't like it mentioned, for fear the servants shall get scared and give notice.'

'But it can't hurt to talk about it in here, if we all agree not to say a word to any one afterwards; do tell us what you know, Dick; Derrick, make him!'

But Dick shook his head.

'It's no good when he looks like that,' observed Derrick, 'nothing will make him say a word.' Then he added, loftily, 'Besides, we know more than he does.'

'*You* do!' cried Dick and Mora, together.

'Oh, yes,' replied Derrick, with a well-assumed air of unconcern, though secretly burning to be asked for particulars. 'Oh, yes, we've found out all about the ghost; we've seen it, haven't we, Bill?'

'I don't believe it,' declared Dick, flatly.

'Sybil, is he hoaxing?' asked Mora.

'Oh, no,' replied Sybil, 'I don't know whether we saw the ghost; but we saw a sort of ghost of our own, and it turned——'

Derrick cut her short. 'I'm sure we saw the only ghost there is,' he announced. 'It's no end of a startling affair, and it was jolly near the end of poor Bill, anyway,' he continued, shaking his head solemnly in the firelight.

'Go on, then, and tell us about it,' commanded Dick.

(*Continued on page* 242.)

VENERABLE SHIPS.

TO say nothing of submarine risks, the ships of to-day, says the *Daily Chronicle*, cannot hope to attain the good old age of their forerunners. Nelson's *Victory* was over forty years old when she took such a prominent

part in the battle of Trafalgar, and the *Betsy Caine*, which according to tradition, brought William III. to England in 1688, survived until 1824, when she was wrecked at the mouth of the Tyne.

Another long-lived ship was the *Olivia*. Built in 1819, she was included in Lloyd's Register for 1910.

Admiral Martin, writing in 1833, stated that the little vessel in which James II. escaped from Rochester was still used to convey goods from one dockyard to another.

SAVED BY THE ROCKET.

DURING the bitter winter storms around the coast of our island home, many a ship has been driven ashore by wind and sea, on to rocks close in shore, or at the foot of precipitous cliffs, in positions where it would be almost impossible for the lifeboat to be of any real use, even were it possible for her to venture near.

Those on board would in many cases have lost their lives, drowned or dashed to death against the rocks by the merciless waves, were it not for the rocket apparatus, which since it has been in use has saved thousands from a watery grave.

The rocket was in existence at the beginning of the last century, but it was not until 1857 that a serious effort was made to put it to practical use in a thoroughly organized fashion, the Government then taking the matter in hand. The Marine Department of the Board of Trade became responsible for the provision and management of this useful 'sailor's friend,' and established numerous rocket stations throughout the kingdom, with a uniform system of service, each station being periodically inspected.

The services of the coastguard were called in, the crews being completed by volunteers living near by. As in the case of a lifeboat, when the signals of distress of a stranded vessel are observed, the crew are called together by hoisting a flag, or, at night, the firing of a rocket.

The crew promptly turn out: the worse the weather, the more terrifying the wind and sea, the more eager are they to accomplish their life-saving errand of mercy.

The apparatus, which is light and portable, is carried as near to the wreck as possible and carefully aimed.

Imagine the joy and relief of those on the doomed vessel, crashing against the rocks, when through the spray they see the lights on the shore, the moving figures busily setting up the rocket, and they realise that there is a chance, a fair chance, that they may be saved. With renewed courage they cling to stanchions and rails, sheltering as best they can from the furious waves and blinding spray, praying that the rocket will reach them in time.

Should the vessel have passengers on board, there will be women, mothers trying to shelter their little ones and keep them safe and warm, all the while straining their eyes for the flash that shows that the rocket is speeding on its way to them, with its line attached, slender but strong.

A burst of flame, and the rocket soars over the wreck. How the anxious souls on board must pray that the aim be true, for should it not be, then precious time must be wasted before a second attempt can be made.

Should the aim be successful, a line several hundred fathoms in length, attached to the tail of the rocket, falls across the deck of the ship in distress. What a relief for the waiting crew: that slender line, fragile though it may seem, is all that connects them with land and safety.

Eager hands seize the line and haul it in until a tail block, with an endless line rove through it, is reached. The tail of the block is made fast to the mast, or to a stanchion, should the mast be gone, and a stout hawser attached to the line is then hauled aboad and made fast in turn some eighteen inches or a foot above the block.

When all is complete the crew signal those ashore, who immediately haul the hawser quite tight and then send off the breeches buoy. As soon as this arrives on board, the first to be saved clambers in, and firmly grasping the supporting ropes, is rapidly hauled ashore.

Often enough, when the masts are gone, and it is not possible to make the hawser fast at any height from the sea, the passenger in the buoy, or cradle, as it is sometimes called, is actually dragged through spray and sea to safety, and reaches shore exhausted and half frozen, to be tended by willing hands, wrapped up in warm blankets, and carried to shelter and comfort. For those that live by the sea have big hearts and are always ready, women and men, to succour and comfort those saved from the sea, for they, too, have waited anxiously for father or brothers out at sea on just such a night as this.

Often hardy men on shore, attached to a life-line, dash into the boiling surf to haul the cradle speedily ashore, regardless of risk—the danger of being struck by a piece of floating wreckage or dragged under water.

As soon as the cradle has accomplished its mission it is returned to the wreck for another human load. Hurry, hurry, for the sea, furiously pounding the stricken ship, is every moment tearing away bulwarks, deck-hamper—anything the hungry waves, baulked of their prey, can reach. Often worn out by cold, weak from exposure, some of those clinging to anything affording a hold are torn away before the horrified gaze of their companions, to disappear under the swirling waters or be dashed against the rocks.

The well-trained crew of the rocket service know this, and waste no time; their practice in fair weather has prepared them, and to their skill and devotion thousands owe their lives. But their skill alone is not sufficient. Those on board must co-operate, making fast rapidly and well in the best position available. In the British Mercantile Marine, at any rate, every vessel is supplied with printed instructions, describing in detail the method of securing the hawser and blocks, and every certified officer is required thoroughly to understand the working of the apparatus.

No coasts are better watched than those of our islands, and there are hundreds of rocket stations forming a continuous chain, their crews ever ready, ever willing to risk their lives to save the shipwrecked mariner, and though we often read and hear of the wonderful devotion and courage of lifeboat-men, venturing to sea on their errand of mercy in all weathers, how many of us realise that the rocket companies yearly save hundreds of lives, often at great risk.

Always are volunteers ready to join the rocket service, to practise diligently in fair weather, ready for the day, or night, when they may be called out to give of their best for those in danger.

W. HERBERT HOLLOWAY.

"Saved by the Breeches Buoy.'

"'I say, what a narrow squeak!'"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 238.)

'WELL,' began Derrick, 'you know, by now, that we got up on the roof, one night, and squirted at Silly Owl through the window?'

'We had a pretty shrewd idea of it,' answered Dick, while Mora exclaimed—

'Why, you told me that the next day, but you never said a word about a ghost then; so I believe you are making it up!'

'No, I'm not; but we didn't know, then, it would leak out. But, as Bill let it all out to Captain Mitchell, the other day, thinking he knew it already, he's sure to pass it on to you: so I may as well tell you myself,' and he proceeded to do so.

'Well, I'm hanged!' ejaculated Dick, as his brother brought the tale to a dramatic close. 'The scrapes you get into are amazing enough; but what is more marvellous still, is the way you have of getting out of them. You deserve to have been killed half-a-dozen times, already; and you're not yet twelve!'

'I nearly had to come to you, to get us out of this one,' admitted Derrick, 'only Sybil wouldn't let me.'

'Why not, Babs?'

'Well, Derrick would keep saying it was his fault, and you might have thought so, too; only it wasn't, really, a bit.'

'So you chose to lie in a gutter in the rain rather than risk his getting a wigging? No wonder you were ill afterwards! Never mind, Babs, you're a true Russell.'

And Sybil felt that the adventure and its consequences were well worth those few words of praise.

The next morning, while Sybil was giving Rufus a good brushing, Derrick consulted old Howe on the matter of the splint.

'Sybil says it ought to come off before his leg gets too stiff; but that's all rubbish, isn't it, Howe?'

'I wouldna' go so far as to say that, Master Derrick,' replied the old man, cautiously; 'those splints do be hard, but you're right to be wary, and he will take no harm for the keeping of them a few days longer.'

'There! What did I tell you, Bill? And, of course, Howe knows what he's talking about. It's not as if Rufus couldn't take any exercise with the splint on. He gets about quick enough, doesn't he, Howe?'

'Yes! He's capering about the place this very morn like a mad thing; and it isn't safe for me to let un out o' sight, for fear he'd be away to the forest.'

'I vote we take him for a decent run to-day,' announced Derrick, 'not a rotten little affair like he's had so far. Buck up, Bill, and put his best collar on.'

'All right; where shall we go?'

'Along the Dunsford Road and through Prowse's farm and back by the fields.'

'Suppose we were to meet any one? I mean any one that matters?'

'Oh, we shan't; it's too early; we shall be off the road before half-past ten, and we're not likely to meet any one in the fields, they're too wet.'

'Besides, Grandfather's busy over those proofs this morning; Dick didn't quite finish them yesterday,' reflected Sybil.

'And Dick himself's gone shooting with Captain Mitchell, I believe, added Derrick; 'so come on!'

And they took leave of Howe and departed.

At first all went well. Refus jumped and pranced on his three sound legs and bounded along, covering the ground with astonishing rapidity. After they had proceeded for about twenty minutes, however, they heard the sound of wheels behind them, and, looking round, discovered a dog-cart overtaking them.

'I wonder who it is?' said Sybil. 'What had we better do?'

'Hide!' cried Derrick, 'for it's some one from the Hall.'

'How do you know? You can't see from here.'

'I can't see who's in the trap yet, but it must be some of our lot, because that's Diver in the shafts.'

'Are you sure, Derrick?'

'Quite. Can't you recognise his trot, and the way he shakes his head? Come on, there's nothing for it but to bolt.'

On either side of the road was a steep bank, surmounted by a hedge. Up the less formidable rising the children now clambered, pulling Rufus after them; and, with some little difficulty, succeeded in squeezing their way through the barrier.

'We're safe now!' laughed Sybil, as she slid down into the field on the other side.

'S-sh!' Derrick cautioned her. 'Be quiet and lie down; as low as you can, and close under the hedge!' for the dog-cart was a high one, and its occupants would be able to see over.

As he spoke Derrick rolled Rufus over on to his back and lay down beside him in the long grass. And it was not a minute too soon; for, hardly had he spoken when the trap bowled by, and the voices of Dick and Captain Mitchell became audible.

'I say, what a narrow squeak!' exclaimed the boy, as the sound of the wheels died away.

'I thought you said they'd gone shooting,' Sybil reminded him.

'So they have: I suppose they're driving over to the far wood; p'raps they get better sport there.'

'It's awfully exciting having such thrilling escapes!' cried Sybil, delightedly; 'but, I say, isn't this grass wet, just!'

'Yes,' agreed Derrick, 'it's not exactly the best place to lie in. We'll get back to the road; there's probably a gate further on. I vote we don't go through the hedge again.'

'No,' agreed his cousin, emphatically, as she dabbed at her scratched hands with her handkerchief. 'It's so bad for Rufus's coat. Look, his ears are full of thorns.'

'Never mind, they're only little ones; not big enough to hurt him. We'll comb them out when we get back to Howe's.'

'What *would* have happened if he had barked?' Sybil wondered.

'I took jolly good care he shouldn't!' replied Derrick. 'Held his mouth tight with both hands, didn't I, old chap? He did prick up his ears at the critical moment, and I think he'd have liked to bark if he could.'

Shortly afterwards they crossed the high road and reached Prowse's farm. From there they made their way back through fields nearly as wet as the one in which they had taken refuge; but, as Derrick said, they were already in such a state that a little more mud

and moisture could not matter. Without troubling about their condition, therefore, they proceeded on their way, and arrived at their destination without further mishap.

Old Howe met them at the gate, and chuckled at their account of the adventure.

'Ah, Rufus, you little know what anxious moments you give us, you old sinner!' concluded Derrick, fondling the dog's ears, and beginning to pick out the thorns. 'Of course, we're bound to be found out sooner or later; but I hope it won't be yet.'

'What happened about Dick coming here, Howe?' asked Sybil. 'Has he been yet?'

'Yes, Miss Sybil; did I not tell 'ee about it? But I knew he was coming, so I had the dog safe out o' the way.'

'What did you do with him, Howe?' queried Derrick. 'Where did you put him so that Dick shouldn't find out?'

'Under the bed, sure, Master Derrick, and bound up the mouth of him so that he couldna' make a noise.'

'What a lark! Good-bye, Howe. Come on, Bill; let's go home and get dry.'

After this the children decided that it would be safest to avoid the roads in future when they had Rufus with them and keep strictly to the fields.

'It will be very dull and wet,' sighed Sybil, 'but it won't be so risky, and that's what matters most.'

'And I expect Rufus will like it better,' said Derrick; 'he'll get just as much exercise tearing round and round. And I tell you what! We'll teach him to fetch sticks.'

This proved an excellent diversion, but required a good deal of patience and perseverance, as the children soon found.

It did not take them long to collect a good bundle of sticks, but at first when they threw them Rufus took not the smallest interest. At length Derrick persuaded him to go after them as he threw them; but bringing them back was another matter altogether. He either bit them into small pieces or left them severely alone.

'Rufus,' said Derrick, sadly and solemnly, 'Rufus, I'm beginning to be afraid you're a fool.'

'Oh, Derrick, he's not!' cried Sybil, indignantly, eager to champion her pet.

'It looks very much like it,' maintained Derrick, shaking his head; but I shall be glad if you can prove I'm wrong.'

'It's us who's stupid,' asserted Sybil, with complete disregard to grammar; 'we can't be teaching him right.'

'Well, can you suggest any other way?'

There was silence; then Sybil suddenly exclaimed:

'I know! Biscuits.'

Feeling in her pockets, she brought to light two water wafers and a stale cracknel.

'Now, watch!' she cried, excitedly, and threw another stick. Rufus ran after it, picked it up and began, as usual, to gnaw one end, holding the other firmly between his paws.

'Drop it!' commanded Sybil, and at the same time she held the cracknel temptingly before him.

It had the desired effect; and while Rufus gobbled the biscuit, his mistress picked up the chewed stick. She repeated the performance, this time recovering the stick by means of exchanging it for one of the water wafers.

'There!' cried Sybil, triumphantly, 'you see!'

'It's a good idea,' Derrick admitted; 'but you've worked it out wrong.'

'What do you mean?'

'Why, you oughtn't to give him the biscuit until *after* he's dropped the stick. Your way, he will never drop it without something to eat: we must make him drop it first, then give him the biscuit as a reward, and he'll gradually learn to drop it without anything afterwards, except a pat, of course, and a word or two of praise.'

'Yes, but *how* are we going to make him drop it first? That's just what we've been trying to do for ages.'

'We must beat him.'

'Oh, *no*, Derrick, that would be cruel.'

'Not if we give him a biscuit afterwards, and call him a good dog; he'll know then that he's not really naughty.'

'But we don't want to hurt him,' protested Sybil.

'I'll take care not to hurt him more than is absolutely necessary.'

'Very well,' agreed Sybil, reluctantly, 'are you going to do it now?'

'No. We've only got one small biscuit left, not worth dividing; so we could only do it once. He'd forget what he's learnt by to-morrow, so we should have to begin all over again, and we don't want to hit him more times than we need.'

Sybil looked relieved.

'We must bring lots of biscuits to-morrow,' continued her cousin; 'we'll save half our supper to-night.'

The next morning Derrick awoke with that uncomfortable feeling of something unpleasant having happened or being about to happen: the sort of feeling one experiences when one merely has the vague consciousness of something disagreeable but is too sleepy to remember what it is, until presently, all at once, the actual fact flashes back into one's mind.

So it was with Derrick. Suddenly he found himself sitting up in bed, rubbing his eyes and saying, 'Oh, of course, I've got to hit Rufus.' Then he added, 'Bother! I wish I'd done it yesterday,' and lay down again, hoping to forget the unpleasant duty in slumber.

But, sooner or later, it had to be faced. When Derrick made up his mind to do a thing, he seldom went back on it; and soon after breakfast he and Sybil set off to the forester's cottage, armed with Rufus' dinner in the tin can and six Petit Beurre biscuits in their pockets.

(*Continued on page* 253.)

AFTER THE FIGHT.

OH! how they fought and flew, and stabbed and heckled
Birds green and blue, birds red and brown and speckled!
Such things will hap when half a hundred come
In eager quest of one small lonely crumb.

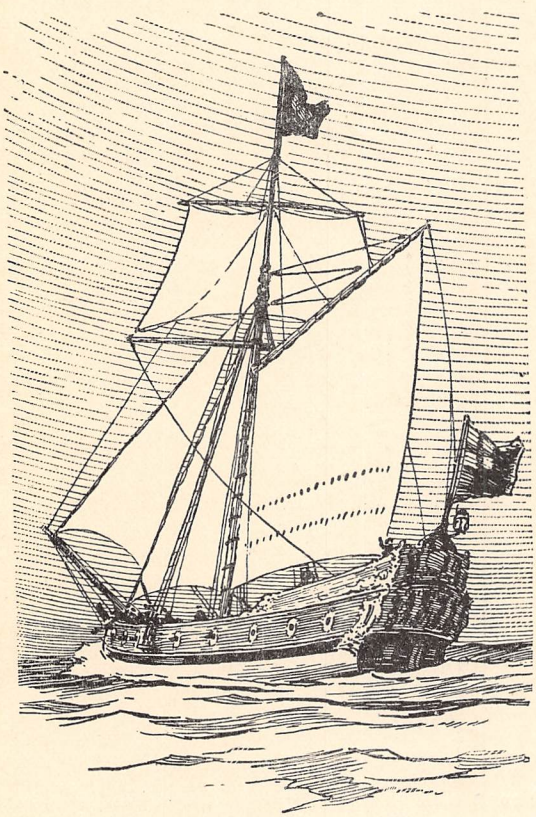
It seems to me the best, the *only* way
To silence quarrels and prevent a fray,
Would be to build a house of windows small—
One for each bird—and scatter crumbs from all!

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE ROMANCE OF SHIP-BUILDING.

X.—YACHTS.

YACHTS are essentially modern vessels. Both the practice of yachting and the word *jagt* were derived from the Dutch. In 1660 the Dutch East India Company presented Charles II. with a yacht named the *Mary*. Bluff-bowed and heavily-built, she had an extremely large rudder, and carried foresail, jib,



The first English Yacht.

and mainsail. The chief characteristics of this vessel were embodied in seventeenth century attempts at yacht-building, such as the *Second Mary*, the first English-built yacht.

The few sailing yachts that existed belonged to Princes and other illustrious persons, yachting being in no way what might be called a popular sport, though much racing took place on the Thames. but these were mere open sailing-boats, not decked vessels.

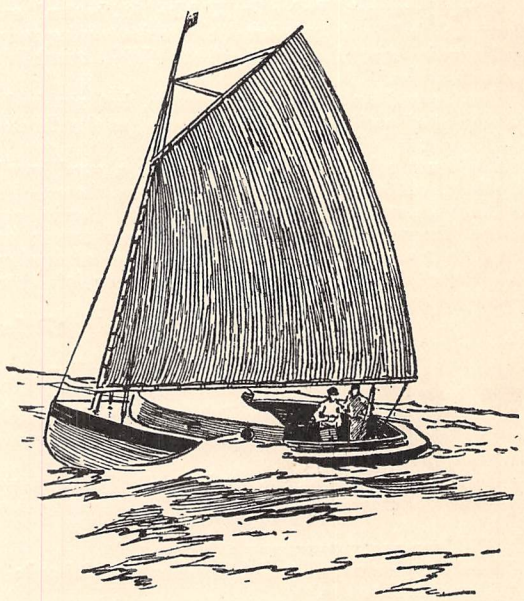
Henry VIII. had several yachts built; indeed, one of the first races on record took place from Greenwich to Gravesend and back, between one of that King's boats and a Dutch-built vessel belonging to the Duke of York.

Queen Elizabeth had her yacht. Like all other boats of the period, she was heavily built, her capacity for carrying her Royal owner in pomp and comfort being considered of greater importance than a capacity for developing much speed. Since that time the King of this country has always possessed one or more yachts.

Queen Victoria had several during her reign. In 1842 the *Royal George* was towed from Woolwich to Scotland by two steamers, in company with several other vessels. The process of being towed the whole way did not, however, commend itself to the Queen, and a steamer, the *Trident*, was specially chartered and elaborately fitted up for the return journey. The *Royal George* was a sailing vessel of three hundred and thirty tons, built for George IV., and, though comfortable, was not a fast sailer. The later yachts belonging to the Queen and Prince of Wales were fast paddle-boats.

The earliest yachting club to come into existence was the Cork Harbour Water Club, founded in 1720, and no other club followed this early lead until 1812, when the Yacht Club, later to become the Royal Yacht Squadron, was founded at Cowes, and it was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that much yachting was done.

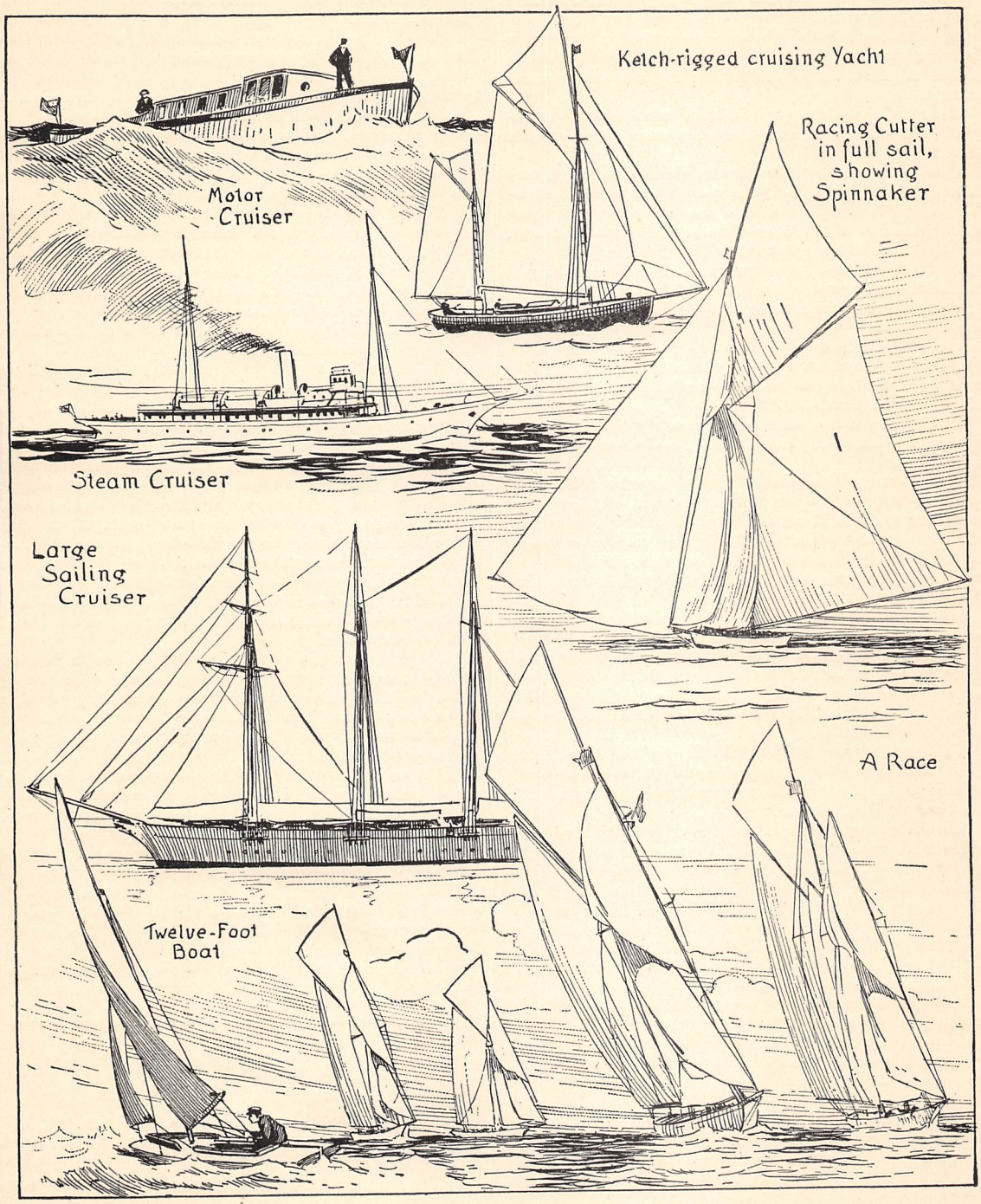
The yacnts of the period were still built of heavy materials, ordinary small coasting vessels, much like the revenue cutters and dispatch boats of Nelson's day, a



American Cat-Boat.

type now obsolete, full in the fore body and fine aft, vessels that were built for speed in order to give chase successfully to the smuggling craft that abounded on our coasts in those days.

As racing became more popular it was discovered that these boats were unnecessarily strong and heavy, and they were considerably lightened. The desire for



Various types of Yacht and small craft.

speed led in time to the design of vessels specially adapted to this end.

It was found that the single-masted cutter was a better racing craft than the schooners and brigs much in use at the time, so the former rig was adopted for racing.

As a rule cutters were built of considerable dimensions, there being then no time allowance for difference in size.

One of the earliest, the *Arrow*, eighty-four tons, was so well built that in 1888 she was still capable of showing a good turn of speed, and was entirely rebuilt and re-rigged. One of the largest constructed was the *Alarm*, eighty-two feet long by twenty-four feet beam.

Some yachtsmen preferred still larger vessels, and built brigs, very much like the man-o'-war brigs of the time, and large square-topsail schooners, of several hundred tons.

In 1834 the first royal cup was given to the Yacht Club, and from that date competitions have increased rapidly, there being by the middle of the century nearly five hundred yachts afloat.

About this time an entirely new type of hull was designed, with a long narrow bow, and short, full after body.

As is usual with an innovation of any kind, the new yacht was received with much disfavour, and only one other boat was built on the same lines. But proof was coming that the majority of English yachtsmen were wrong in their dislike of the new design, and this proof was supplied from America, where yacht-racing had become increasingly popular.

In 1851 the yacht *America* crossed the Atlantic to compete in English waters. She won the race round the Isle of Wight by eighteen minutes, and took home the cup, now known as the 'America Cup.' Since then numerous attempts have been made by English yachtsmen to win back the cup, but so far no success has rewarded their efforts.

The *America* was built on the lines of the New York pilot boats, which were a class of medium-sized schooners, built expressly for speed, and cruising in all weathers in the Atlantic.

After the successful visit of the *America* there was almost a craze for schooners, many cutters being re-rigged, and the bows of some were lengthened. The centre-board, or sliding keel, an American invention, was also much used. This is a keel that can be raised or lowered at will, and is much in favour for quite small yachts. The fixed keel of a racing yacht was of lead, in shape like an axe blade on edge, and weighed many tons.

The sport of racing now became better regulated, and was conducted on a uniform system. In order that various sized yachts should be put on an equal footing, various measurement rules had been adopted, and when building a racing yacht the designer had to get the biggest possible boat on the smallest possible measurement. These rules varied from time to time, rarely giving complete satisfaction.

In 1876 there were no less than four hundred races, with classes for ten, twenty, and forty-tonners, large cutters, yawls, and schooners.

Improvements alike in design and build are constantly taking place. The slight alteration to the shape, size, or fit of a sail may mean all the difference between the winning or losing of a race. The sails are cut with extreme care, and only skilled sailmakers are employed for this work.

A sail that is used on large racing craft is a spinnaker. This is set on a long boom projecting from the foot of the mast, at right angles from the boat, and extends from the topmast to the deck, on the opposite side to that occupied by the main boom and sail.

In many modern yachts wood has given way to metal for the construction of the hull. Racers being designed purely for speed, weight has been cut down as far as is consistent with the necessary strength.

Yachts may be broadly divided into two classes—racing and cruising; the former, as we have seen, being designed entirely for speed, and sacrificing everything to that object, and the latter built with a view to comfort and good sea-going qualities. Sometimes a racer has been turned into a cruiser by shortening her spars and reducing her sails, and in the case of a cutter, adding a small mizzen-mast.

There are now many steam yachts, some of large size, exceeding a thousand tons and equipped with powerful engines, capable of journeying comfortably to any part of the world.

One of the queerest-looking yachts ever designed was the Imperial Russian yacht *Livadia*, built in this country in 1880. She was oval in shape, two hundred and thirty-five feet long, with a breadth of one hundred and fifty-three feet; double-bottomed and nearly flat. Her upper deck contained the Tsar's apartments and sumptuously furnished state saloons. To complete her queer appearance she had three funnels, not placed one behind the other, as is usual, but side by side. She was not a good sea-boat, but fulfilled her purpose as a kind of floating palace.

Many modern yachts are propelled by motor instead of steam engines, and in small boats electricity is sometimes used to supply the motive-power, being popular owing to its cleanliness and absence of fumes or smell, and also very easy to handle, but it has not been applied to large boats as yet.

The motor, on the other hand, is not confined to small boats, having, since the invention of the Diesel engine, been installed in large vessels; also in the mercantile marine it has been used for ships of five thousand tons, and doubtless with further improvements will be used for still larger vessels.

Small pleasure boats abound on our coasts, and are of every possible type. One of the best-known small cruising yachts is the American 'cat-boat,' a handy little one-sail boat much used in America for cruising and fishing, an ideal boat in which to spend a pleasant holiday.

W. HERBERT HOLLOWAY.

PRINCESS OOMA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 235.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

FOR a moment, while Frieda and Michael stood speechless, Ooma watched closely, gradually aware that she had not produced the effect she intended. Incapable of grasping their point of view, she had expected

awe, fear, reverence almost; that they should look at her as at something extremely unpleasant took her by surprise. 'If I had been allowed to shoot,' she said sullenly on an impulse, 'I would have slain the tiger outright. It would not have been wounded only.'

'You,' cried Michael, scornfully, stirred at that to speech. 'You can only lie and plot and cheat, that's all you're fit for. Do you know where the tiger is?' he demanded. 'Tell me the truth if you can.' And as Ooma, at a loss for words, shook her head, he turned to Frieda. 'Come,' he said, 'if the shikari is in camp, we'll *make* him track the tiger down.'

'Shall we tell Soma?' Frieda questioned, as she ran beside him to the servants' quarters. 'There's no one keeping guard over Ooma now.'

But as she spoke she realised that Ooma was powerless for further harm. She had done her worst. She could not affect the final issue; that was in Dibra's hands and their own, unless Major Carnac returned in time. In which direction he had gone they did not know, and so could not reach him, though they could do their best to get in touch.

'First we'll find the shikari,' Michael planned, 'and then we'll loose a pigeon. If by any chance Father has gone to the city, Mother will have heard, and will send him our message. There must be all sorts of things he has to arrange; he told me once he thought there would be a good deal of trouble in Drind if anything happened to Jai Singh. And we'll leave a letter on his table here. We can't tell him where we are going, for we don't know, but we can tell him what we're looking for, and he'll find us. Where's the shikari? Frieda, can't you see him?'

But, though they searched the camp from end to end, the shikari could not be found. All night it seemed he had been looking for Dibra. He had returned at dawn for food, and then had gone again. His band of trackers were also absent on the same errand; it was not probable they would search for the tiger at the same time. Instead, if they came upon its tracks, they would very likely avoid them. And Dibra, who had concealed his whereabouts so successfully hitherto, would give them scant chance. In any case it was not possible to wait for their return.

'The mahouts?' Frieda suggested next. 'They must know the jungle pretty well. Perhaps they could help. Perhaps they know the best places for the tiger to hide.'

Already the elephant lines were astir. From the questions Michael and Frieda had put, the camp had grown aware of Jai Singh's plight. The men were beside their elephants, hauling the great pads into place, pulling on the ropes.

'Where shall we go, little Sahib?' a chorus greeted Michael. 'We will save our Rajah yet. Tell us what to do.'

'Where will the tiger most likely be?' Michael questioned. 'Who knows this country best? He must lead.'

There was a hasty consultation, and then a little wizened mahout was pushed forward by his fellows. 'I have sat on the head of my elephant for forty years,' he quavered. 'I know this country well, and our task will be difficult, I fear. There are many places where a tiger might hide. This is true tiger country.'

'But our tiger must keep near water now he is wounded—the shikari said so,' Michael reminded him to a murmur of assent.

'There are, however, other streams beside the main river,' the head mahout put in. 'There is not much water in them at this time of year, but there has been rain lately and some may have collected in the pools.'

'We'll search the banks of the main river first,' Michael decided. It was plain the decision must lie with him. Otherwise an interminable discussion would ensue while the precious moments were wasted. 'Get all the elephants ready,' he ordered; 'and I'll get a rifle out of the office tent.'

In orderly array stood Major Carnac's weapons on a folding wooden rack he had brought into camp; in a chest beside it was the ammunition, stored in different compartments. As Frieda opened the chest lid, Michael searched the gun-rack for the rifle he wanted. 'I'll take the ·303,' he said. 'I ought to be able to manage that all right, and it's got a magazine. It's in good order, I know. I was helping the bearer to clean it yesterday. Look for the cartridges, Frieda. Where has it gone? Here's Father's shot-gun. Here's his heavy rifle, and that other gun he lets the orderly use sometimes. But . . . the ·303 isn't here.'

'Perhaps Father has taken it with him,' Frieda suggested, looking up from her task.

'Oh, no, he hasn't,' Michael was certain. 'He's only got his revolver. I saw him put the revolver in his pocket last night, and I got out the cartridges. That ·303 must be somewhere.'

But, since it could not be found, another weapon must take its place. There was only the heavy rifle and the shot-guns from which to choose. Michael lifted each in turn thoughtfully. Either gun would take a bullet in the right barrel, but neither would carry as far or be as powerful as the rifle. That both were lighter seemed outbalanced by these facts. He put the guns back and took up the rifle, while Frieda packed the cartridges into a little bag. As she rose to her feet, into the tent ran Duttia.

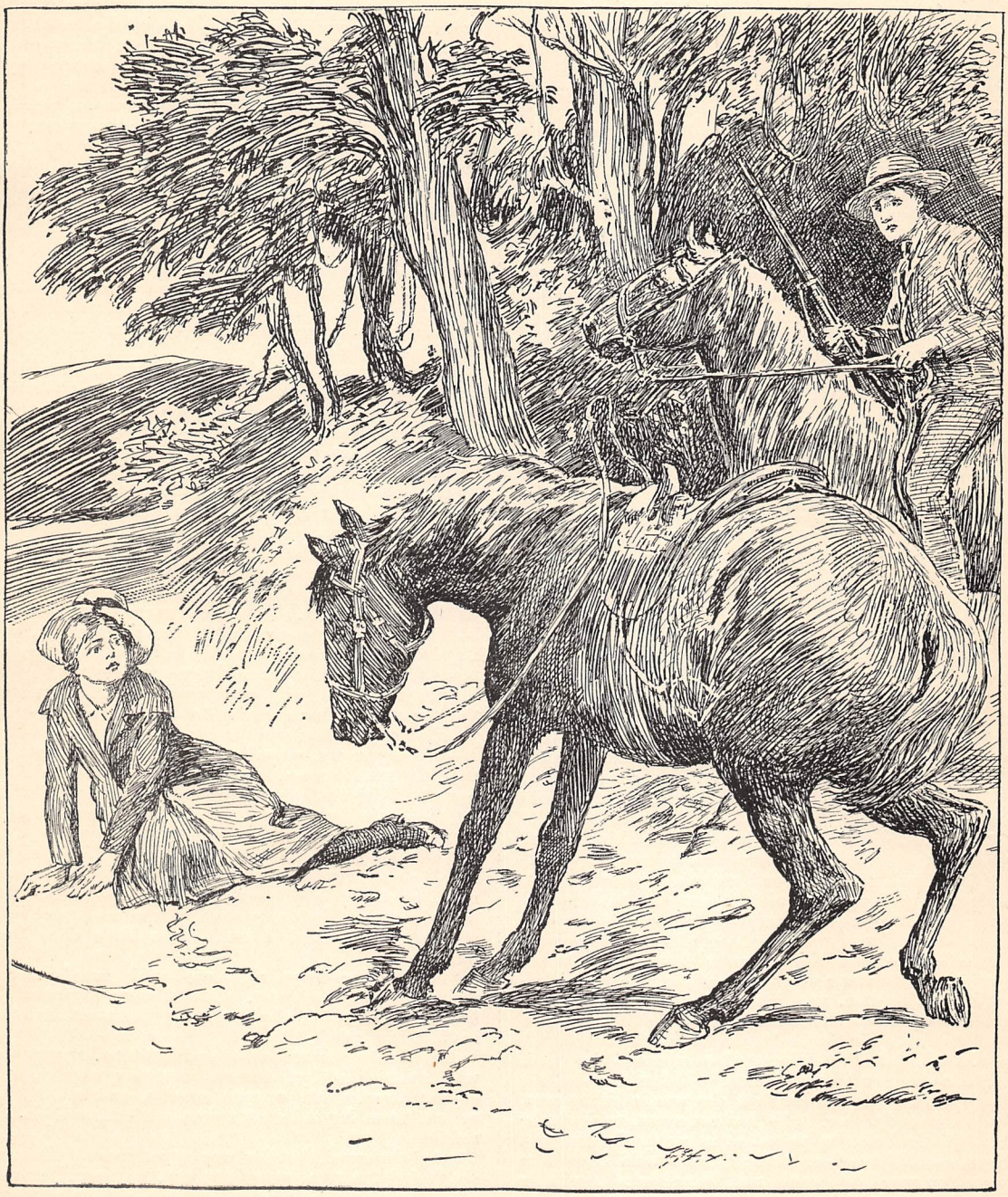
'Miss Sahib, I found her again,' she cried. 'And I made her speak. I told her ye could weave the most powerful spells until she was more afraid of you. Do you know why she was so frightened? It was because of the tiger. Dibra has vowed Jai Singh to the beast. That was why she daren't interfere.'

'We know,' they told her together. 'But, oh, Duttia! did you find out where the tiger is? That's what we don't know.'

'Yes, yes!' Duttia assured them, too excited to stand upon her dignity. 'The tiger is on a big island in the river, in line with the temple hill. Dibri knew it all the time; he tracked him on the day of the beat, but he would not speak then lest Jai Singh should have the skin and the glory. This morning, very early, he carried the Rajah across, but first he drugged him to keep him quiet. On the back of a buffalo he laid him and put his bedding and pots and pans atop.' She wheeled round and waved her hand towards the sky. 'Dibra has tied him to a tree,' she said. 'He has left him there. At sunset, so Dibra reckons, the tiger will feed. If ye would save Jai Singh, ye must save him quickly, for, look, already the sun turns towards its setting.'

(*Continued on page* 250.)

"'Where shall we go, little Sahib? We will save our Rajah yet.'"



"Freda landed, sitting, in the middle of the road."

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 247.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

THERE was still the letter to write and the pigeon to let loose before a start could be made; and Michael began to scribble an explanation for Major Carnac, while Frieda printed on a tiny scrap of paper a message for her Mother. There was room for so little, yet that little must be absolutely clear. It was lucky, she felt, that she had practised beforehand. And, meanwhile, the elephants were massing. One after another they rolled into line, prepared for the fray, howdahs on their backs instead of pads, a mahout astride the head of each. Very formidable they looked. Yet, as Michael glanced at the array, after letting the pigeon with its message loose and putting his letter on the office table, he could not but realise its weakest point. The elephants were dauntless and strong, but ponderous and slow. Few can travel fast; from four to five miles an hour is, as a rule, their pace.

'The elephants aren't nearly as fast as the ponies. We should get to the island much quicker if we rode,' Michael thought, aloud.

'Of *course* we should,' Frieda echoed. Already she was half-way up the ladder which had been placed by the side of the leading elephant. She jumped to the ground again while Michael talked to the head mahout.

'We've just heard that the tiger is on an island in the river,' he explained. 'A big island in line with the temple hill. Go there with all the elephants as fast as you can, and we'll ride ahead so as to lose no time. Is there a path through the forest beyond the temple to the river? That ought to be most direct.'

'Yes, Sahib, there is such a path,' the mahout assented, slowly. 'It would not be of much use to us, as only one elephant at a time could pace along it, but for the ponies it is wide enough.' He hesitated, disturbed, in doubt evidently as to the wisdom of the change of plan. 'Without the elephants, how can the Sahib do battle with the tiger?' he ventured, respectfully.

'We've got the rifle,' Michael reminded him. 'And you won't be far behind us if you make haste.'

'Good luck go with you,' said the mahout at that, resigned. At least, it seemed to him evident he would do no good by lingering to argue. Towards the outskirts of the forest the long line of elephants swung, while Michael and Frieda waited impatiently for the ponies. There was a short delay while Punch and Midnight were saddled, and Frieda, running to her tent to fetch a coat, for already there was a chill in the air, met Duttia on the threshold, anxious and reproachful.

'Miss Sahib, the Princess has escaped,' she cried. 'Was no one set to watch her? When I found the tent empty, I thought at first she was in hiding near, but I cannot find her. She has run away, no doubt, so that she shall not be punished, as richly she deserves. Soma should have been told; Soma should have been placed on guard, as I could not be present. And now what can we do?'

'She'll be found later. It doesn't really matter. She can't do any more harm,' Frieda had only time to say as she snatched up her coat and ran to scramble into her saddle. Not quite understanding at first, and then appalled, Duttia watched. She had been so busy looking for Ooma she had not grasped until this moment that Michael and her mistress were riding to the island. For a second, poised on one foot, she stood as she watched them disappear, then she darted after the elephants. She passed the cook's tent on the way, and stooped to snatch up a large sharp knife that lay by a butcher's block and thrust it through her belt.

'I cannot run all the way, but when we are near the island I will jump from the elephant and run then,' said Duttia to herself. 'Shall my Miss Sahib be in danger and I not be with her? Stop, stop!' she called imperiously to the nearest mahout, and he, supposing she had her orders also, halted for a moment to allow her to climb up. There was scant need to bid the elephant kneel. As it bent its hind legs, hand over hand Duttia swarmed up the tail and the tail ropes, and so into the howdah. On the seat she crouched while she looked anxiously from her lofty perch for Frieda and Michael. But the path down which the two were riding was already out of sight.

They had not had time to grasp in full as yet all that they must so soon confront. So obvious was the need for haste, so quickly was the sun descending, to reach the island was of supreme importance. For the rest, the sight and feel of the rifle were immensely heartening. Midnight was so sure-footed that Michael could safely let the reins lie loosely on the pony's neck while he balanced the rifle across his knees. Frieda, half a length behind, carried the cartridges slung in the little bag across her shoulder.

'It can't be more than four miles from the camp to the river,' Michael guessed presently. 'We're a mile on the way already. We ought to reach the island in half an hour.' He glanced at the sinking sun, and Frieda's eyes followed his. If half an hour was no more than enough, it should be just sufficient.

'It will still be quite light then, and with any luck the tiger won't have begun to hunt,' she suggested. 'And though Duttia said the island was big, very likely it isn't big really, only bigger than the other islands near it. Oh, Michael, how splendid it would be if we could find Jai Singh directly, and be waiting with him on the shore for the elephants. Then we could look for the tiger and kill it and bring back the skin.'

Michael nodded, and patted the rifle. Then, all at once, he pulled up Midnight sharply, for, to his amazement, Frieda had shot past him head over heels. She landed, sitting, in the middle of the road, and in a moment had picked herself up, a little dazed but unhurt.

'Punch came down, right on to his nose,' she explained, 'quite suddenly. And I came off over his head. I can't think why he did it. He must have put his foot in a hole.'

Already she was mounting again, but, to her surprise, with some difficulty. Punch, so steady usually, kept edging away. He seemed uneasy, and shifted his weight from leg to leg as Frieda settled herself in the saddle.

'On,' she urged, but he would not move. Then, as she flicked the reins upon his neck, he limped heavily after Midnight. So heavily that Frieda was almost unseated again, for the leg that had been injured before had doubled beneath him, useless from a new sprain and the old.

(*Continued on page* 263.)

THE CLEAN BASKET.

'GO to the spring, my son,' said a wise old Arab Chief, 'and bring me a basket full of water.'

Rather wondering, the boy went, but, of course, the water leaked out of the basket before he got back.

So at last the boy returned to his father. 'Father,' he said, 'though I filled the basket many times, the water would not remain in it.'

'But see,' said his father, 'how clean and pure the basket is. It is the same with your mind. Though you may not be able to remember or understand all the good words you hear—though they may even seem to 'go in by one ear and out by the other'—the passage of them through your mind will help to keep it pure and clean.

A B C.

A B C D E F G,
Who shirks his lessons a dunce will be!
H I J K L M N—
Little maidens and little men.
O P Q and R S T,
Must learn their tables and A B C.
U V W X Y Z—
School-time, play-time, tea-time, *bed!* L. H.

'NAMESAKES.'

VIII.—ROBERT AND ANNE.

THERE are some Christian names that seem to belong by especial right to certain great heroes of history or romance, so that other lesser folk who bear them rank in our minds almost as robbers and intruders.

Peter, for instance, is claimed equally by the apostle; Simon, by the hermit preacher of the first crusade, and by the ruthless eccentric Czar of Russia, who learned ship-building in the dockyards at Deptford and ordered the execution of his own son and heir; the name Oliver must always call to memory the grim Puritan who ruled England with a rod of iron during Commonwealth days and Dickens's pitiful little boy hero 'asking for more' as he held out his empty porridge-bowl, and, surely, all the Arthurs of real life and fairy-tale alike are overshadowed by the mysterious figure of the great British king, wielding his magic sword, Excalibur, and followed by his gallant band of adventurous Round-table knights.

And thus it is with Robert, our chosen name to-day. Robert—Robert the Bruce—the Christian name and the surname are linked together for all time, and in imagination we are carried away northward, to the heather-covered hills and rocky glens of Bonnie Scotland where, long ago, this hero namesake of ours fought for his country's freedom, and where the memory of his great deeds and his bravely endured hardships still seems to linger.

In the fourteenth century, when Robert Bruce claimed the throne of Scotland, Great Britain was divided into three warlike enemy countries, and both Welsh and Scots alike hated King Edward of England, who tried to make himself supreme lord of the whole island. The Scotch, longing for independence, rallied to the standard of Bruce, their chosen leader, but it was many years before the patriots met with victory and success. Through all the failures and disasters, however, Robert Bruce never lost hope, and we all know the story of how, one day, when he and a handful of his followers were fugitives in the island of Rachrin and when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb, he began to wonder whether it would not be best to give up the long struggle and, instead of striving to be King of Scotland, journey as a pilgrim to the Holy Land.

It was while these thoughts were in his mind that Bruce chanced to glance up at the dusty roof of the wretched cabin where he had taken refuge, and there he saw a spider trying—and trying in vain—to spin its web from one beam to another.

Again and again the little insect attempted the task and again and again it failed, until Bruce began to see in its endeavours a likeness to his own efforts and defeats.

'If it succeeds I will try again, and if it fails I will give up the hopeless warfare in despair,' that was the thought that came into our namesake's mind, as he watched the persevering little spider begin its seventh attempt, and when the web was safely spun, the hero determined that he, too, would fight on until the victory was his.

And so Robert the Bruce once more rallied his forces to attack the English, and after that success followed success and the freedom of Scotland was assured.

It may be only a legend, perhaps, but this little tale illustrates well the dogged patience and courage of the Scottish national hero, and it is said that even now, in the North, people with the name of Bruce will never kill a spider because of the plucky little insect that turned the fortunes of their famous namesake.

We find another royal Robert in one of Longfellow's 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' where, in the story of the King of Sicily, he relates how the monarch—brother of Pope Urbane and of Valmond, emperor of Allemaine—was a haughty and arrogant sovereign, thinking of nothing but his own importance and splendour, and how, when in the Cathedral of Palermo, listening to the singing of the Magnificat, he questioned one of his followers as to the meaning of the Latin words.

'He has put down the mighty from their seat, and has exalted the humble and meek,' was the reply, and then King Robert said with a sneer, 'It is lucky that such seditious words are only spoken in church and in an unknown tongue.'

Later, as the vesper service went on, the king lulled by the music fell asleep, and when he awoke, he found himself alone, and clad in rags instead of his gorgeous royal robes. Bewildered and angry, he left the cathedral and forced his way into the palace, and there, to his amazement he found that an angel, in his attire and in his likeness, was seated on the throne, filling his place, and ruling Sicily in his stead.

The legend goes on to relate how King Robert, now unrecognised by his subjects, was given the post of Court Jester, and how in a mountebank's motley garb and riding on a piebald ass, he accompanied the angel monarch on his travels and thus slowly learned the hard lesson of humility.

At last the royal company returned to Palermo, and then the angel, dismissing the courtiers from his presence, said to Robert, 'Art thou the king?' and the jester, now meek and lowly of heart, replied, 'Thou knowest best,' instead of proudly asserting his claim to sovereignty.

'I am an angel and thou art the king,' the mysterious visitant declared on hearing these humble words, and when the courtiers returned, they found King Robert

himself again, arrayed once more in his regal garments, and kneeling on the floor in prayer.

It is a beautiful story, and we may well take this mythical Robert as a namesake; while in the same shadowy borderland of tangled history and legend we find Robin Hood, the bold robber chieftain of Sherwood

Robert Burns.

Forest, with his merry comrades, Friar Tuck, Little John, and Maid Marian.

Some authorities tell us that this Robin, or Robert Hood, really lived in the fifteenth century, and show us the place where he shot an arrow for a distance of a mile and a half, the woods where he and his band robbed the rich to feed the poor, and the cave where he was visited by King Edward in disguise; but others say that all these brave tales are untrue and that Robin Hood is one and the same person as another pixie namesake. Robin Goodfellow, the mischievous Puck of the old nursery rhymes and ballads.

We must return to sober history now, and in the reign of Elizabeth find two famous Roberts among the chosen favourites of the great queen.

The one is Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a haughty, ambitious man, whose pride must almost have equalled that of the fabled King Robert of Sicily himself, and who is said to have murdered his wife, the beautiful Amy Robsart, at Woodstock; and the other is Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who was not only a courtier, but a soldier as well, and who became Earl Marshal of England in 1597.

Essex, although he bore the same name as Leicester, was a man of a very different character, but Elizabeth often quarrelled with him, and it is said that on one occasion she actually boxed his ears, an insult which Essex never forgave. He was a brave and accomplished man, but reckless and impulsive, and, when he lost the favour of his royal mistress, he marched to London with his followers, thinking that he would be able to reinstate himself by force.

When this foolish enterprise failed, Essex was arrested, tried, and sentenced to death, but, although Elizabeth signed the order for his execution, she never ceased to mourn his loss.

We began our list of namesakes to-day with Robert Bruce, the national hero of Scotland, and now, going onward into the eighteenth century, we find another Robert in the country's favourite poet, Burns, who was born in 1760, and during his youth worked hard as a plough-boy, picking up an education as best he could.

This Robert must have had many qualities in common with his great namesake, Bruce, for we see him fighting against difficulties that would have daunted less determined men, and persevering in his task in spite of discouragements and hardship.

Burns used to eat his meals with a spoon in one hand an open book in the other, it is said, and he would read in every spare moment of his ardous field work, and repeat songs and poems to himself as he trudged with his cart along the muddy country lanes; but at last, in 1786, his dreams came true, and the first book destined to make his

Anne Elliot (in Jane Austen's *Persuasion*).

name famous was published. It quickly won recognition for its author. 'The country murmured of him from sea to sea,' one writer says, and we hear that workmen and servant-girls used to save up their pennies and go without new clothes, in order that they might buy the works of the plough-boy poet.

There are many other famous Roberts in history and fiction, and among them we must not forget Robert Louis Stevenson, whose beautiful stories, *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*, most of us know, and in whose character, with its cheery patience and brave endurance, we see reflections of his famous countrymen and namesakes. 'The world is so full of a number of things,' he wrote, 'that I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings,' and he kept his hopefulness and courage all through the long weary years of ill-health and exile that came before his death.

Anne shall be our other name to-day, but although we all know that place should be given to the ladies in any assembly, the Roberts of history and fiction have taken up so much room that there is not much space to spare.

To begin with, there is St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the patron of all good wives and mothers ever since, and then we have no less than

Queen Anne of Great Britain.

five Queens of England, for Anne was a favourite name among royal ladies in the olden days.

There is Anne of Bohemia, the consort of Richard II., who was surnamed 'The Good,' so greatly was she beloved by her husband's subjects; and then comes Anne of Warwick, the daughter of the 'King-maker,' who was betrothed to Edward, Prince of Wales, and after his death forced to marry the wicked King Richard III.

Next on our list is Anne Boleyn, the second wife of Henry VIII., while she is followed quickly by Anne of Cleves, whose flattered portrait made Henry determine to win her hand, but whose plain face changed his mind at their first meeting.

This Queen Anne seems to have been a commonplace, easy-going woman, who was quite willing to give up her claims as queen if she might escape her predecessor's cruel fate; and later we have Anne of Denmark, the wife of James I., and Queen Anne, his granddaughter, whose reign was one of the greatest periods of English history.

In France we find a very notable namesake in the person of Anne Duchess of Bourbon, La Grand Madame, who acted as regent during the boyhood of her brother, Charles VIII., and who ruled so wisely that the country became wealthy and prosperous and victorious under her sway.

To the same age belong Anne of Brittany, who married King Charles, and Anne de Montmorency—for our Annes can boast a man among their namesakes—the famous soldier and Constable of France.

In the realms of legend and fiction, too, there are many Annes to be found, and foremost among them, perhaps, is Mistress Anne Page, who figures in Shakespeare's comedy, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, who must have been a very charming maiden indeed, with her brown eyes and low voice and her marriage dowry of seven hundred pounds.

Another well-known namesake is Scott's heroine, Anne of Geierstein, who came to the rescue of the young Englishman, Arthur Philipson, when he met with an accident among the rocks and landslips that surrounded her mountain home, and we must not forget Sister Anne of the old fairy tale, as she looks out from the castle window to watch for the rescuers of Bluebeard's hapless bride.

Last on our list to-day is delightful Anne Elliot, from the pages of Jane Austen's novel, *Persuasion*, whose word had no weight and whose convenience was always to give way—she was only Anne. A. A. M.

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(Continued from page 243.)

AFTER a somewhat hurried toilet, the dog was taken out to a meadow near by, and the performance of throwing sticks was begun over again. The first time that he picked one up, Derrick ran to him and cried, 'Drop it, sir! Drop it!'

Instead of doing so, Rufus wagged his tail and proceeded to gnaw the stick.

Derrick repeated his command; and then, as the dog took not the smallest notice, he dealt him a smart box on the ears. It was the first time that either of the children had struck him, and Rufus was so astonished that he dropped the stick immediately. Then, to show his remorse at having offended his little master, he grovelled at his feet, licking his boots and whining piteously.

'All right, old fellow, all right!' cried Derrick, encouragingly. 'Good dog! Very good dog! Look!' and he produced a biscuit.

To the surprise of both children, Rufus paid no heed to the proffered dainty, but continued to prostrate himself, uttering little yelps of penitence.

'Oh, Derrick, I wish you hadn't done it!'

Derrick wished so, too, but did not admit it.

'He will be all right in a minute,' he said, and knelt down by Rufus, caressing him fondly.

Only when he had been called a 'good dog, very good dog,' at least twenty times, by both children, amid a shower of pats and kisses, did he consent to be happy again. He ate the biscuit, but obviously more to oblige Derrick than because he wished for it; then he wagged his tail, and, apparently decided that he was forgiven,

but, alas, also that he would not touch a stick again! One after another Derrick threw for him; but, no, he could not be induced to follow them.

'He thinks, of course, he will get another box on the ears,' observed Sybil.

'Yes, he doesn't understand *why* I hit him; he thinks he's not to touch the stick at all. How can we make him understand that he *must* pick it up, but that he *mayn't* keep it? I've got another idea. You must take hold of his collar and run with him; then, if he won't pick up the stick, *you* must bring it back and lay it at my feet, making him run by your side.'

They tried this two or three times. It was hot and breathless work for Sybil, but she toiled on, patiently, and got her reward; for, the fourth time, Rufus allowed her to put the stick into his mouth. Triumphantly they returned to Derrick, who cried in tones of the highest approval—

'Good dog! Drop it!' and Rufus obeyed.

'*Very* good dog!' came after this, and then half a biscuit, which this time was eaten with relish.

'Now we're getting on, at last!' announced the gratified teacher. 'I shouldn't wonder if he fetches it alone, now.'

He threw the stick as he spoke, and, without even waiting for the word of command, Rufus dashed off, picked it up, and was half way back before you could count twenty. Then, suddenly seized with compunction, he dropped it and began to slink away, his head drooping and his tail between his legs. Both children ran to him, calling out encouragement as they went. He let them capture him and lead him back to the stick, though he was, obviously, expecting chastisement. Derrick picked up the burden, placed it in the dog's mouth, led him back to the spot from which it had been thrown, took it from him, called him a 'very, *very* good dog' and gave him the other half of the biscuit. No sooner had it disappeared down Rufus' throat (which was in less time than it takes to tell) than Derrick, with undiminished ardour, threw the stick again.

'Fetch it, boy, fetch it!' he cried, and off bounded the dog, captured it, and started on the homeward way. This time, encouraged by the voices of the children, who kept on calling out 'Good old fellow, bring it here!' he accomplished the whole journey, galloping back to them and dropping the stick directly he was bid.

Rufus had learnt his lesson.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE education of their dog afforded the children a new and absorbing interest in life, an interest which may be said to have occupied the greater part of the last ten days of the holidays. They entered into it with a seriousness and assiduity highly commendable in such youthful teachers, and Rufus soon began to enjoy his lessons as much as they did. He proved a satisfactory pupil inasmuch as, although he might sometimes be slow to take in a new idea, once he had grasped what was required of him, he seldom forgot it. For instance, the morning after the difficulties recorded in the last chapter, he eagerly retrieved the first stick thrown for him, nor was there the slightest trouble in persuading him to drop it at the word of command. Indeed, he speedily entered into the fun of the thing for its own sake, ceasing to look for any reward beyond the caresses of his master and mistress, and being perfectly satisfied with the consciousness of having giving them pleasure.

'I knew my way was the right one,' cried Derrick, triumphantly; 'you see, he never troubles about the biscuit at all, now.'

'No; isn't he good? What shall we teach him next?'

'He must learn to carry things,' Derrick decided, 'baskets and newspapers and pocket-handkerchiefs and those sort of things.'

'Of course,' agreed Sybil, 'only he must learn not to damage them; it would never do if he were to gnaw them, like he does the sticks.'

'Rather not! And then he mustn't put them down in the mud. We'll start him on my cap; it won't matter much if he does drop that about in the wet once or twice.'

So, you see, there was plenty to teach him, and much time and patience were necessary on both sides.

Every morning found the children regularly at their task, and befor long Rufus would carry a cap, a book, or even a basket, without dropping it until required to do so. He also began to understand that the proud bearer of a burden must not gambol about in headlong career, but walk sedately at his master's heel. The height of the children's ambition was that he should carry a basket of eggs.

'That's the examination test,' decreed Derrick; and patiently they trained him up to this standard. An empty basket was easy work; then came one containing a dozen large stones. At first all went well; then, as the dog quickened his pace, the basket swayed dangerously and its contents rattled from side to side. Finally, he broke into a canter, and, alas! the stones were scattered broadcast. A second attempt, however, was more successful; and as the lesson was repeated every day (sometimes both morning and afternoon) it was not long before Rufus was able to carry a basket of small packages without damaging the contents.

'I believe he's really arrived at the egg stage now,' asserted Derrick one morning, as at the end of a long practice teachers and pupil arrived at the forester's gate. 'Look, Howe, he's carried that basket all the way to the big beech that was struck by lightning and back. That's about half-way through the wood, isn't it? He put it down once, and then picked it up again quite carefully.'

As he spoke Derrick relieved Rufus of his burden and began taking out the dummy parcels.

'I'm sure he could carry real eggs,' he repeated.

'Mebbee un could,' admitted Howe; 'but how be 'ee agoin' to get they eggs?'

'That's just the bother; I'm afraid Timpie wouldn't lend us any. I say, Howe,' in wheedling tones, 'I thought your hens were laying?'

'Not so well as they were,' was the prompt rejoinder.

'Oh, but I say, you've got *some* eggs, you know, Howe?'

The shrewd old fellow grinned. 'Not for the dog, Master Derrick,' he replied; 'I'm for keeping them.'

'Oh, but of course you shall have them back, Howe,' the boy hastened to assure him.

'That's just what I'm not so sure of,' laughed the old man.

'Well, never mind about it to-day, Derrick,' struck in Sybil; 'anyway, he's had such a long lesson already that he ought to have a good run now; he deserves it.'

'All right, so he does. I say, Howe, what do you say to our taking off the splints?'

The old forester considered for a few moments.

'Well, Master Derrick,' he said at length, 'seems to me it could do no harm now. Leastways, we might undo yon bandage and take a look to see how things are going on. The bits o' wood are stiff and hard for him now he is for getting about so fine.'

'Oh, yes,' cried Sybil, 'do let's. Bags untying the bandage, Derrick.'

'All right; only mind you're careful,' and Derrick held the dog still while Sybil gingerly unwound the lengths of calico. The outer bandage was fairly clean, for it was changed almost every day, its function being to conceal the original strip of linen, which had not been taken off since the padded splints were applied. It had speedily become grubby, but the children had not dared remove it, for fear of shifting the supports and, possibly, rendering the fracture compound. At last, however, the longed-for moment had arrived, and breathlessly Sybil peeled it off. With one kick Rufus was free of the splints and struggling to escape from Derrick, who sat on the kitchen floor holding him across his knees.

'Steady, old chap, steady!' he exclaimed. 'There's got to be a medical consultation first; or, rather, a surgical one,' he corrected himself.

He ran his finger gently up and down the injured limb; it was straight and smooth and, as he expressed it, 'There wasn't even a lump!'

'It's just as straight as the other leg,' cried Sybil admiringly. 'Exactly as if it had never been broken at all! Oh, Derrick, what a clever doctor you are!'

'It seems to stick together all right,' observed her cousin, in as callous a manner as he could assume, though inwardly consumed with pride; 'but what do *you* say, Howe? Is it really as fast as it looks?'

'Let me feel him,' said the old man, before he expressed an opinion. Thereupon he made a thorough examination of the limb and, to the children's joy, pronounced it a capital mend, 'As firm as Dunkerry Beacon itself.'

So off set Derrick and Sybil in high feather, to give their favourite a good scamper in Farmer Prowse's fields.

'Isn't Rufus enjoying himself?' cried Sybil, presently. 'I *should* like Dick to see how beautifully you've set his leg. Don't you think we might tell him all about it now?'

Derrick shook his head.

'Better not,' he replied; 'he said once, you know, that we shouldn't be true Russells if we couldn't keep a secret; and it won't be keeping it if we let any one else into it, there are almost too many in it as it is.'

'Oh, but he didn't mean that, Derrick,' asserted Sybil, 'he was talking of other people's secrets; of course, we must never let *them* out. But this is quite our own, so we can tell any one we please.'

'So we can; but a secret's not a real secret if a whole crowd knows it.'

'I don't know what you mean by a whole crowd! Who's your "whole crowd," indeed?'

'Well, there's you and me, and Howe, and Timpie, and ——'

'And who, pray?'

'There's Rufus himself; and I suppose you've told Captain Mitchell; you tell him everything — I say, look at Rufus, isn't he having a time of it, just! He's after the sheep! What a lark!'

Sybil looked up. There, indeed, was Rufus, galloping down a slope, towards the other end of the meadow, with a whole flock of sheep scampering before him.

'Well run, Rufus!' laughed Derrick; 'isn't it fun?'

Sybil was looking worried and made no reply.

'What are you scowling about, now, Bill?' asked her cousin. 'I say, I hope Rufus won't hurt his leg?'

'*I'm* hoping he won't hurt the *sheep*,' said Sybil anxiously.

'Rather not! Do them good, lazy old things; they won't be so tough when they get to the butcher!'

'But, what would Farmer Prowse say?' asked Sybil, doubtfully. 'I really don't think we ought to let him do it, Derrick.'

'It's all right! He's not doing any harm. He can't catch them, you know,' declared her cousin, as the sheep wheeled in a body and began to ascend the slope. By this means, they for a moment eluded Rufus, who was going too fast to pull up quickly, and slightly increased the distance between themselves and their pursuer.

Rufus rolled head-over-heels down the hill in his effort to turn suddenly; but once he regained his footing, he resumed the chase with renewed ardour, and Derrick's 'lark' bid fair to assume a more serious aspect. For a while, the flock had the advantage and kept ahead; but gradually Rufus began to gain so steadily that even Derrick thought fit to call him in. 'Rufus!' he cried, 'Rufus! Come here, sir, come here! Ru-fus!'

But, alas, deaf to all commands in the mad excitement of the chase, the dog paid not the smallest heed.

'Ru-uu-fus!' bawled both children, desperately; and they continued to bellow at the top of their voices, till they were hoarse and breathless; but no, it was of no avail; Rufus either could not or would not hear.

'He's making such a noise himself, barking, that I expect he can't hear us,' suggested Sybil, loth to believe in the deliberate disobedience of her pet. But Derrick faced the unpleasant truth.

'He *won't* hear; that's what it is,' he said. 'And, oh dear, look at that now!'

'That' was a fat and somewhat elderly ewe, who, unable to keep up with the flock any longer, began to lag behind. This was the dog's chance; he concentrated all his energies upon her, and slowly but steadily diminished the distance between them.

'I'm going after him!' exclaimed Derrick, in grim despair.

'You'll never catch up with him!' cried Sybil, almost in tears.

'No, but I'm going to try and drive them both into that corner; and you must come down and stand where I tell you, to head him off, if he tries to turn her.'

Away dashed Derrick down the slope; but whether his manœuvre would have been successful or not, the children never knew; for, while he had still some ground to cover, he heard Rufus give a bark of triumph; and, a moment later, the old sheep staggered and fell.

Then, suddenly, the conscience-stricken dog seemed to recognise the enormity of his crime; for, instead of pouncing upon his prey, he hung his head and began to slink off, the very picture of abject shame and misery.

(*Continued on page* 258.)

"'He's carried that basket all the way to the big beech.'"

"'Would you be so kind as to tell us if Farmer Prowse is at home."

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BOTH children hastened to the prostrate victim, which, though still alive, was gasping piteously for breath.

'Oh, for some water!' sighed Derrick, who reached her first. 'Fetch some water, Bill; run quick!'

'Is she going to die? Oh, Derrick!' sobbed Sybil, the tears running down her cheeks.

'She will, if she doesn't have some water at once,' replied Derrick, who was kneeling by the poor creature, gently raising her head; 'run, all you know!'

'Yes, but *where?*'

'Oh, to a cottage, or a ditch, or anywhere,' was the somewhat vague reply; for not a cottage was in sight. A ditch, therefore, was the only possible resort; and, seizing Derrick's cap from his head, Sybil tore wildly off, to the bottom of the field. She did discover some muddy water, in the depths of the ditch, which ran along the near side of the dividing hedge. Into Derrick's cap she scooped as much of this unappetising liquid as she was able, and actually succeeded in conveying a certain amount of it back to the exhausted sheep, though the greater part of it leaked away *en route*. It was slow work, getting back. She could not hurry, for fear of spilling the whole of it; and she expected abuse from Derrick for not having made more haste.

She was greatly cheered, therefore, by his 'Well done, Bill!' as he began to moisten the lips of his patient.

But, alas, his efforts were fruitless; the poor creature was past all care and solicitude, and, with the faintest ghost of a bleat, she expired in his arms.

'No go, Bill, I'm afraid,' he said, sorrowfully, 'the poor old thing's done for.'

'Derrick, oh, Derrick!' sobbed Sybil, in deep distress, 'and it's my fault, for not being quicker f-fetching the water!'

'No, no!' Derrick hastily reassured her, 'it's not your fault a *bit*, Billy! You were ever so quick; nobody could have been quicker.'

'*You* could. Oh, if only you'd gone for it and let me stay with her!'

'It couldn't have made more than a fraction of a second's difference,' Derrick stoutly maintained, 'and water wouldn't have been much good, anyway. I'm afraid she died of fright as much as exhaustion, poor old dear!'

'Poor, poor darling!' echoed Sybil. 'Oh, how I wish we'd never let Rufus go after them!'

'Well, that was *my* fault, so cheer up, Bill. If I'd let you call him in when you wanted to, I dare say it wouldn't have happened at all.'

'What shall we do with her?' queried Sybil. 'We can't leave her here to be eaten by crows, poor old thing; and we can't bury her without a spade.'

'Bury her!' echoed Derrick, 'of course not! We must go straight to Farmer Prowse and own up.'

'How horrid!'

'It is! But there's something still horrider to be done first.'

'What?'

For answer, Derrick walked over to the hedge and cut a stout ask-twig from the brushwood. Then, after calling Rufus in his sternest tone, he proceeded to give him a sound thrashing.

'Don't, Derrick! Oh, *don't!*' Sybil besought him.

But the administrator of justice was inexorable.

'Shut up!' he growled. 'Do you suppose I *like* doing it?'

Ten minutes later a mournful little procession arrived at the farm. Derrick led the way, Sybil followed; and Rufus, with drooping head and tail between his legs, brought up the rear.

As they reached the gate, the dairymaid, with a bucket of separated milk, was crossing the yard, towards the pigsties.

'Please,' Derrick accosted her, politely, 'please would you be so kind as to tell us if Farmer Prowse is at home?'

'At home!' echoed the damsel, with a broad grin, 'I should just say he is! can't you *hear* him?'

It so happened that a pedlar had called that morning, and the farmer, having discovered most of the farm-hands examining his wares instead of doing their work, was giving vent to righteous indignation.

'You lazy, good-for-nothing clown!' he bawled, at one of his unfortunate men. 'Can't I leave you to crush mangolds for half an hour without your leaving your job to go gossiping with the first idle tramp that passes by? Git along back to work with you, or I'll have done with you for good and all!'

With this, he turned round, and his eye fell upon the forlorn little trio. He scowled at them for a moment without speaking; then said, with a grunt:

'Well, and what do *you* want?'

'Nothing, sir,' replied Derrick, in subdued tones; 'I've only come to say how *very* sorry we are that our dog has killed one of your sheep.'

'*Only* come to say you've killed one of my sheep!' roared Farmer Prowse. 'And you call that *nothing*, do 'ee? I'll teach you whether it's nothing or no!'

'Oh, I didn't say *that*,' said Derrick, in despair. I didn't say *that* was nothing. I know it's very dreadful; and we thought we ought to come and tell you at once.'

'Oh, so you thought that, did you?' grunted the farmer; 'then you'd better ha' told your grandfather, seeing that it be he who'll have to pay.'

'Please, sir,' said Derrick, hastily, 'if you don't mind, we'd rather you didn't say anything about it to our grandfather, and we'll pay ourselves.'

'Oh, *you'll* pay, will 'ee? And what are *you* going to pay?' sneered Farmer Prowse; 'sixpence each? No, let alone the paying for a bit—that can bide. The first thing to be done is to make sure it doesn't happen again.'

'Oh, of course,' agreed Derrick, emphatically.

The farmer looked at him with an unpleasant grin. Then, turning round to the yard:

'Doble!' he called. 'Jim Doble! Bring me my gun.'

CHAPTER XX.

Petrified with dismay, the children stood and stared at each other, pale and speechless. Rufus to be shot! Rufus! Their own faithful friend and comrade! Was this to be the end of their cherished secret? Was this to be the fate of their beloved pet? Had they rescued him from the trap merely to fall a victim to the farmer's gun? Oh, it was wicked, cruel; but what could they do?

'If only Dick were here!' thought Sybil. 'Oh, if only Dick were here!' Dick, she felt certain, would be able, by some magical means, to avert the tragedy. And then Jim Doble reappeared with the gun. The sight of it restored Sybil to action, and she flung herself upon Farmer Prowse, holding on to his outstretched arm.

'You shan't, you shan't!' she cried tremulously. 'You daren't. You've no right to touch him. He's *our* dog, and you daren't!'

'Yes,' murmured Jim Doble under his breath, and the other men began to gather round, with grunts of approbation.

'Gently, gently, young lady,' said Prowse, thrusting the child roughly from him and reaching for the gun, 'sheep-killin' is against the law, and I've the right to kill any dog that takes to it, no matter who he belongs to. And as to his being *your* dog,' he continued, with a sneer, 'who gave you the right to him? We have all heard tell of the red dog caught poaching. Who gave you the right to him, I say?'

With these words he proceeded to load the gun, and there is no doubt that Rufus's fate would have been speedily sealed, but for the unexpected appearance of another figure upon the scene. A big, burly man, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, the expression of whose sharp little ferret-like eyes was an odd mixture of shrewdness and benevolence, strode up to the group.

'Morning, Prowse,' he said; 'so you've got company, have you? Why, if it isn't little Missy from the Hall, to be sure! What's wrong wi' you, my dear, looking as if you'd been burying your grandmother? And little Master, too, wi' a face as long as a cucumber?'

'Oh, Farmer Batten, do help us!' cried Derrick. 'Our dog's killed one of Farmer Prowse's sheep, and he says he's going to shoot him. *Don't* let him.'

'*Let* me, indeed!' growled Prowse. 'I reckon I do as I please wi'out other folks' letting. A dog that's once tasted sheep's blood is never to be trusted again, and a bullet is the only thing for 'un.'

'But he hasn't tasted sheep's blood,' Derrick retorted. 'The poor old thing died of fright and exhaustion, and our dog never actually touched her at all—not even after she fell.'

'A likely tale,' sneered Prowse; 'just leave hold o' the brute, will you, and I'll soon make an end to him.'

'Don't be in such a hurry, man,' said Farmer Batten, stroking his chin thoughtfully, and looking ot Sybil and Derrick. He was a hard man, but he had a soft spot in his heart for children, especially for 'Little Missy up at the Hall,' whom he had seen riding to hounds, and admired accordingly.

'What sheep was it?' he continued. 'One o' the sheep in the twenty-acre field that you rented from the Hall?'

'Ay,' grunted Prowse, 'that's right; in the field I rent from the Colonel.'

'The field you used to rent,' Batten corrected him. 'I happen to know your lease was up on Christmas Day, and that you've not renewed it. So you've got no right to put sheep or anything in that field; and if you go making complaints to the Colonel about his dog, happen he may not let you renew the lease, but turn you out altogether. He'd not find it hard to get a new tenant—there's a many would be glad to rent it—in fact I've a liking for it myself.'

'I'm not a-talking of telling the Colonel,' growled Prowse, 'I'm for shooting the dog.'

'I tell you you've got no right to shoot him, for he wasn't on your ground.'

'And I tell you, Bob Batten, I'm not caring whose ground he was on; a sheep-killer be a danger to the neighbourhood, and the sooner he's put out of the way, the better for all folks.'

'Tut, tut, man,' replied Batten, 'this is but a young dog, scarce fully growed; and, since he's not drawn blood, a good thrashing will teach him not to touch them again.'

Farmer Prowse's dignity did not admit of his complying with this suggestion at once; but, after a little more argument, he expressed himself satisfied with 'a good thrashing and the price of the sheep.'

Bob Batten eyed him thoughtfully; his look was one of mingled pity and scorn.

'Well, well, Prowse,' he said, slowly, 'of course it is a matter for your own conscience, but if I was you, I wouldn't go troubling the Colonel for a paltry pound or two, when you owe him a tidy sum of money yourself.'

'Paltry pound or two,' echoed Prowse, 'paltry pound or two, indeed! Five pounds at the very least; and a very good time, too, to ask for it, for he can take it off the rent of the field.'

'So he can, so he can,' agreed Batten, amicably, 'but if you go getting the young lady and gentleman into trouble with their grandfather, maybe young master here might find it his duty to tell him about the rabbits your son's been a-poaching of, in his warren.'

Farmer Prowse's face was a study. He could have punched Batten's head for his reference to the rabbits, but he was obliged to control his temper, now that the case was going against him.

'Look here, you two young 'uns,' he said as graciously as he could, 'look here, now; if you bring the money, yourselves, this afternoon, as you promised, I'll not say anything to your grandfather, this time; but you'd best keep a quiet tongue in your heads about my boy.'

The children readily agreed to this, whereupon Farmer Prowse, exchanging his gun for a stout cudgel, promptly administered to Rufus as severe a thrashing as it was ever his lot to receive. This done, he resumed the gun, and Derrick, fearing he was about to change his mind, hurried Sybil and Rufus off, without even waiting to thank their new-found friend for his timely intervention on their behalf.

'And, now, Mr. Batten,' they heard Prowse say, as they departed, 'let us get to business, if business it is that has brought you here; I reckon you're not been walking four miles just for the pleasure of petting and spoiling the likes of they?' with a contemptuous gesture towards their retreating forms.

(*Continued on page* 270.)

'NAMESAKES.'

IX.—JAMES AND MARGARET.

JAMES is one of the royal names of Scotland, and as France had eighteen Louis in her list of sovereigns and England boasts of seven Edwards and eight Henries, so Scotland had no less than six King James' during the last century and a half of her existence as a separate and independent nation.

The first of these monarchs, James Stuart, came to

the throne in 1406, and his life was a strange one, for he was taken prisoner by the English while on a voyage to France, when he was only ten years old, and was kept in captivity for eighteen years.

The young king's life, however, does not seem to have been an unhappy one, for he was treated more as an honoured guest than as a prisoner, and was so well educated that he became one of the most learned and accomplished princes of his time. He was a noted poet, too, and in his book, *The King's Quair*, he tells the romantic story of how one day, looking out of the window of his apartment at Windsor Castle, he saw, and fell in love with, the beautiful Lady Jane Beaufort, who was gathering flowers in the garden below.

James describes his lady-love as having 'beauty enough to make the world to dote,' and the match was approved by the young sovereign's English guardians, for Jane Beaufort was a kinswoman of King Henry, and it was thought that the proposed marriage would ensure peace between the two countries of England and Scotland.

In the year 1423 James was released, a large ransom being paid by his subjects, and he returned home; but even if for a time Scotland had peace abroad, she had troubles within her own boundaries, and the king found himself confronted with treachery and rebellion. In the year 1437 he was cruelly murdered at Perth by his bitter enemy, Sir Robert Graham, who attacked the abbey, where the Court had been keeping Christmas, at the head of a band of savage highlanders.

This was only the first of many tragedies, for the second King James was killed by the bursting of a cannon at Roxburgh, the third was slain in a revolt of his subjects, and James IV., one of the bravest of the ill-fated race, fell among his followers at the battle of Flodden.

The fifth James of Scotland, and the sixth, who was also the first Stuart monarch of England, were less unfortunate, although the early life of the latter was overshadowed by his mother's tragic fate; but James II. of England, after a youth that was full of adventures and misfortunes, came to the throne in 1685, only to be forced to abdicate four years later. He died in exile, and his son, another James, whom we may call the Old Pretender or the Chevalier de St. George, whichever we like, was King of England in name only, and met with nothing but disappointment and disaster when he attempted to restore the fallen fortunes of the Stuart family.

So much for the royal James' of history; but there are other distinguished namesakes to be found among the gallant gentlemen who fought and died for king and country during the stormy days of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. One of these was James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, and another was James Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, who upheld the Jacobite cause in the rebellion of 1715, and went to the scaffold rather than acknowledge the sovereignty of George I.

Then, too, James Duke of Monmouth must not be forgotten, although he is by no means a favourite namesake, as the cowardice which he displayed in the day of defeat can never be forgotten.

Poor Monmouth! Perhaps, after all, he is more to be pitied than blamed, and certain it is that if his enterprise had met with success and he had ousted his kinsman and namesake James II. from the English throne, he would have ranked in history as a popular and praiseworthy King James III.; but the rebellion seemed to be doomed to failure from the first, and the picture of the once handsome and gallant prince fleeing from the battlefield of Sedgemoor and hiding, a furtive and ragged fugitive, in the Somersetshire woods and ditches, is a terrible and a humiliating one.

We turn from this namesake and find a far more satisfactory hero in James Douglas, the loyal friend and

Captain James Cook landing in Australia.

supporter of Robert the Bruce, who was the 'Good Lord James' to his admirers and the dreaded 'Black Douglas' to his English foes.

This great soldier is one of the foremost figures in Scottish history, and many stirring tales are told of his courage and audacity and daring deeds. Some of his chief exploits were achieved during his many attempts to regain or destroy his own stronghold, Castle Douglas —or Castle Dangerous, as it was nick-named—which had been captured by the English, and was used by them as a garrison and store-house.

We read of attacks and repulses, of fantastic disguises, of ambushes and of horrible massacres that took place round the grim fortress, for those were wild, ruthless times, and there was bitter hatred and hostility between North and South. Although James Douglas was cruel and relentless, however, there seems to have been a strain of chivalry in his hard nature, and at times he could be gentle and generous enough.

There is, for instance, a story that tells us of how,

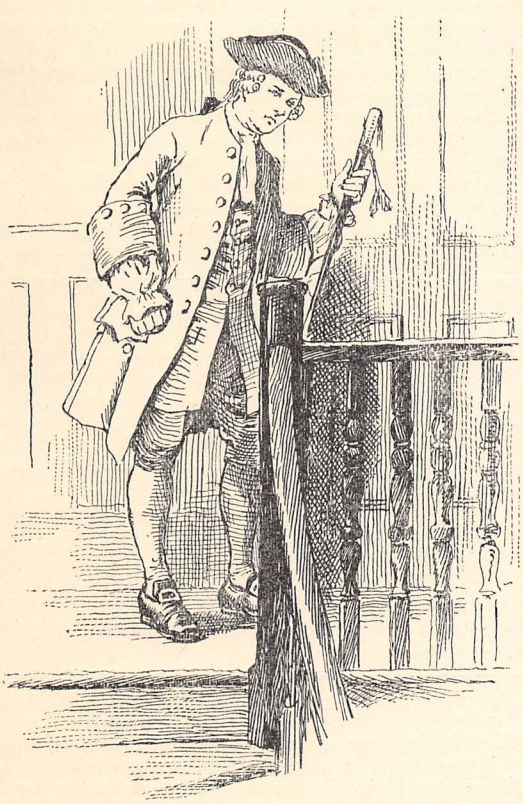
once upon a time, in a castle that stood on the borderland between England and Scotland, a woman sat hushing her baby to sleep on the battlements where the sentries kept watch.

It was a dark night, and it may be that the soldiers slept at their posts, for only the woman saw some dark, crouching figures that approached the walls, and she thought that they were black cattle that had strayed from their pastures.

'Hush, my baby, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye,'

so the lullaby ran, and then, all at once, the singer started and the song died away on her lips, for a mailed hand had been heavily laid on her shoulder.

'Do not be too sure,' said a voice, and the frightened woman realised to her horror that the stalwart, dark-faced man who stood at her side was the terrible Black Douglas himself, who had succeeded in gaining an entrance to the castle.



James Boswell's first visit to Dr. Johnson.

It was too late then to give an alarm, for the Scots were already swarming over the battlements, and a fierce conflict followed; but Douglas saved the lives of the mother and child, and had them taken away to a place of safety.

Coming to later times, we have a soldier namesake in James Wolfe, the famous general who commanded the British troops at the taking of Quebec from the French, and who, mortally wounded in the battle, died just when victory was secured.

'Now I can die happy,' were Wolfe's last words, and strangely enough the leader of the French army, Mont-

"'Here, my friend, is the son of your King.'"

calm, was killed on the same day, and we hear was glad to die before the surrender of the city which he had defended so well.

From soldiers we must turn to sailors, and in the same eighteenth century as Wolfe, find Captain James Cook reaching the frozen Antarctic with his ships, *Adventure* and *Resolution*, sailing westward round the world for the first time, exploring the coasts of Australia and New Zealand, and in the end dying at the hands of the savage islanders of Hawaii.

Among other noted namesakes are James Watt, the inventor, who made so many wonderful discoveries about the power of steam; James Boswell, the devoted friend and admirer of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who wrote the famous biography of his patron; and in our own day James Barrie, the playwright and novelist, who has given us as a new comrade and playfellow, *Peter Pan*, 'the boy who never grows up.'

And as Sir James Barrie, like so many of our namesakes to-day, hails from Scotland, we will go northward for a woman's name to companion James, and taking Margaret, find our first heroine in the good queen who, with St. Andrew, shares the honour of being Scotland's patron saint.

This Margaret was of Saxon birth, being the sister of Edgar Atheling, or Edgar the Exile, as he is sometimes called, who should have been King of England at the death of Edward the Confessor, and would have been, most likely, if William of Normandy, with his invading army, had not landed at Hastings and won the battle of Senlac. The Saxon royal family, obliged to flee from England, took ship for the Continent, but were driven into the Firth of Forth by stormy weather.

There the fugitives were welcomed by the young Scottish King, Malcolm Canmore, who was so charmed with the beauty and sweet character of Princess Margaret that he sought her hand in marriage.

Malcolm was a rough, ignorant man, but his wife exerted a great influence over him and converted him to Christianity, and we hear that although he could neither read nor write, he would have the devotional books of the queen richly bound and illuminated, and would often kiss them reverently, as if he could thus share in her religion and good works.

Margaret made many reforms in the Church of her new country, and was so good and pious that people considered her a saint, and after her death declared that many wonders and miracles were wrought at her tomb.

It was no wonder that, in the future, many Scottish princesses were named Margaret in memory of this holy queen, and centuries later we have the little granddaughter of King Alexander, the 'Maid of Norway,' as she was called, who, had she lived, would have been reigning Queen of Scotland.

This little Margaret's mother—another Princess Margaret—had married King Eric of Norway; but she died, and her daughter becoming heiress to the throne, it was decided that she must be brought back to Scotland, and a marriage was arranged between her and the eldest son of Edward I. of England, which, it was hoped, would bring about a lasting peace between the two countries.

Poor little Princess Margaret, however, did not live to enjoy the double queenship which, it seemed, might be in store for her, but died at Orkney on her way home to Scotland. There was some mystery about her death, and many people believed that she was not really dead at all, but had been spirited away and hidden by her country's enemies. Many years later, indeed, a woman appeared in Germany who claimed to be the long-lost 'Maid of Norway,' but she was condemned as an impostor and executed after the fashion of those ruthless times.

In the sixteenth century, when King James IV. of Scotland married the sister of Henry VII. of England, Scotland gained another Queen Margaret; but although the Tudor princess seemed popular enough at first, and made a splendid entry into Edinburgh, riding pillion fashion behind her handsome husband, she was not really loved or respected by her subjects, and later, after James's tragic death and her own re-marriage, made her home in England, at the Court of her brother, Henry VIII.

The good Saxon Queen of Scotland is not the only St. Margaret that all the Margarets and Marjories and Peggies and Daisies can boast as their patron, for there is also the Christian martyr of Antioch, who, the daughter of a pagan priest, was converted by her pious nurse, and being turned away from home for this change of faith, took refuge in the fields and became a shepherdess.

Margaret was very beautiful, and the governor of the city wished to marry her, but she refused to renounce her new religion, and endured many terrible trials and torments, until in the end she was beheaded.

It is said that Satan himself, in the form of a dragon, tried to tempt her from her faith, but without success, and therefore in the old pictures this saint is usually depicted with a dragon at her side or trampled beneath her feet.

England has had two queens named Margaret, one of whom was the second wife of Edward I., while the other was Margaret of Anjou, who married Henry VI., and, being brave and warlike, upheld the cause first of her weak-minded husband and then of her son, Edward, during the long Wars of the Roses.

The life of this queen was a strange and an adventurous one, and full of vicissitudes, as the fortunes of the house of Lancaster ebbed and flowed. There is a story that once, after the battle of Hexham, when she was escaping as a fugitive with her little boy, she encountered an armed outlaw in the forest, where she had taken refuge.

The queen and the prince were hungry and exhausted, but, instead of being afraid, Margaret's courage rose to meet the new danger, and, confronting the robber boldly, she pushed forward the child and said, 'Here, my friend, is the son of your king; save him.'

The man, taken by surprise, had pity on the unfortunate wanderers, and taking them to his cave, he fed them and hid them until they were able to escape in safety.

A. A. M.

AN HONEST TUTOR.

FREDERIC LE PLAY was a famous French scientist, who was born in 1806, and died in 1882. He was still a poor young student at the School of Mines when M. de Saint Léger came to him for lessons in some subject. Le Play was thankful for the fees, but the pupil made such rapid progress that after a time the teacher's conscience became uneasy.

'You now know as much of the subject as I do,' he said to St. Léger. 'I can teach you no more, and shall certainly take no more of your money.'

Honesty in this case had its reward. St. Léger so greatly respected Le Play for his honourable conduct that the two men became firm friends, and worked and travelled together.

HALLIGEN.

THIS is the name given to some wave-girt mounds in the North Sea, not far from Heligoland.

There was something more than mounds here once. Centuries ago, this spot was the flourishing island province of Nordstrand, which lay off the coast of Schleswig-Holstein. But one terrible night it was destroyed by earthquake and storm. Nearly eight thousand persons were drowned.

In course of time there was a partial resurrection. Lofty mounds appeared above the surface of the water, and by-and-by some greatly daring fisher-folk built cottages and took up their abode upon the tops of these

sea-surrounded hills. Here they make a living by snaring the abundant wild-fowl, and trading in seals, oysters, and eggs.

Oland, the largest of the islets, is the only one upon which any trees grow.

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 250.)

CHAPTER XXV.

'MICHAEL,' Frieda called, scared. He did not hear at first, for already there was some distance between them. But, as she called again, Michael turned his head, wheeled and came back as he saw her standing beside Punch.

There was no need for explanation. Punch's leg, already swollen to twice its size, explained itself. And there was obviously only one solution of the difficulty. To return and try to overtake the elephants was practically impossible. Midnight must carry a double burden. Both ponies were equally game. As Punch had done his utmost to the last moment, so would Midnight do also. With a pat to Punch, who would return to the camp, she was sure, once he found himself alone, Frieda mounted behind Michael; and with a quiver and shake Midnight settled to his task. He could no longer gallop, but he could contrive to canter, and on towards the river he pressed. It was not long before the temple was in sight. Over the wall the old priest leant, his eyes fixed on the forest path. He waved his arms at sight of Frieda and Michael, and signed to them to stop.

'A while since the Princess passed,' he called. 'All alone and riding furiously. I have been watching for who should follow. Is it her whom ye seek?'

'No,' Michael called back in answer, 'we are going to rescue Jai Singh.'

Then, as it occurred to him that the priest might know something of the island, he checked Midnight for a moment. Already the old man was padding down the hill, on his face a broad smile.

'I found the lantern,' he panted. 'I was glad, I had thought ye would keep it as ye had paid me with the pearls. But where is the Rajah, in the forest?

'He's on an island in the river opposite the temple hill,' they told him, and, to their relief, at once he seemed to understand.

'I know it,' he said. 'There are ebony trees on that island. The men who carve in ebony go there occasionally for wood for their work. They worship in my temple, and they have told me of it. There is a ford by which ye can cross.'

So pleased he was that he could help, he did not wait to be questioned further; he was aquiver to impart all he knew.

'The river banks are sandy,' he said. 'Across the sand there is a line of stones. On the island shore there are stones in line also. Follow the stones from one side to the other. Swerve not to right nor left. There are quicksands in the river-bed, but usually the ford is safe though sometimes the bottom shifts.

He was about to enlarge on the subject further, but already Michael had urged Midnight to a canter again, and priest and temple were almost out of sight. Midnight, refreshed by the little rest, had quickened his pace, and the next mile or two passed easily. But there was no sign of Ooma ahead. It was difficult to guess exactly whither she was bound. She was glad Jai Singh was in danger. If she knew, after all, of his whereabouts, it seemed most improbable she was bent on his release. It was more likely she was escaping as Duttia had guessed; perhaps on her way to join her mother.

'And I expect she'd have been sent to her mother anyway,' Frieda concluded, 'so that doesn't matter. 'Look, Michael,' she called a moment later, 'there's the river. I saw water between the tree-trunks, I'm sure.'

And, with a spurt, Midnight emerged from the forest on to the river banks. Before him lay a wide and sluggish stream amidst a waste of sand. Midway was an island, but how deep was the water between it was impossible to say. At least the line of stones of which the priest had talked showed clearly, it stretched, sun-bleached, across either shore. The ford might be more than waist high for Michael and Frieda, but it was not likely it was more that girth deep for Midnight. Weary he stood with drooping head, while, dismounted, they took stock of their surroundings. The sun's rays, almost level with the water, shone dazzlingly on the island. What was happening behind that screen of light? Could Jai Singh, by any chance, glimpse the opposite shore? Did he know already they were coming to his rescue? Or had the effects of the drug not yet passed away? Was he still unconscious?

A heavy sigh from Midnight made them both turn to look at him. So well he had done his task, they had forgotten how much they had asked. Now they saw that he was very near to breaking down, that he could not carry a double burden any further.

'We *must* take him across to the island,' said Michael, 'as we don't know how deep the water is, and there's the rifle to keep dry. But we'll lead him through the sand, and then you shall mount, Frieda, and carry the rifle, and I'll walk beside him with my hand on his neck.'

He looped the reins round his arm as he spoke, and down towards the river's edge the three went. And, as Frieda climbed into the saddle, Michael took his bearings from the island opposite. It seemed easy at first to keep in line with the stones, yet, as rapidly the bank shelved and the water rose higher, he found it more difficult to keep his eyes fixed steadily ahead.

The water seemed to revive Midnight. He drank a little, and then stepped out more briskly, while Michael, with one hand twisted in his mane, walked by his side. The current was not strong, but the swirl of the water made progress slow. In mid-channel the river-bed was level, then it rose gradually again. Almost they had reached the opposite shore when something clutched at Michael's feet—jerked him forward before he could free his hand. Down went Midnight's head with a splash that covered Frieda with a cloud of spray. Before she had cleared the water from her eyes, Midnight, startled, was already on the island. A little behind Michael was standing. He seemed unable to move, but, at least, he was not sinking fast.

'Put the rifle down,' he called, 'and come back a little way. I'm caught in a quicksand, but I'm not deep in. I could get out with a little help. At least, I think I could.'

(*Continued on page* 266.)

"Something clutched at Michael's feet."

"Round the corner of the hut a great shape was creeping."

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 263.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

IT was with some difficulty that Midnight was induced to face the water again. He stared, puzzled, at his master, blowing softly through his nose. Then, as Frieda urged him down the bank, still puzzled he obeyed, while she unbuckled the reins and flung one end out over the water. It fell within reach of Michael's finger-tips. He was just able to catch at it, draw it closer, and then fasten it round his waist. And now, since the other end was in Frieda's hands, he had something to pull against.

'Now, back,' he said. And guiding the pony with her heels, Frieda backed Midnight towards the island. He had come to the conclusion that he was sharing in some new game, and since both he and Punch had figured in many a strange part, Midnight began to work with a will. One by one out of the quicksand that clutched at them so stealthily came Michael's feet. A moment more and he, too, had reached the island.

But, for the first time since they had left the camp, both he and Frieda were a shade less confident—because they were tired, perhaps, or because the luck which had seemed with them at first had now, apparently, turned against them. There had been Punch's leg, and next the quicksand; and, as they looked at the rifle and cartridge bag, it was evident that both were wet. In silence Michael dried the rifle with a wisp of grass, the driest thing within reach.

'I think the cartridges are all right,' said Frieda, a little consoled, as she took out two or three and warmed them in her hand, while Michael opened the rifle to load it. The barrel looked clean at any rate. He slipped the cartridges home and closed the stock.

'I'd like to fire a trial shot,' he said, 'but if Dibra's still about he might carry Jai Singh off when he heard it before we could stop him. Beeja said he'd left the island, but she was probably lying. He may have climbed a tree and be waiting to see what will happen.'

'Yes,' Frieda agreed. She had felt, as she stood waiting, as she had felt in the temple court. Unseen eyes were surely watching her, waiting their chance. The island, which looked larger at close quarters than it had done from the opposite bank, was covered, where the sand ceased, with low scrubby undergrowth. Towards the centre the trees grew taller, and were bunched closely together. Everywhere there was cover, save for the sandy strip around the edge. And Midnight was uneasy: it was plain he did not like the island. He snorted and pawed the ground, and kept close to the water; and once he raised his head and sniffed the air as though he read therein a warning.

He was safest close to the shore at any rate. It was not very likely the tiger would attack him, but it was just possible. In the open, Midnight could see the danger in good time; for the rest, he had been taught to stand still when necessary, and, with the reins looped on his neck, he was left now while Michael and Frieda followed a path that led through the undergrowth.

On the main bank of the river had been various tracks, cancelling each other; but here they saw at once were the marks of a buffalo's hoofs deeply imbedded in the soft soil: so deeply that even an untrained eye must see them, and at the sight, suddenly their confidence came back to them.

They were on the right road; soon they would find Jai Singh, and every moment they remembered the elephants were drawing nearer to reinforce them if necessary. The time lost had been time gained in one sense. If still Jai Singh were safe, why, then, his rescue was the more assured.

On wound the path through the undergrowth; then it opened into a cleared space where lay some felled tree-trunks from which the branches had been lopped. There was a little thatched hut also, but there was no one within it or at work, but Dibra, no doubt, had warned the sawyers of the tiger's presence; he had probably advised them to keep away from the island until the beast was slain. Across, on the further side of the clearing, the path began once more. The soil was harder in the open—the buffalo's tracks were not so plain; they must pick them up again as soon as possible.

'Come,' said Michael, 'it isn't very far now to the end of the island. We shall find him in a minute.' He was starting to run; then at the same moment realised that they had found Jai Singh already.

How was it they had not seen him sooner? Neither could say. Perhaps the light had shifted a little—had only just fallen on the tree to which he was tied. For now they saw him plainly, not a hundred yards away, bound by a rope about his shoulders, and another round his knees to a dead dry tree that still stood upright, spared, perhaps, by the workers in ebony because it was useless, but it was just suited for Dibra's purpose. There were no sheltering, concealing branches to puzzle the tiger or give him pause.

But though they had found him, Jai Singh seemed still unaware of their advent. His head was bent a little: they thought his eyes were closed. It was not so very strange after all that they had not caught sight of him sooner, for the white clothes he wore were grimed and stained until they were almost the colour of the tree. And his dark hair, from which the turban he usually wore had been stripped, was but a blotch amidst the shadows. And as thus they saw that their search was ended, they saw also that in this they were not alone.

There was a fourth in the open space with whom as yet they had not reckoned; a fourth to whom Jai Singh was equally important—the ultimate goal. Round the corner of the thatched hut a great shape was creeping, inch by inch, almost flattened to the ground, wholly intent on the proffered bait. It was moving slowly as yet, but it was far nearer to the dead tree than were Michael and Frieda; far swifter if it chose, they knew, than they. At least it had not sensed them yet; its head was turned towards Jai Singh, its eyes fixed on him steadily. That much of advantage they had, but there was no time to choose the best position; they could not afford to waste a moment even.

'I'm going to fire, Frieda,' Michael whispered.

He knelt as he spoke, using one knee for an elbow rest as Major Carnac had taught him. Then carefully he trained the sights on the creeping shape while Frieda stood behind him, her hands clenched. Her heart was

thumping so fast, so hard, it shook her from head to foot. Almost she felt as if it must surely shake Michael also.

(*Continued on page* 279.)

A NEW SOURCE OF ENERGY.

I SUPPOSE most boys and girls know what is meant by energy, or motive-power, as it is sometimes called. You have heard of steam-power, which is given by the steam-engine; water-power, obtained from streams or waterfalls; and the power derived from that wonderful little machine used in motor vehicles, viz., the internal combustion engine. All these different forms of power are in use in this country to-day, although motor-power is gradually displacing steam-power for many purposes. Water-power was used more widely a century or two ago, but we can still see mills worked by the giant water-wheels, and in some countries, notably Canada, the enormous energy derived from Niagara and other waterfalls is turned to good account in the production of electricity.

Men of science have always made a keen search for some new source of energy which would be more economical to employ, and which would save the work of many hands. James Watt, as you may know, had the great honour of being the first inventor to apply his knowledge of the enormous power of steam to the construction of a steam-engine which harnessed this power, so to speak, into the service of man. An Austrian, Gottlieb Daimler, was one of the first men to make a motor-engine. Both Watt and Daimler were ridiculed when they made public demonstrations of their discoveries. 'What man would care to risk his life in working a steam-engine?' they asked. 'Why, the thing would explode, and everything around would be wrecked!' And again, 'It was only a madman who would try to ride in a horseless carriage.' Both these clever men, as well as their immediate successors, were looked upon as harmless cranks, and when some people spoke of them they tapped their heads significantly, as though Watt and Daimler were a little bit 'wrong in the head.'

All of which goes to prove that we must not consider this or that valueless unless we can see some immediate benefit from it. If only the scoffers who lived in the time of Watt, or at the close of the last century when the motor-engine was invented, could come on earth again, they would probably feel rather ashamed of themselves, and certainly they would not claim to be very true prophets.

There are living to-day one or two of our leading scientists who are looking to the sun as the source of an unlimited supply of power. Already in India there is installed an apparatus for using the great heat of the sun's rays for driving machinery. Others are looking to the enormous heat inside the earth as a means of energy which will never fail, and which will be the universal servant of mankind in the future.

One of the first scientists to call attention to this was a very clever Frenchman, named Professor Marcelin Berthelot. Some years ago, the Professor wrote as follows:—'To capture this energy it would be sufficient to bore a hole to a depth not exceeding three miles, a task well within the means of our present-day engineers, and which engineers of the near future will doubtless consider as a matter of course. At this depth we should find the heat which is the origin of all life and all industry. Water, for instance, at the bottom of such deep sinkings would be under so enormous a pressure and at such a temperature that it would be sufficient to keep in motion engines of every description for practically no expenditure whatever. It would be so well distilled, too, that it would provide us with that pure water, absolutely free from microbes, that we seek for nowadays at such cost, often only to discover in the end that the springs we had counted upon are hopelessly contaminated.'

Once every year a large number of British scientists meet together to discuss new scientific problems. They form a very important Society known as the British Association, and often their discussions are of great value. In 1919, the British Association was presided over by a well-known Englishman, Sir Charles Parsons, who will be known to some of you as the inventor of the famous Parsons' turbine engine.

In his address to the Association, Sir Charles made some highly interesting remarks on what is sometimes described as his pet scheme of a borehole in the earth's crust. He said that a hole twelve miles deep could be bored at a cost of five million pounds, and that, in those parts of the earth where the crust was composed of layers of granite rocks, the hole could be extended to a depth of thirty miles. The famous inventor stated further that bore-holes had been made in certain districts in Italy where volcanoes existed, notably at the small town of Lardello, and that cheap power for driving machinery was obtained from the volcanic steam.

The deepest hole yet made in the surface of the earth was constructed in the summer of 1919 at Virginia. This bore-hole, made in the sinking of an oil-well, penetrated to a depth of seven thousand five hundred and seventy-nine feet, *i.e.*, about one and a-half miles. At this point the drill stuck, and the cable parted. Fishing for the drill was unsuccessful, so that tools and four thousand feet of cable had to be abandoned. It had taken nearly three years to bore to this depth. The temperature at seven thousand feet was one hundred and seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit, and the rate of increase of temperature at this depth was one degree every fifty-one feet. It is estimated that at ten thousand feet boiling-point would be reached.

It is doubtful whether the scheme of a twelve-miles bore-hole will ever be worked out successfully, for there is a great difference between seven thousand five hundred and seventy-nine feet and twelve miles. Sir Charles, however, states with great confidence that a very large amount of power may be, in the future, obtained by boring into the earth. Other noted men of science disagree with him. One of them, Professor Lebel, says that no drill could withstand breakage at such a depth. He also states that we have no proof that water would be boiling after it had reached the surface; and even if the supply of boiling water did come, it would probably come by fits and starts, and could not be depended upon for the steady generation of steam. People have tried to use the power derived from the steam given off by a geyser, but they were handicapped very severely by the inactivity of the geyser for hours at a time.

We can only look on in respectful admiration at the work of these learned men in their endeavour to harness the forces of Nature into the service of man. It is not for us to laugh at their efforts, for we may be in the

same position as that of the scoffers in the days of Watt and Stephenson. It is only by patient, persevering effort that many of Nature's gigantic forces have been conquered, and all honour to the men who brought about the conquest.

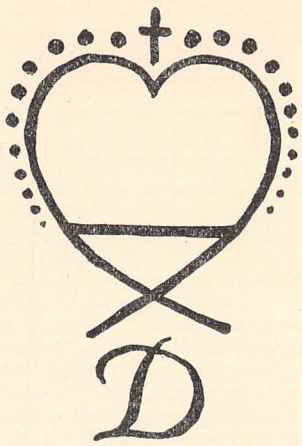
MERCHANTS' MARKS.

A TRAVELLER tells us that, among some of the African negro tribes, when a man sees a very fine gourd growing, which he thinks will by-and-by make a good water vessel, he notches a mark upon it, so that other people may know that he has claimed it, and that

Printer's mark on a Latin Bible issued at Geneva in 1555.

he will come and cut it away when it is ready for his purpose. This practice depends upon two things at least. In the first place, these negroes must be sufficiently honest to respect each others' claims of this kind: and secondly each negro must have a mark of his own, which can be clearly distinguished from the marks of other negroes.

Not only have negroes marks of this kind to distinguish their goods, but such ownership marks, as we may call them, are used by many different people. A



The first mark used on "Crown Derby" porcelain 1782

trader or farmer who has a mark for the things in his house or in his garden or farmyard will very soon learn to put that mark as far as is possible upon the goods he sends to market or to some trader at a distance. Such marks may prove very useful when, owing to robbery, accidental loss, or mistakes of any kind, disputes arise as to the ownership of goods; and a knowledge of the various marks may be very useful to a great trader, or to a judge who has to deal with commercial disputes. Sir A. H. Layard, who travelled a great deal in Syria, says that a Bedouin cadi, or judge, whose acquaintance he made, was familiar with all the tribal or ownership marks of the Arab traders, and, though he was unable to read, could tell quite well to whom anything belonged.

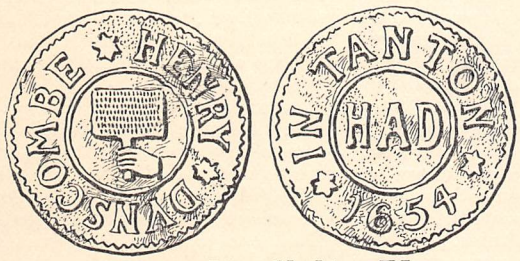
The same traveller tells us of another Eastern custom which is very instructive. Few people being able to read or write, signatures are of little value. Therefore, every man of importance carries a seal upon which his own distinctive mark is engraved and all written agreements are sealed. The document is drawn up by a professional writer, but the marks which show that certain men have entered into the agreement are made with seals which are easily recognised by men who are unable to read. As a man's seal is as binding among these Eastern people as a signature is with us, great care is taken by every man of his own seal, and severe punishments are inflicted upon forgers who make copies of seals or in any way misuse them.

The use of ownership marks, which is common in the East to-day was common in England a few centuries ago. The English marks were usually known as 'Merchants' marks,' because merchants made the most frequent use of them Such marks were put upon bales of merchandise and other goods; they were put upon the small coins or

tokens, which traders or shop-keepers had often to coin, at their own expense, for small change; they were carved or painted upon parts of the houses built or inhabited by the merchants; they were engraved upon seals, and were also put upon the tombstones and memorial brasses of their owners. In 1668, Henry Wilkinson, of Leeds, had pennies made with a merchant's mark upon them. About the same time Joshua Scotte and Richard Sugden, merchants in Hull, both coined farthings with marks upon them. Similar coins were made in all parts of the country. The merchant's mark of Nicholas Sotherton, who owned the beautiful old 'Strangers' Hall' in Norwich about the year 1510, is painted on the spandrils of the roof; and there are several merchants' marks on the bosses of the roof of the fine Guildhall at York, which probably belong to the same period. In the Guildhall Museum, London, may be seen the gold ring of Sir Thomas Gresham, on which are engraved his merchant's mark and also his initials. He founded the Royal Exchange in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There is a gold ring of about the same age with a merchant's mark seal upon it in the British Museum. On the tomb of William Canynge, in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, may be seen that merchant's mark, along with his arms. In St. Margaret's Church, Lynn, there used to be a brass on the tomb of Walter Coney, which bore three merchants' marks, all very much alike, but distinctly

The crescent-shaped article is a leather-cutters knife.

The Leeds Municipal Records for 1694 contain the following curious item:— "Anne the wife of Philip Saul was by order of the Court ducked as a common scold and a maker of strife and discord among her neighbours."



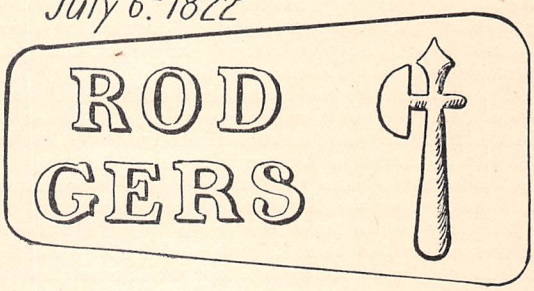
A Somersetshire Clothier's Token.

The object held in the hand is a 'hand-card' and was used for combing wool for spinning. It is now superceded by the "machine-card." The word comes from cardus a Latin word for a teazle. Teazles even to-day are largely used for putting the nap on cloth, in the process of finishing.

Sheffield Plate Marks

The first mark registered at the Assay Office, Sheffield, Sep 8th 1784

Joseph Rodgers & Son
July 6th 1822



different. Perhaps the differences were changes adopted by different members of one family, who tried, however, to keep what we may call a family pattern.

Merchants' marks were most frequently used in England between the reigns of Edward the First and James the First. As we have already seen, the marks were often used by the side of the owner's initials, and this practice because more frequent as time went on, and more people learned the uses of the alphabet. Many of the early printers, such as Robert Coplande (1521–1540) and Richard Grafton (1537–1553), used marks along with their initials on the title-pages of their books.

As long as people were unable to write, they had to 'sign' their names to any written agreement by means of a mark. Usually, they made some sort of a cross, and perhaps a clerk wrote their name opposite the mark. This is always done nowadays in the case of any one who cannot write, because nearly every one makes the same kind of cross, and the name has to be added in order to show whose cross it is. But in bygone times most people tried to make a different and distinctive mark. Thus, in a document signed by one hundred and sixty-seven official persons in 1649, at least a third of these people were unable to write their names. Many of them made a cross in place of their signature, but each one made it differently, and in fact made use of what was really a simple sort of merchant's mark.

W. A. Atkinson.

HOW LONDON'S MILLIONS LIVE.

I SUPPOSE many readers of *Chatterbox* live in London, and you may often wonder how the food-supply of seven or eight million people is maintained. Perhaps, too, you would like to have some idea of the vast amount of food the people of the Metropolis consume in a year. Most of us realised during the great railway strike in September, 1919, that it is very difficult to carry sufficient supplies of food to London, and those of you who visited Hyde Park during the strike looked with amazement on the long convoys of motor-lorries which were employed to bring milk into London from far-distant places in the country.

A short time before the Great War the London County Council issued a book which gave complete tables, among other things, of the amount of food which was consumed in London year by year. I am not going to weary you with those figures, because, in the first place, figures are, to most people, very dry and uninteresting; and, in the second place, you would probably not understand them if they were quoted. For example, can you really imagine the number of things represented by a million? Perhaps in the school you attend there are a thousand children in the three departments; then, to make a million, you must imagine there are *a thousand similar schools.*

To take stock of some of the marvels of London's food supply we will erect an imaginary conning-tower in Hyde Park. Let us make such a tower with the barrels of beer consumed in London in a year. These would be sufficient to form over twelve hundred columns, and each column would be just over a mile high.

Standing on the top of our tower we will cast our eyes over the Northern Heights, and follow with the mind's eye the Great North Road, which stretches far away to York, and even farther North. Imagine the yearly supply of London's oxen to be travelling along this road to the Central Meat Market at Smithfield. When the first of the herd was entering Smithfield, walking twelve abreast, the drover would be goading the last animals at York.

Far away to the West we see, in fancy, a bleating mass of wool, which are also on their way to the slaughter-house. Following their leader, fourteen abreast, the faithful sheep-dog would be worrying the last of his flock some distance beyond Bristol, one-hundred-and-twenty miles from the conning-tower.

Along Piccadilly, Tottenham Court Road, Euston Road, Caledonian Road, and then on through Finsbury Park, Hornsey, Wood Green, and right away to Hatfield—twenty miles in all—street and causeway would be thronged with the yearly demand for calves, in rows of ten. (This represents the approximate number of calves needed before the war, but there have been severe restrictions placed on the supply of calves during the war.) The swine would extend still farther, and the last slow-paced grunter would be wandering about near Hitchin.

If a living cloud of London's yearly supply of poultry could suddenly appear above our heads, flying wing to wing and tail to beak, the feathery pall would form a square equal in area, as nearly as possible, to the park at our feet.

For the consumption of bread we will give our estimates of the popular half-quartern loaf required by London. Piled in the form of a pyramid, we should have to lay a foundation with a four-hundred-and-fifty square feet base. Our pyramid would rise into the air nearly six times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral.

In estimating the amount of fish needed it is extremely difficult to give a concrete number, but it would be quite safe to conclude that they would turn the Serpentine in Hyde Park, and Battersea Park lake, into solid masses of finny creatures.

Imagine for a moment that the whole City of London—approximately one mile square in area—were converted into a shimmering lake composed of the annual supply of milk. The depth of such a lake would be more than one-hundred-and-fifty feet, and this estimate neglects the supply of condensed milk.

Of potted meats, sides of bacon, tinned meats from Canada and the Antipodes, and various other foods, we will say nothing, for, in comparison with the other staple foods, they are almost negligible.

If we consider the vast hordes of people who require all these foods, we can do so best by comparing the population of the Metropolis with that of other countries and towns. Switzerland, with her thousand valleys, could scarcely number one-third of the people who live in Greater London; a whole continent—Australia—has a total population of about half; and even Belgium, which, before the war, was the most densely populated country in Europe, approximately only equalled in number the teeming millions who live in the world's greatest town. Assuming that the population were spread over the whole area of London administered by the General Post Office, there would be sixty persons to every acre, and on each acre there would be eight houses for them to live in.

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 259.)

'WHAT a *horrid* man!' exclaimed Sybil, with emphasis, when they were safely out of earshot.

'Yes,' agreed Derrick, 'Rufus, old fellow, if it hadn't been for that jolly decent chap turning up just in the nick of time, you'd have been dead by now; dead as a door-nail, old man; think of it!' And he gave the dog a vigorous thump of affection. 'Oh! I forgot he was in disgrace,' he continued to Sybil, 'and we forgot, too, to say "Thank you" to Bob Batten. You might have reminded me, Bill; girls are always supposed to know more about doing the polite than boys.'

'I'm afraid I forgot, too,' admitted Sybil; 'how horribly ungrateful of us. I almost wish Miss Bruce had been her; she always remembers things like that, and she'd have been sure to nudge me.' Then, after a moment's reflection, 'Couldn't you write him one of your polite apologies, Derrick? You're awfully good at them, you know. That one to Miss Young was a tremendous success.'

'*She's* different,' was the reply; 'that sort of thing wouldn't be any good with Bob Batten; we don't even know if he can read. I've got a much better idea than that—we'll go and pay him a polite call, this afternoon, after we've paid the money to old Prowse.'

'I wish you'd tell me where you're going to get the money, Derrick,' observed Sybil; 'we've not got nearly

as much as that, even if we take out every penny we've got in the savings bank.'

'Haven't we though? Why, Bill, I've got ten times as much without taking anything out of the savings bank at all. Have you forgotten that Uncle George left me fifty pounds in his will? I suppose it was because he was my godfather, as he didn't leave you or Dick anything. Of course it wouldn't do to spend it on dog-biscuit and that sort of thing, but when it means saving Rufus's life, I'm sure it would be quite all right. He's a thoroughbred, Howe said so, so he's worth a jolly sight more than five pounds.'

'But, Derrick, you can't possibly get it out by this afternoon!'

'Why not? It's not early-closing day.'

'What's that got to do with it?'

'Well, if it was, the bank wouldn't be open, stupid; but as it's not, I shall ride into Dunsford, directly after lunch, and take out five pounds.'

'But you can't do that Derrick; you haven't got a bank-book; besides, I don't suppose it's in the Dunsford Bank at all; it's probably invested.'

'Oh, yes, now I come to think of it, I believe it is. But how do you know it isn't in the Dunsford Bank, just the same? I expect it's invested in that.'

'Oh Derrick, how ignorant you are! Don't they teach you any arithmetic at school? You don't invest in a little country bank, you buy Government Stock (only its generally called something else—"Councils" I think)—and I believe you have to go to London to do it. There's a thing in my arithmetic book called "Shares and Stocks"—I haven't really got to it yet, only it looks interesting, so I read about it, one day, when I was supposed to be learning my repetition—and when you want to use your money, you have to sell your stock—"selling out" it's called.'

'Why on earth can't I sell out in Dunsford?'

'I don't know quite; but you certainly can't. It always has to be done in London because of the Stock Exchange; and you have to get a broker, and he charges an eighth.'

'What beastly cheek! Then no wonder so many people go wrong on the Stock Exchange.'

'It may be,' reflected Sybil.

'Well,' observed Derrick, nothing daunted, 'if we can't get five pounds in money, we must get it in something else; surely we can raise it somehow; it only needs a little thinking. Let's see, now, what have we got that's worth anything?'

'There's my pearl necklace,' suggested Sybil.

'Much good that would be to old Prowse,' laughed Derrick.

'Oh, I don't mean we'd give it to him; I thought we might sell it to Hubbard,' Sybil explained. Hubbard was the jeweller at Dunsford.

Derrick shook his head. 'Hubbard wouldn't take it,' he said, 'or, if he did, he'd tell Grandfather.'

'I shouldn't care if he did,' said Sybil, airily. 'Of course I shouldn't sell it if I thought Grandfather would mind; but I know he wouldn't, because he simply hates it!'

'How do you know?'

'Because Timpie made me put it on one evening when Lord and Lady Lansdowne were staying here; and he was awfully angry, and said I looked like a play-actress, and told me to "go and take off the beastly thing." he "couldn't stand children in trumpery." But it isn't really trumpery, you know; Aunt Jane said they were very good pearls.'

'All the same, Bill, if he knew you'd sold them he'd be sure to ask *why*. No, it won't do to sell anything in Dunsford, it's far too risky. The only thing to do is to think of something worth five pounds—something sensible, I mean—and persuade Prowse to accept it instead of the money.'

There was silence for a few minutes. Then Sybil said with a sigh, 'I can't think of a single thing, Derrick, can you?'

'Only one thing,' he replied, slowly, 'and I don't want to give it to him.' Then, after a pause, he added with an effort, 'But I suppose I must.'

'What is it?'

'Father's watch.'

'Oh, Derrick!'

'It's no use saying "Oh, Derrick!" in that horrified way. After all, it *is* my very own, and I can do what I like with it without asking Dick or Grandfather, or any one.

'Y-es,' admitted Sybil, hesitatingly; 'but——'

'And Father was awfully fond of dogs,' Derrick interrupted, 'so I'm sure he'd think it was sacrificed in a worthy cause.'

'But you value it so! Oh, Derrick, isn't there *anything* else?'

'Nothing worth anything; the watch is worth quite five pounds, although it wasn't his best one—he left that to Dick.'

'I know; I've often seen it, although he hardly ever wears it. It's a beauty, but yours is very nearly as good. But it isn't only *that;* I don't want that horrid man to have anything that belonged to Uncle Dick.'

'Neither do I, Bill; but it's the only thing to be done, so cheer up.'

'Derrick!' exclaimed Sybil, suddenly, after a short pause, 'I expect *Dick's* got five pounds; he'd be sure to lend it to us—I wonder we didn't think of it before."

'Bill, how *can* you?' cried her cousin, reproachfully. 'What an idea!'

'Well, he's pretty sure to find out about Rufus sooner or later, so we may as well tell him now.'

'Now that we are in difficulties!' supplemented Derrick, scornfully. 'We wouldn't let him into our secret when it was a nice one, and now that it's got us into a scrape, you want to borrow five pounds from him. Bill, what a rotter you are!'

'Perhaps it *would* be rather mean,' reflected Sybil; 'I hadn't thought of it like that.'

'I suppose not,' was the rejoinder, 'girls have no sense of honour.'

Sybil said nothing, but meekly bore this rebuff to her sex, and silently they proceeded on their way.

Old Howe was out when they arrived at his cottage, and as it was nearly lunch-time they could not wait, though they would have liked to ask his advice about the matter of the five pounds. They therefore chained Rufus up, and after a few caresses of forgiveness, left him, to return sorrowfully to the Hall.

Such a dejected little couple did they look that even Mr. Tillet-Howell, who overtook them in the drive, noticed their preoccupation, and chaffed them in his usual irritating way. He tried to accuse them of having quarrelled, but had so much difficulty in pronouncing the word that he was obliged to substitute 'disagweed.'

(*Continued on page* 274.)

"Even Mr. Tillet-Howell chaffed them."

"'We're Russells, Farmer Prowse, and the Russells aren't *sneaks*.'"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 271.)

NEVER had lunch seemed so long and tedious to the children, and when at length it was over they departed in haste to make ready for their errand. With a last fond look at his father's watch, Derrick thrust it into his pocket and hurried down to the stables, for they had decided to ride, and after paying their debt to Farmer Prowse to go straight on to Bob Batten.

On arriving at their destination they were greeted by Mrs. Prowse, a natty little woman, with bright eyes and a pleasing smile. She ushered them into her beautifully kept kitchen, where her husband, having eaten heartily of an excellent beef-steak pudding, was seated in a corner of the old-fashioned open fireplace, enjoying his after-dinner pipe. Farmer Prowse before dinner and Farmer Prowse after dinner were two very different people; and, the fumes of tobacco having already begun to assert their soothing influence, the 'after-dinner Prowse' condescended to greet his visitors with a nod and an almost amiable 'Good afternoon.'

The children returned his salutation, and then Derrick began to fumble in his pocket.

'Have you brought the five pounds?' asked the farmer.

'We've brought you something that's worth a good deal more,' replied Derrick, producing the watch. 'We found we hadn't got enough ready cash, because of the Councils and the Stock Exchange and the eighth. So we've brought you this instead, and you wouldn't be able to get such a good one for five pounds.'

'May be,' admitted Prowse, taking the watch in his hand and examining it, 'but I may not be for taking it. How did you come by it?'

'Oh, it's all right,' Derrick hastened to assure him. 'I didn't steal it; my father left it to me in his will.'

'Did he, now?' said the farmer, thoughtfully; then added, after a pause, 'Happen he would not like you to part with it,' and he laid it down on the bench beside him.

'He'd rather I parted with it than that we didn't keep our word,' said Derrick, drawing himself up proudly.

Farmer Prowse ignored this rejoinder.

'It's well I mind your father, boy,' he mused, 'it's well I mind him; 'twas him that fell at Colenso,' he explained to his wife, who was clearing away the dinner-things, 'but I mind him long before he went to the War, and he was always a good friend to me.'

'That's so,' agreed Mrs. Prowse, 'and he was always for forgiving those who trespassed against him. Why, it's many a time you told me, John, how the Major lent you his own horse to go a-hunting, and how you brought him back with broken knees, all along of galloping down Pebble Coombe, and how the Major just said it was "all in the day's work," though he could have had the law of you.'

'Ay,' nodded her husband, 'he was a rare one was the Major; and the other one, too, he that went to India—father to the little one there,' jerking his thumb in the direction of Sybil.

'And a horse with broken knees is almost the same as a dead horse,' pursued Mrs. Prowse, feeling her way.

There was silence, as she cut two big slices from a half-finished jam-pasty before putting it in the cupboard. Then, as she handed them to the children, 'And a hunter is worth more than a sheep any day, John,' she concluded.

'So that's what you're after, is it, Missis?' said Prowse, with a grin. Well, well, look here, young ones; I went to look at that dead sheep, and I see it is as you said, and that dog of yours hasn't mauled it after all; so may be I can sell it for mutton. So, seeing as you're your father's son,' he continued to Derrick, 'and owned up honest-like, I'll be for overlooking it this time, same as he overlooked the horse's knees,' and picking up the watch from the settle he thrust it into the boy's outstretched hand.

'Oh, I wasn't sticking out my hand for *that*; I—I wanted to shake hands,' stammered Derrick, 'and if you really think the sheep was worth five pounds, and if the butcher won't give you so much, perhaps you'd better have the watch as well, or, at any rate, the chain. You see, we don't want Grandfather to hear of it; he's not very fond of dogs, and we don't keep ours at the Hall; he doesn't even know we've got one.'

Farmer Prowse gave a grunt, but this time not an unfriendly one.

'We've settled all that, boy,' he said, 'and you can trust me not to say anything to anybody, neither here nor up at Hall, nor anywhere,' and he grasped the children's outstretched hands in a rough but hearty shake.

This time the cousins did not forget to say 'Thank you,' either to the farmer for his clemency, or to Mrs. Prowse for the excellent jam-pasty; and, a general feeling of goodwill now pervading the atmosphere, Derrick and Sybil took their departure. Farmer Prowse accompanied them to the yard, and as they mounted their ponies: 'Don't you forget, now, young ones,' he said, 'not a word to your grandfather about my boy and the rabbits.'

'Of *course* not,' agreed both children, spontaneously, and then Derrick added, squaring his shoulders in unconscious imitation of Dick: 'We're Russells, Farmer Prowse, and the Russells aren't *sneaks*.'

CHAPTER XXI.

'After all,' reflected Sybil, as they rode away, 'after all, he's only like Grandfather—not nearly so bad as he sounds.'

'H'm! Not so sure about that. It was just a chance that got us off—thanks to that horse getting his knees broken. I'm jolly glad he did; for he'd have been dead by now, anyway; that sort of hunter doesn't last nearly so long as this one.'

'Which one?'

'*This*, of course,' repeated Derrick, slapping his pocket. 'You might laugh when I make a joke.'

'I will, when you make one with any point; but whatever *is* there funny about saying that Rollo will live longer than that horse of Uncle Dick's, which you never saw, and which probably died before you were even born.'

Derrick burst our laughing. 'You juggins! I wasn't referring to Rollo. I meant the watch, of course.'

'How *can* a watch be a hunter?' asked Sybil, still mystified.

'Just the same as a bicycle can be a Humber. I'm

not absolutely certain sure this one's a hunter; but the best gold ones nearly always are, so it's pretty sure to be.'

'Oh! I thought it was a Waterbury.'

'A Waterbury!' cried Derrick, indignantly, 'a Waterbury indeed! You might just as well call Midnight a cart-horse.'

A tearing gallop across the fields, a climb up the side of Netherhay Hill, a steep descent down a winding lane with a running stream at bottom where they watered the ponies, a slow canter along the edge of the coppice, through the dell, past the old mill, and a final headlong race up the meadow in front of Bob Batten's farm.

Derrick had been unusually silent during the ride; but, when they found Farmer Batten, who was cutting chaff to mix with crushed mangolds for his heifers, he greeted him in the following strain: 'We have come to tender our sincerest apologies for omitting to express to you, this morning, our heartfelt gratitude for your kindly intervention on behalf of our infamous dog,' whereat Batten, grinning broadly, merely rejoined: 'Get along with you, sonny; who are you a-getting at?'

Derrick was rather mortified at this reception of his grandiloquent speech, and had perforce to explain, in more every-day diction, that he merely meant to say they were sorry they had not thanked him for his help.

Batten's narrow eyes twinkled as he replied: 'You're welcome, sonny, you're welcome; no need of thanks; I've a proper liking for the pair of you.'

And then he showed them all round his farm, patiently satisfying, to the best of his ability, Derrick's thirst for knowledge with regard to the various mechanical contrivances. Sybil fed the pigs and poultry, while her cousin turned the mangold-crusher and chaff-cutter; and then they both 'had a shot at milking' as Derrick expressed it. It was the first time they had tried, for the Colonel had forbidden them to experiment on his thoroughbred Devons, and, to Sybil's vexation, Derrick was more successful than she was; but their new-found friend consoled her by saying:

'Never mind, m'dear, don't fret; his hands are stronger that yours; but you'll do it in time all right; and if you come along of a Friday now, Mrs. Tate'll teach you the butter.'

By this time it was nearly five o'clock and Sybil though they 'ought to go home.' Bob Batten invited them to stop and take a cup of tea with him; but, remembering Mrs. Timmins' dislike of their staying out without her knowledge, the children declined as politely as they could.

'You see, if we did, our housekeeper might have a fit,' Derrick explained; 'she was just going to, the last time we didn't turn up, when she expected up.'

'Oh, Derrick, not a *fit;* a heart-attack,' Sybil corrected him.

'Oh, well, it's all the same,' observed her cousin, confidently, 'but I say, Farmer Batten, we could come another day, you know. She wouldn't mind if we told her first.'

'All right, sonny, another day then; ride over anywhen you please; it's all the same to me.'

So saying, Farmer Batten untethered the ponies and the children rode off. The homeward journey took them over Limborough Common—a good mile of soft springy turf, an ideal stretch for a gallop.

'Let's be wild Indians!' cried Derrick, 'and Captain Mitchell will do for our prey.'

'Why Captain Mitchell?'

''Cos he's the only person in sight.'

'I don't see him.'

'Blind bat! Do you see Phrixus?' pointing to a pure white steed of the Colonel's, two or three hundred yards ahead of them.

'Yes, of course.'

'Well, isn't that Captain Mitchell on him?'

'It can't be, 'cos of his knee.'

'Well, knee or no knee, I bet you it is; and I'll race you to the end of the Common, to prove whether I'm right!'

With the wildest of war-whoops Derrick was off like the wind, Sybil hard on his tracks.

(*Continued on page* 286.)

'NAMESAKES.'

X.—FRANCIS AND ELIZABETH.

FRANCIS! It is a fine-sounding name this that we have chosen to-day, and, somehow, we think of the men who bear it as being handsome and brilliant and charming and chivalrous, with a natural dignity and pride of demeanour that could hardly be expected in the Toms and Dicks and Harries—or even in the Franks—of common, everyday life.

Certainly, the first namesake on our list seems to have to a great extent lived up to his stately Christian name, for Francis I. of France, appears to us as a very great gentleman indeed, and looks every inch a king, as he figures in history against the gorgeous background of the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold,' or at the victory of Marignano, where he fought with great courage and received the honour of knighthood from the hand of the famous paladin, Bayard, the warrior who, we hear, was without fear and without reproach.

And Francis of France had, moreover, the power of preserving his dignity and his presence of mind, even in times of misfortune, for defeat followed victory, and his armies met with disaster at Pavia, he himself being taken prisoner.

The king's courage did not fail him, we are told, even when he found himself deserted by his friends and helpless in the midst of a rabble of rough soldiers, who like soldiers of the present day, were eager to possess themselves of 'souvenirs,' and even stole the white plumes from the captive's helmet and cut pieces from the richly embroidered robe that he wore over his armour.

After he had been rescued from his rough-and-ready captors, Francis was taken as a prisoner-of-war to Spain and he sent his mother tidings of the defeat in a message that has become famous: 'Madam,' it ran, 'all is lost except honour.'

Francis I. had many faults and defects of character, but he certainly had a gift for doing the right thing at the right time and in the right way. Even now, after five hundred years of criticism and enlightenment, we cannot help admiring him, and to his own generation he must have seemed a very splendid and gallant hero indeed. Perhaps it was some reflection of that popularity, some glimmer, as it were, from the magnificent meeting-place where he welcomed Henry VIII. outside the Pale of

Calais, that made the name of Francis a favourite one in later Tudor times.

Francis Drake, Francis Walsingham, Francis Vere, and Francis Bacon—quite a cluster of namesakes are encountered at the court of Queen Elizabeth, and we will think about this wonderful quartette, sailor, statesman, soldier, and writer, before going on, backwards or forwards through the ages, in search of other heroes.

Francis Drake—he, surely, must be our favourite namesake to-day, for he is one of the greatest figures in all history: in all English history, that is, for it must not be forgotten that, to his enemies, he was a dreaded pirate and freebooter. 'The chief robber of the unknown world,' one Spanish writer calls him, and another describes him as 'a limb of the devil.'

In the Spanish Main, which was the scene of many of his most daring exploits, Captain Francis, as Drake was called, was held in awe by friend and foe alike and many are the wild tales told of his daring and his strange adventures. Even after his death, these stories lingered among the islands and reefs of those tropical seas, and, as is so often the case with great popular heroes, people refused to believe that he was really dead and declared that some day he would succour England in time of peril and rally his followers, summoned from the past by the beating of his mysterious drum.

'Drake is in his hammock till the great armadas come—
Captain, art thou sleeping there below?
Slung between the round shot and listening for the drum,
And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.'

Even nowadays the old legend is not quite forgotten, and, during the Great War, it was said that the sound of Drake's drum was heard on the eve of one great battle, but, however that may be, it is quite certain that Drake himself is not forgotten, and the British sailors who manned the ships at Jutland and Zeebrugge, or who went mine-sweeping in the North Sea, showed themselves true descendants and followers of the stout seamen who, five long centuries ago, sailed with Captain Francis round the world, or set out from Plymouth Sound, one fine summer evening, to chase the tall Armada ships away from our shores.

And, as the sailors of England have a hero in Sir Francis Drake, the soldier finds a worthy namesake in Sir Francis Vere, the brave defender of Ostend, whose stately tomb may be seen in Westminster Abbey; while Francis Walsingham was one of the greatest statesman of a great reign, and Francis Bacon is considered, by some authorities, to be worthy of the honour of being identified with Shakespeare himself. Even if we cannot quite believe in this theory, Bacon's essays and other writings make him a namesake of whom any literary Francis may well be proud.

And now we must leave England and the sixteenth century, and travel backward and southward, until in the Italy of eight hundred years ago, we discover a patron saint in St. Francis of Assisi, the famous monk and preacher, who gave up all his worldly possessions for the sake of his religion and was the founder of the Franciscan Order of Mendicant Friars.

This Francis was the son of a merchant, but he determined, when quite young, to lead a life of poverty and good works. Many of his friends and neighbours believed he was mad, and certainly some of his ideas and doings were strange and eccentric enough. But, although he is said to have preached to the birds and travelled to the East in order to convert the Sultan, he did a great deal of good and had many followers. Other namesakes who were noted for their holy lives and were canonised as saints, are Francis of Sales, who worked among the Calvinists of Geneva, and Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indians, who went as a missionary to Asia and converted thousands by his eloquent preaching.

As so many of our most famous namesakes to-day have hailed from Tudor times, it will be only fitting to take Elizabeth as a companion to Francis, and give 'Good Queen Bess' herself the first place on our list.

Elizabeth, Betsy, Betty and Bess, we all know the birdsnesting party of the old nursery rhyme, and there

Sir Francis Drake.

are, besides, Eliza, Elsie, Lizzie, and Beth, for there are so many shortened forms of the beautiful and stately Elizabeth that they almost rival Margaret's daisy-chain of pet names.

'The Oath of God' is the meaning of the word Elizabeth, and it has been a favourite name in England for many centuries, especially since the reign of the celebrated queen, who ruled over our country at one of its periods of greatest renown and prosperity.

Elizabeth was a great queen, or at least she lived in a great age, but, looking back at her now, through the centuries, we hardly see her as a charming or lovable woman, and most of us feel far more sympathy with the lovely and romantic Mary of Scotland who was her English cousin's rival and enemy and victim.

Elizabeth was not beautiful by any means, for her portraits show her as thin-lipped and sandy-haired, with a shrewish expression that gives evidence of a bitter, vindictive disposition and a disappointed life.

Poor Elizabeth! She had indeed many troubles and anxieties and dangers to go through during her youth,

for her mother's downfall made her position at King Henry's court a strange and difficult one, and the homes chosen for the young princess were often only prison-houses in disguise.

She was actually imprisoned at one time, and in those grim Tudor days it was only a very short journey from cell to scaffold. This the daughter of Anne Boleyn and the cousin of Jane Grey must have known only too well.

Perhaps, after all, when at last the clouds lifted and she came into her own, Elizabeth was a better woman and a better queen than might have been expected, and in spite of her vanities and jealousies she was a popular monarch and England fared well under her rule.

She had plenty of courage, no one can doubt that, and could carry herself on occasion with a grace and dignity worthy of a great sovereign. It must have been a splendid scene at Tilbury on the August day of 1588 when she reviewed her troops who were prepared to defend England in the hour of danger. The words that she spoke to the soldiers then ring down to us, gallantly and fearlessly, through the centuries.

'I know I have the body of a weak and feeble women,' she said, 'but I have the heart of a king—and of a King of England, too, and I think foul scorn that Parma, or

Elizabeth Fry visiting prisoners in Newgate.

Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm.'

But Good Queen Bess was not the first Elizabeth of England, and we must go back to the time of her grandmother, Elizabeth of York—daughter of Edward IV. and of another namesake, Elizabeth Wydville—who was heiress to the English throne after the murder in the

"'Will you do me the honour of reading that letter?" (Elizabeth Bennett in *Pride and Prejudice.*)

Tower of her two brothers, Edward V. and Richard, Duke of York.

Elizabeth of York is never given higher rank than that of Queen Consort in the list of English sovereigns, but really she was a queen in her own right, with a far better claim than that of her usurper husband. Henry VII. was quite aware of this fact—although he was loath to acknowledge it—and fearing popular indignation if he refused due honours to his Plantagenet wife, he arranged that Elizabeth should have a separate coronation, in the ceremonies of which he himself only took the part of a spectator.

Another Queen Elizabeth, although not a queen of England this time, is the charming, black-haired daughter of James I. who married the Prince-Palatine of the Rhine, and, when he accepted the crown of Bohemia, shared with him the adventures and mishaps of his ill-starred reign.

'Queen of Hearts' was the nick-name given to this Stuart princess, and we find still another royal namesake in her niece, the daughter of Charles I., who, after her father's tragic death, pined away and died as a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle.

After the Stuart times, Elizabeth as a royal name in England seems to have fallen into disrepute, but, going back into the far-off thirteenth century, we have a princess and a patron saint in one in the person of Elizabeth of Hungary, who was renowned throughout Christendom for her good works and her holy life.

There are many wonderful tales and legends about this saint, and in one of these we are told how, in a time of famine, she gave so generously to the poor, that the

steward of her husband, the Landgrave of Thuringia, complained that the stores in the palace would soon be exhausted.

The Landgrave chanced to meet his wife soon after, as she was setting out on an errand of mercy, and stopping her, he demanded to know what it was that she was carrying beneath her mantle.

'Roses' was the reply, but the prince, doubting her word, snatched aside the folds of Elizabeth's cloak and then, to his amazement, to the amazement of the onlookers—and probably to that of the saint herself—it was seen that the loaves with which she had started out from the castle had changed by a miracle into roses, and thus, without any sacrifice of truth, the anger of the Landgrave was averted.

There are many other namesakes that we have not time even to glance at to-day, such as Bess of Hardwicke, Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent, Madame Elizabeth of France, the sister of King Louis XVI., who shared in the sufferings, and in the death, too, of her brother and his wife Marie Antoinette; Elizabeth Fry, the celebrated Quaker lady, and Elizabeth St Michel, the pretty French wife of Mr. Samuel Pepys.

In fiction, too, there are namesakes to be found, and among others we must not forget Elizabeth Bennett, the heroine of *Pride and Prejudice*; Beth, in *Little Women*, and, perhaps most charming of all, although we know very little about her, the sweet woman, 'My sonne's wife, Elizabeth,' who, as Jean Ingelow's poem tells us, was drowned in the Lincolnshire marshes, one terrible night of high tide and disaster, more than four hundred years ago.

'That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea,
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee:
But each must mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.'

A. A. M

TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE.

WONDERFUL stories have been told of toads being able to live for many years without food, air, and light.

Apparently they can fast for a year or more, but if deprived of air they soon die. Young toads are fond of hiding in crevices of wood or earth, from which they make frequent excursions in search of food. When they grow too big to leave their holes they can probably live for a long time on insects which come within reach of their tongues.

But they *must* have air. This has been proved by experiment. Toads placed in air-tight blocks of wood and sandstone were dead at the end of a year, while those which where confined in the porous limestone survived.

There is a story of a miner working on a coal-seam six hundred feet below the surface, who liberated a toad from a pocket of clay in the coal face. The creature was almost dead, but when taken above ground it speedily revived.

Selfish people are something like toads. They shut themselves up in little holes, and when they want to get out they are unable to do so.

SUMMER.

OH! what sweet scents of bay and lime
In summer-time,
And what duets, from bird and bee,
There come to me!
How finches revel in their bath,
And spiders' threads cross every path,
And rooks all strut, and look so proud,
While gnats hang like a dusky cloud,
In summer-time.

See how the lilies toss their heads
In summer beds!
The honeysuckle's trumpet call
Awakes them all.
The swallows in their long-tailed coats
Pipe out sweet songs from rosy throats;
They scorn a curtain of green leaves,
And hang their nests beneath the eaves,
In summer-time.

The blackbird steals the cherries red
While we're in bed;
And currants only hang in spots,
Like inky blots.
But who would chide the thrushes now,
Or scare the chaffinch from the bough,
Or cover all the peas with nets,
And disappoint our feathered pets
In summer-time?

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE DOORSTEP.

SOME time ago a gentleman who was addressing an audience of newspaper-boys told them the story of his early years.

Forty-five years ago, said the speaker, he was so very, very poor that he had to sleep on a doorstep (which must have been a cold and hard sort of bed). He could still feel, in imagination, the policeman's kick which aroused him from his slumbers. The last time he had been in New York he drove in a motor-car to look again at his old friend the doorstep.

The man who told this story was Mr. Peter Wright, Mayor of Newport, Monmouthshire.

MINES UNDER THE SEA.

IN digging for coal and other minerals, miners have to follow the beds and veins in which the minerals lie, and they are sometimes led below the sea. It seems strange to think of men digging their way under the sea, and yet there is no more difficulty in cutting galleries deep below the bottom of the sea than there is in cutting them far below the surface of the ground. The miners have, of course, to be careful not to cut their galleries upwards so far as to let the sea break through, otherwise the workings will be flooded, and perhaps destroyed. But if this danger is avoided, there is hardly any greater risk in working under the sea than in working under the land.

Some of the coal-mines at Whitehaven have long

been famous for their workings under the sea. There have been coal-pits at this place for about three hundred years. How long it is since they were first carried under the sea I do not know; but sixty or seventy years ago, when coal-mining was much more primitive than it is to-day, the mines had been carried more than a thousand yards from the land. About a hundred and twenty years ago there was a tin mine off the coast of Cornwall, near Penzance, which was not only under the sea, but had its shaft on a rock which was covered by the sea at high water. It was only a very small mine, and when the miner first began to work out the ore, he had to bale out the water after every tide before he could resume his work. But after a time, a shaft of wood and iron was erected round the mouth of the working, and this kept out the tide, so that the work of excavating the ore could go on even when the mine was surrounded by the sea.

Three hundred years ago, there were coal-pits at Culross, on the shores of the Firth of Forth, which were worked under the sea, and one of them had a shaft which rose up on a bank, or dike, which was surrounded by water at high tide. Coals were brought to this bank as to a staith, to be shipped into vessels which floated alongside, when the tide permitted.

It is related that King James, when hunting in this district, dined at the Abbey of Culross with Sir George Bruce. He expressed a wish to see the coal-pits, and he was taken down into the workings below the ground and led under the sea without knowing it. Then he was brought up the shaft on the dike, and came out to find himself in the midst of the sea. He was so surprised and alarmed that he cried out 'Treason! treason!' His guide soon showed him that he was safe, and pointed to a pinnace which was waiting to take him back to the shore if he preferred to return by water, rather than by groping again through the galleries of the mine. The king was glad to avail himself of the boat, and soon forgot his sudden alarm. M. S.

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,
Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Continued from page 267.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

SOMEWHERE in the distance some one was shouting. Along the path from the river some one was running. Of these two things Michael was vaguely aware, while yet all the world seemed bounded by the sights of the rifle. He had strained his wrists a little as he pulled himself from the quicksand, and the rifle was heavier even than he had thought. Those sights would *not* keep still. It was hours, surely, since he had knelt to aim, and still he was following the tiger in a heavy silence. Now, *now*, he would hold his breath and pull the trigger.

There was a shattering report; another so close the two ran into each other. Had he fired his second barrel in haste and unaware before he even knew the result of the first? Then Frieda's hand was on his shoulder, and Frieda was gasping breathlessly: 'Oh, Michael, look, look! I do believe the tiger's dead, and there's Ooma in that tree.'

The creeping shape had ceased to creep. Instead, it lay out, stretched upon the ground. Only the tip of the tail moved slightly, but as they watched quivered into stillness. And down the trunk of a tree just by the hut Ooma was climbing. In one hand she held the rifle they had failed to find. As she slid to the ground she waved the other hand triumphantly.

'I have slain the tiger,' she chanted; 'I, whom ye despised. I, too, talked with Beeja when ye left me alone. I rode ahead. I saw you coming. I watched you kneel. I have slain the tiger, even I.'

Before either Michael or Frieda could answer, something rushed past them, so fast they could hardly see that it was Duttia. She did not pause until she was almost on the tiger's body. Closely she looked at it, then stood upright, the butcher's knife clasped close to her breast.

'I thought—I thought I was too late,' she gasped. Then, scornfully, she turned on Ooma.

'You shot it?' she scoffed. '*You?* 'Twas Michael Sahib. Look!' Over the heart she pointed. 'Here is his bullet—and here yours.' And now her finger was at the root of the spine. All four were close to the tiger by this time, even Jai Singh for the moment forgotten. Ooma looked narrowly at the new wounds; then she cast her rifle away, flung herself on the ground, and burst into a storm of tears. Not angry, noisy tears, but the choking tears of shame.

'I have failed,' she wept. 'It is true; I have failed.'

'I will guard her, Miss Sahib,' said Duttia, curtly. 'Go you to Jai Singh. Carnac Sahib comes; help is at hand. He joined the elephants on the further shore. As I reached the island after swimming the river I saw him. Take my knife to cut the rope; I do not need it now.'

'Why did you bring it?' Ooma asked, checking her tears for the moment as Michael and Frieda ran towards the tree.

'To slay the tiger,' Duttia answered, carelessly, paying but scant attention.

'Twas but a poor weapon against one so strong. Why did you risk it?' Ooma questioned further, obviously still puzzled.

'Because of her,' said Duttia, and jerked her thumb in the direction of her mistress, on whom her eyes were fixed.

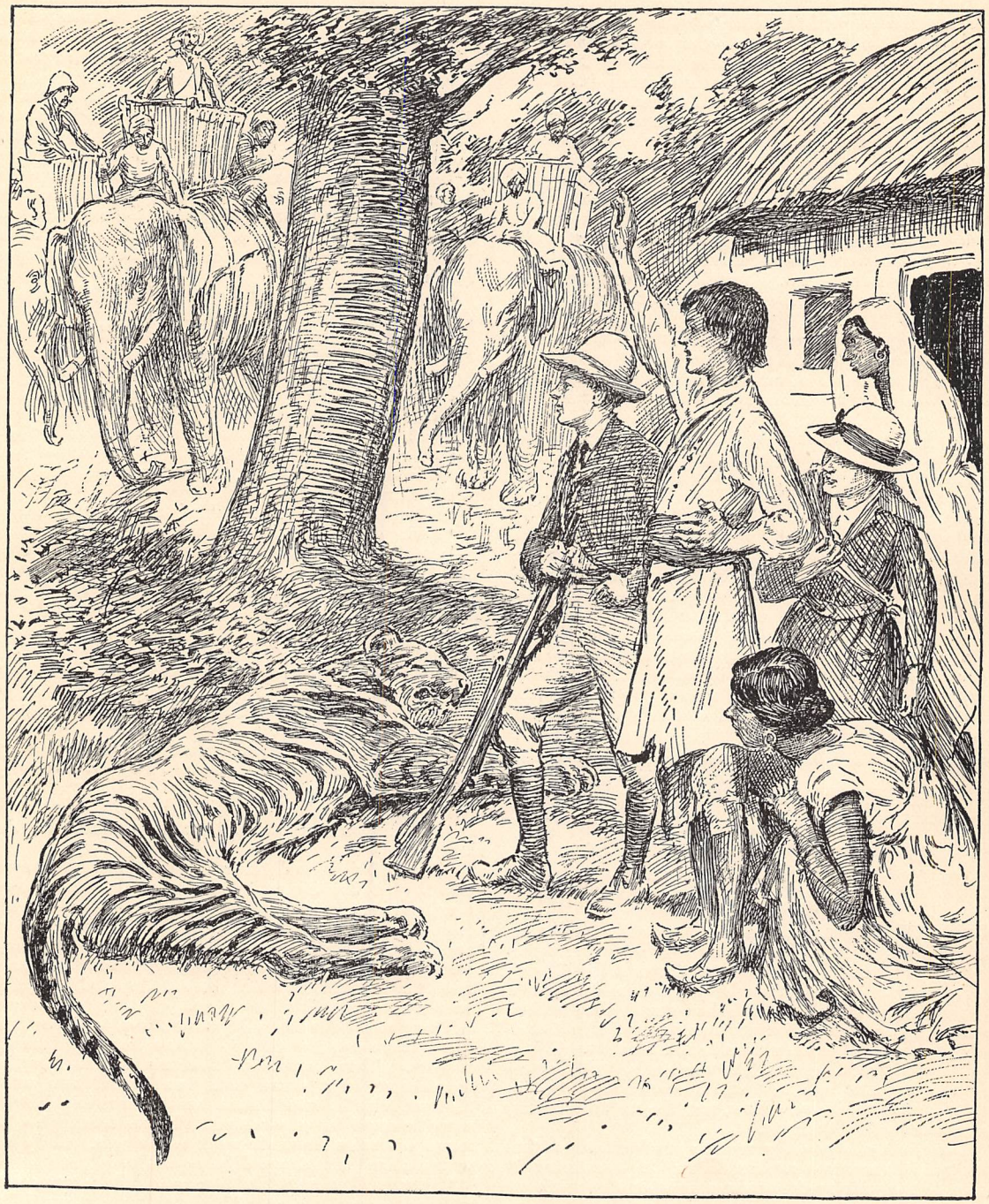
Already Frieda and Michael were cutting the ropes that bound Jai Singh. He stirred a little as they touched him, opened his eyes, gazed at them bewildered, then slowly smiled. And as the last bond fell away and they steadied him on his feet, into the clearing marched the elephants in swinging, solemn file; and from the howdah in which he sat Major Carnac, bewildered, took stock of the scene.

There stood the little Rajah, restored to throne and life. There lay the dead tiger, no longer a lurking menace. There crouched Princess Ooma, for the moment at least dazed and humbled. There were Michael, Frieda, and Duttia, whose share in this final scene he could but guess as yet. It was Jai Singh who found his voice first, all weak as he was. Gaily he waved a hand that dropped very quickly.

'Salaam, Carnac Sahib,' he cried. 'Have you come in state to fetch me home? Salaam, my elephant folk. Salute, then, your Rajah.'

And up went the trunks of the elephants in a mighty salute. A salaam to the Rajah, returned from the dead

(*Concluded on page* 282).



"'Salaam, my elephant folk. Salute your Rajah!'"

"'Pass sentence, Carnac Sahib,' said Ooma; 'be quick.'"

PRINCESS OOMA.

By Mrs. Hobart-Hampden,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' 'Chinna,' &c.

(Concluded from page 279.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

'AND for me, banishment?' Ooma questioned, as she stood facing Major Carnac somewhat later in the office tent.

He looked at her long, considering his answer. How should he deal best with this small, tempestuous Princess, in whom, surely, there must be something of good as well as so much of evil? To send her to her mother would be of little use, and would give her scant chance. Moreover, it would not end the feud, nor make Jai Singh more safe in the future. The little Rajah must be saved, if possible, from such risks again, though, fortunately, he seemed none the worse for this last adventure. Dibra's drug had kept him unconscious while bound to the tree. It had saved him from suspense and knowledge of his danger, and no after effects were apparent. A good night's rest, a day or two of Soma's nursing were all he needed.

But what of Ooma? At least she had in part redeemed her conduct by that ride to the island. She had been willing to face the tiger alone; if Michael had missed, she would have saved the little Rajah. That, surely, should count greatly in her favour. If the twins had been too late, she only would have stood between Jai Singh and death. Yet what was her attitude towards him now? How far could she be trusted in future.

Major Carnac had sent for her, and in her presence had listened to all that Michael and Frieda could tell him. Ooma should feel, he was determined, that she was certain of justice. The Rani, at his urgent request, had left her in his hands. Ooma should speak as she chose in her own defence. But now, as he waited patiently, she merely flung a challenge at him.

'For me—banishment?' she repeated.

'Perhaps it need not be banishment,' Major Carnac told her. 'You went to the island, Princess, and you went alone. That was brave. But at that, to his surprise, Ooma quivered with excitement. No longer was she scornfully calm.

'It was not brave,' she cried, vehemently. 'I had a rifle. I have hunted before—I knew what to do. It was Duttia who had courage. With only a knife and on foot she meant to fight the tiger. Carnac Sahib, tell me the secret of her strength.'

Again Major Carnac considered. Had he found what he needed—a key to the real Ooma?

'Princess,' he asked, 'why did you go to the island? Was it for your cousin's sake? I wish you would tell me.'

'In part it was,' Ooma admitted, somewhat reluctantly. 'I laughed when first I heard what Dibra had done, but afterwards—it was no death for one of our house to die; and I wanted to conquer—to prove myself brave and strong, but Duttia was stronger than I. At first I wept for shame because I had not shot the tiger, but now I would give many tigers to be as brave as Duttia. I could not have done what Duttia did,' she admitted frankly.

'I think you could,' said Major Carnac, 'if you had a like reason. What Duttia did she did for love. Now you have chosen hate instead.'

Ooma was silent, watching him closely with a little frown. At least, she seemed interested.

'I have lived much longer than you,' Major Carnac told her, 'and I am sure of this: the two strongest things in the world are love and hate, and of the two, love is the stronger. If your father had been tied to the tree, would you have gone on foot to rescue him with a knife only?'

Emphatically, Ooma nodded. Major Carnac had chosen the one illustration that could bring the truth home to her.

'Will you not end this feud, Princess?' he asked. 'It can do no good; it can only spoil you for better things. Will you not let hate go?'

'Jai Singh killed my father,' said Ooma, sullenly. 'How can I forgive?'

'Jai Singh had nothing to do with the Regent's death,' Major Carnac assured her. 'I do not know on what tales you have been reared, but have I ever told you a lie?'

'No,' Ooma admitted, gravely. Then she shrugged her shoulders and looked again at Major Carnac with defiance, but now it was more than half assumed.

'I believe you,' she said. 'But what does it matter? Pass sentence, Carnac Sahib; be quick.'

'If you will give me your word that you will plot no more,' said Major Carnac, 'you shall not be banished. You have trusted me, and I will trust you.'

'They will tell you I can only lie and scheme,' she retorted, and looked at Frieda and Michael. In silence they had been listening. They hardly knew what they felt, or how to treat Ooma; they had been very near to hating her. Should they not, too, let hate go? And Ooma watched them with an eagerness she could not conceal.

She had failed in all that she had tried to do. She knew now that she would never attain to the throne on which she had long set her heart. She was less sure of herself than usual; her pride had suffered. Moreover, she was lonely, desperately lonely, as once Frieda had guessed. The friendship of these two, so near her own age, seemed suddenly of immense importance; they stood for much on which she set the highest price. If they would not forgive, why, then, she too would cherish vengeance. If they would admit her to their fellowship——

'Shall I stay or go?' Ooma asked directly of Frieda and Michael. And Major Carnac, too, waited for their answer. They had a right, surely, to answer unhampered.

Frieda looked at Michael, and Michael at Frieda. Then, 'Stay,' they said. And—

'Stay,' said the voice of Jai Singh. He had heard that Ooma was on trial. Despite the protests of the Rani and Soma, he had come to speak for her. He, too, felt the blood tie to which she had paid tribute. He smiled at her a little teasingly as he stood in the tent doorway, but yet there was kindness in the smile.

'Stay, Ooma, and teach me to shoot,' he said.

There was a moment's pause. Then, reluctantly, Ooma smiled also, and turned to Major Carnac.

'I will stay,' she told him.

'On my condition?' he asked.

'On your condition,' she said.

THE END.

'D.L.I.'

THE following story was told during the war by a British soldier stationed at a French hospital.

'We have had an unusual patient,' he wrote. 'A little white terrier came trotting in with rather a nasty gash in its side. It went straight to the receiving-room, and virtually asked to have its wound dressed. An officer dressed it, and sent the dog off; but it returned at different times during the day to have the dressing changed. It turned up the next morning, and, for a joke, a sergeant made out a proper sick report, and sent it along with the sick reports of the chaps who had reported for treatment that morning.

'In due course the medical officer came to this report, and called out:—"Trooper Gyp, Eighth D.L.I."—the heading that the sergeant had put on the report. The initials in this instance stood for "Doggy's Light Infantry."

'Of course there was no answer. The medical officer glanced round at the sick chaps waiting for attention, and again called out, "Which of you is Trooper Gyp?"

Just then the sergeant entered and explained matters. The medical officer took the joke in good part, dressed the dog's wound, and entered the event in proper fashion: "Shell wound in side; admitted into hospital."

'Gyp has now taken up his quarters in the park store, and nothing can persuade it to move. It goes out for a stroll every morning, but always returns, It has, however, been promoted, and is now "Captain Gyp, Eighth D.L.I."'

WHAT THE SUNFLOWER SAW.

I KNOW a garden where a sunflower grew—
Strong and straight and beautiful and tall—
And when he measured seven feet—except an inch or two—
He peeped across the nearest garden wall.

He looked into a garden, sunny, green, and gay,
With teddy-bears and dollies all around;
'Ha-ha,' said he, a paradise, where children play.
They're coming very shortly, I'll be bound.'

'I love to watch their happy smiling faces,' said the flower.
'In this case, peeping, surely can't be wrong'—
They came—they teased, and fought, and sulked, and quarrelled hour by hour,
In fact they cried and quarrelled all day long.

But when, at supper-time, they came—subdued and better friends—
To fetch their dolls and teddy-bears to bed—
'This morning, in the corner, where the spinning jenny ends,
I'm sure I saw a sunflower,' Molly said.

'And now there's not a sign of him, no not a single one.'
The sunflower, surely, wasn't to be blamed;
He'd turned away from looks so black to seek the smiling sun—
I guess those rascals went to bed ashamed.

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE TWINS.

'Do Well' is the spirit, 'Say Well' is the letter;
'Say Well' is good, but 'Do Well' is better.'

THIS is very true in its way. We all know unsatisfactory and disappointing persons who promise but do not perform. There are others who speak sweet flatteries to one's face and slighting things behind one's back. There are persons whose amiability is all on the surface, and means nothing. We should like all these people to lay to heart the lesson of the couplet quoted above.

But there is another side to the question. There are good, really kind-hearted men and women, boys and girls, whose tongues are not nearly so charitable as their deeds. You may serve another with your hands, and at the same time wound him with your tongue. And you may spoil even good words by speaking them in a harsh tone—*a tone may cause the heart to bleed.*

It is not true, as the rather vulgar proverb says, that 'Fine words butter no parsnips.' *Really* 'fine'—that is, good and kind—words, *do* butter parsnips. They help tremendously to sweeten life.

A good man once gave this counsel: 'Be always as sweet as you can.' And it ought to be so easy to say well!—'Good words are worth much, and cost little.'

A gentleman was in the habit of giving an alms to a blind beggar whom he passed every morning on his way to business. One morning he found that he had no small change with him; so, as he had nothing else to give, he gave the beggar a kindly word. The business man was usually in a hurry, and had never had any conversation with the beggar. This morning, however, he stopped, and asked the man how he had come to lose his sight. To his surprise, the poor fellow burst into tears.

'I have been standing here for many years,' said the blind man, 'and this is the first time that any one has asked me such a question.'

In this case a word of interest and sympathy was worth more than the gift of a coin.

'Do well' need not exclude 'Say well.' Why not cultivate both? They should be twin sisters.

Say well *and* Do well—let that be our ideal. E. D.

THE ROMANCE OF SHIP-BUILDING.

XI.—SPECIAL SHIPS FOR SPECIAL USES.

THE great advance in engineering has made it possible to cope with the necessity for numerous craft of all kinds required for special well-defined purposes. The more important of these vessels are here described, for many of them are often to be seen, at sea or in port.

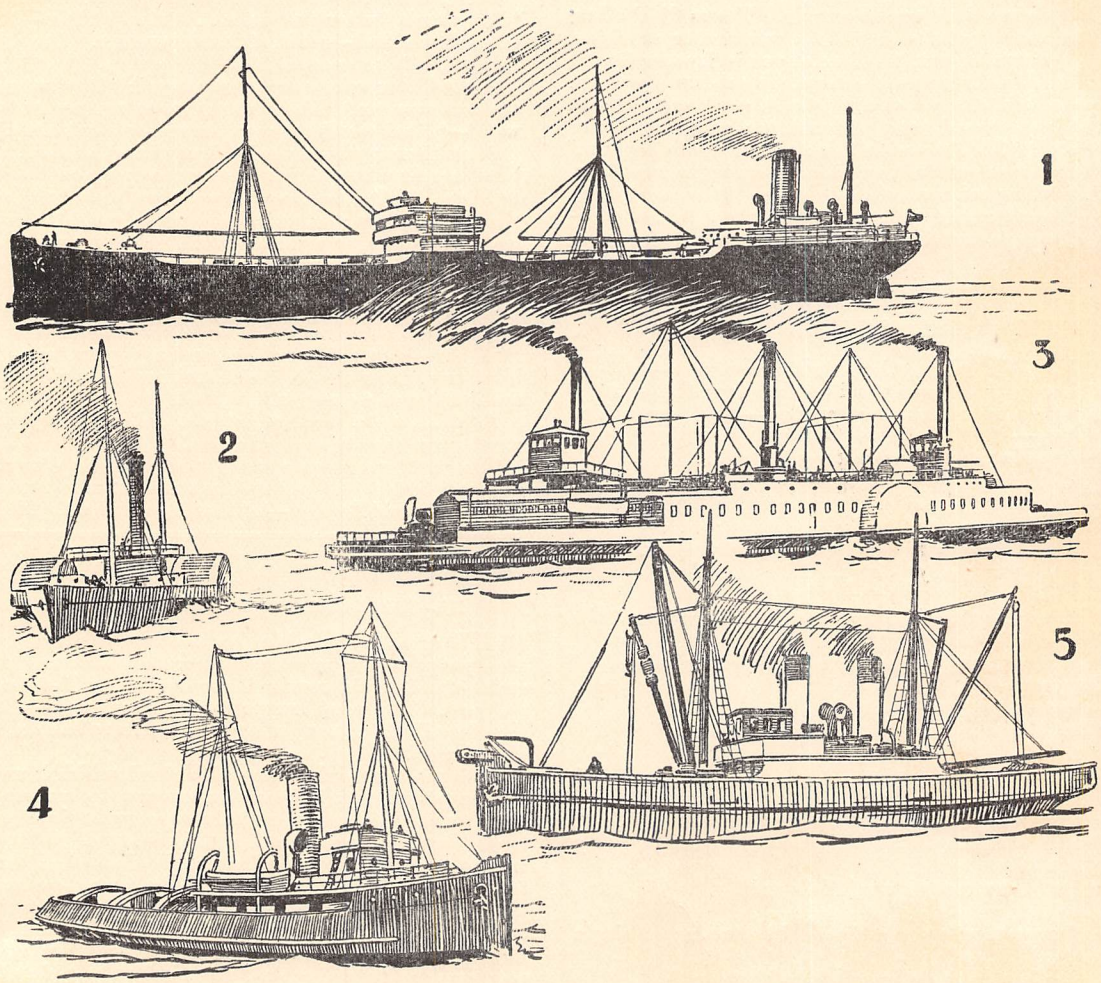
With the increased consumption of oil, which is used for many purposes, it became necessary to construct vessels capable of carrying safely large quantities from lands where this useful mineral fluid is found in abundance to those countries less fortunately situated. Therefore the Oil Tanker was evolved. The tanker is a long vessel, the entire hold of which consists of huge tanks capable of containing thousands of gallons. She can be recognised by her peculiar appearance, the bridge being amidship, the funnel, cabins, and machinery right aft, which tends to give her a most unusual appearance. From small beginnings these vessels have grown, and the latest are now of the same tonnage as many a liner.

Very similar in appearance are the Grain Carriers, which bring the grain from the great corn-growing countries: Canada, the United States, and Russia. These vessels are very speedily filled, the grain being passed into the hold through large funnels from the huge grain elevators specially erected for the purpose, a method which saves a great deal of time and labour.

In every port and on every large river one cannot fail to notice the fussy, sturdy little Tugs. Pushing, pulling, towing a string of barges, or leading a large vessel into dock, always busy, always indispensable. Apart from these small fry, there are large ocean-going tugs, capable of crossing the Atlantic, powerfully engined, fitted with wireless and every modern improvement, and capable of standing the assaults of a rough sea. Sailing vessels are particularly glad for the assistance of the tug when entering or leaving an estuary or port, and it is a pretty sight to see a large ship, graceful and picturesque, being towed by one of the diminutive little tugs, puffing her hardest, and churning up the water with her screws.

The old type of paddle-tug was often used to tow the lifeboat out to a wreck; at Ramsgate, for instance, a tug was always kept handy for this purpose.

A boat somewhat similar in appearance is the Salvage Boat, which is used both by the Royal Navy and by private Salvage Companies. This useful little vessel is very strongly built and fitted with particularly powerful derricks capable of lifting great weights, and are called upon to assist in raising sunken wrecks of all descriptions—steamers, sailing ships, and submarines. They are also assisted by the Wreck-raising Lighter, a

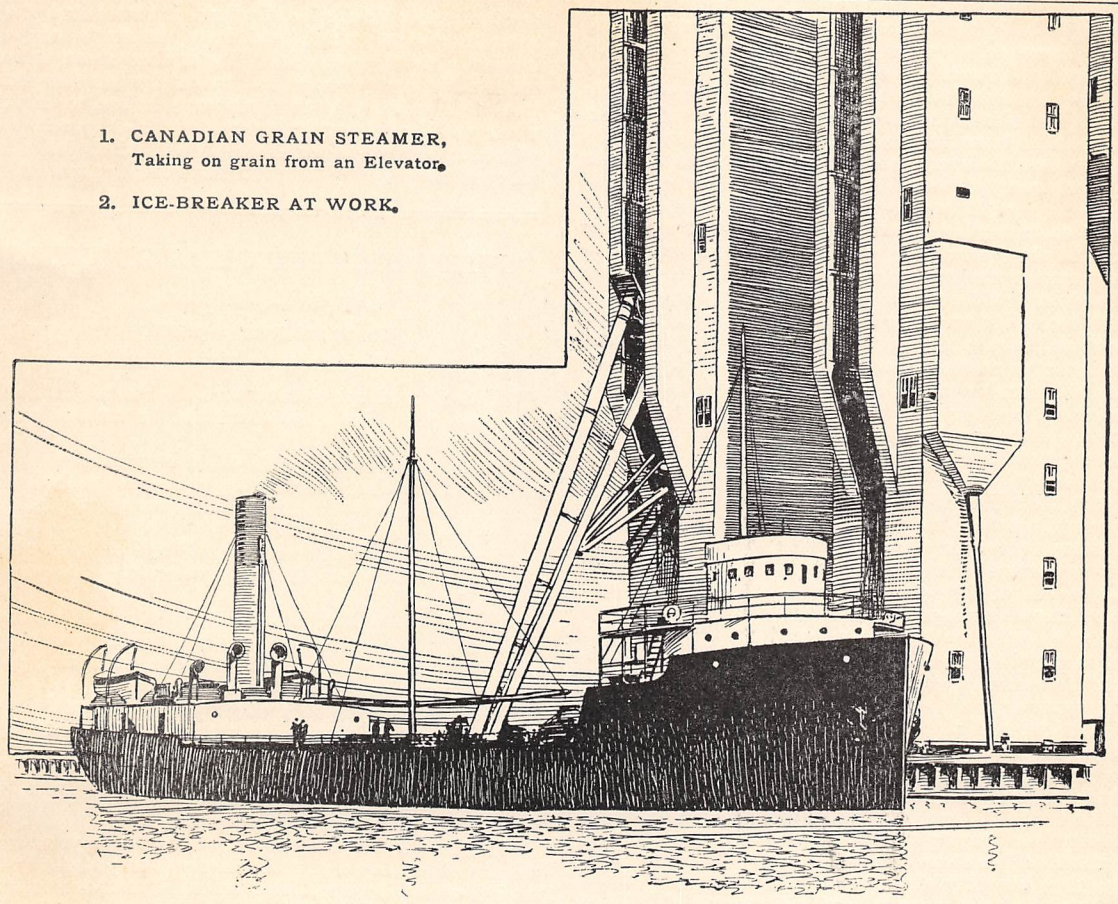


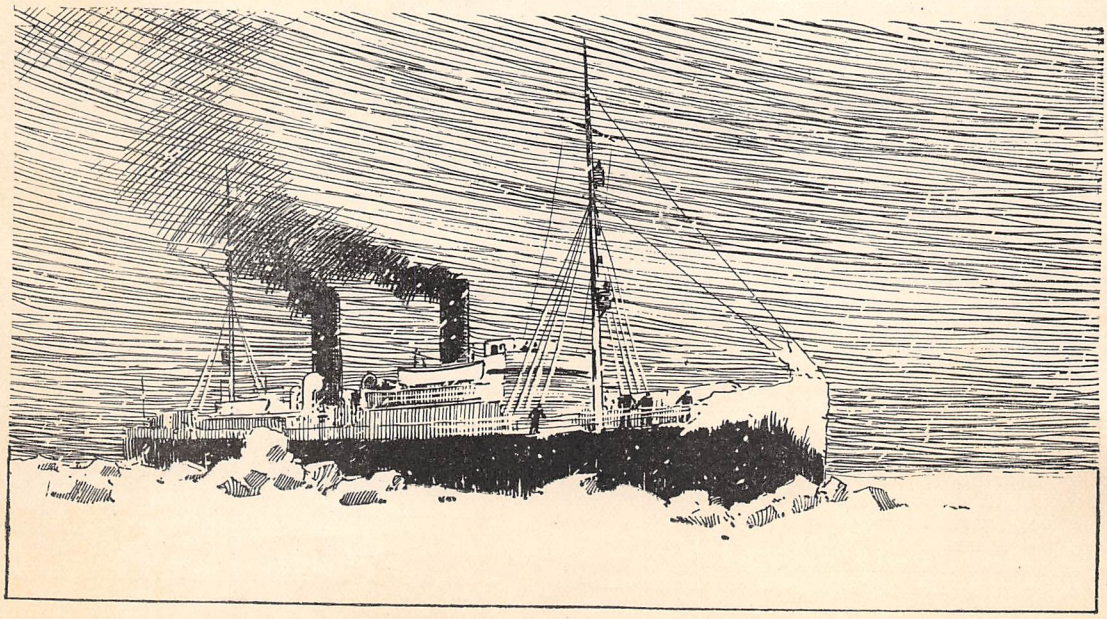
1. OIL TANKER.
2. OLD PADDLE TUG.
3. TRAIN FERRY.
4. SEA-GOING TUG.
5. SALVAGE STEAMER.

Shooting the Rapids in Japan

1. CANADIAN GRAIN STEAMER,
   Taking on grain from an Elevator.

2. ICE-BREAKER AT WORK.





strongly built, flat-bottomed boat. These are moored over the wreck, ropes are passed down and fastened to slings placed round the submerged ship by divers, and at low tide the slack rope is taken in and secured, the subsequent rise of the tide lifts both lighters and wreck, all are then towed into shallow water, or to some safe place where the wreck can be repaired. Some of these lighters carry steam-pumps, winches, and other appliances required for wreck-raising.

In some northern seas, which during the winter months are frozen over, it has been found possible to keep open a navigable channel through the ice by the use of the Ice Breaker, a steamer immensely powerful, that forces its way through the ice; or, with rounded bows and side, so that every surface she presents to the ice is that of an unbroken curve, rises slowly but easily on to the ice, breaking it down by sheer weight, thereby forcing a passage for the use of less strongly built vessels, which would otherwise remain ice-bound. The same system is also used by the large Canadian ferry steamer.

The Train Ferry, as its name indicates, is so built that it can take a train from one shore to another, when the distance is too great for a bridge to be constructed. The train runs direct from the shore on to rails fitted on to the deck of the vessel and made fast, so that, though there may be a rough sea on, the cars are perfectly snug and safe on the covered-in deck, ready to be hauled out when port is reached. Some train ferries make quite lengthy passages with regularity and comfort to their passengers.

That we are able to telegraph from one far-away country to another is due to the telegraph cables lying on the ocean-bed, joining one continent to another, and placed in position by a vessel of a very special type, the Cable Ship. When laying a cable the vessel steams slowly ahead, paying out the cable over a special contrivance on her stern. Sometimes a cable breaks, and it is then the duty of the cable ship to locate the exact place, to find the two ends, raise them, and effect the necessary repairs. To enable her to do this, she has all the necessary steam and electric machines, and carries skilled engineers and electricians. In some seas that are very susceptible to earth- or rather sea-quakes, the cables are very often damaged and broken, so that the ships are kept busy repairing. In spite of the invention of wireless telegraphy the submarine cable still holds its own, and shows no sign of becoming out of date.

The coaling of a ship is always a most important item, and, in order to save time, the old system of coaling by hand has given way to machinery. It is no longer necessary for a ship to make fast at the quayside in order to take on coal, for the fuel will be brought alongside in barges. The latest type of these is the Conveyer-Discharge Coaling Barge, a huge, flat barge, the whole of which is used for coal storage, except for the two end compartments, which are reserved for the crew and machinery. The central body is divided into compartments, each of which has hinged floors, one on each side of the middle line, these floors being raised by hydraulic power when it is desired to trim the coal into the central hoppers and thence to the endless chain of buckets. The great steel elevator carries the steam-driven chain of buckets to a height of some sixty feet above the water-line. The buckets pass under the hopper, receive their load of coal, which they carry to the top of the elevator tower, and discharge automatically into fixed shoots, whence it passes into long, movable shoots, which lead into the ship's coaling hatches. By this method, coaling is done in an extraordinarily speedy manner, and makes far less dirt than it used to when other methods were in use, when the whole vessel was usually covered in coal-dust, and the officers and crew resembled some special kind of nigger-minstrel troupe. W. Herbert Holloway.

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 275.)

CHAPTER XXII.

THIS uproarious pursuit caused the Captain to turn; and, recognising his assailants, he awaited their onslaught.

'Avaunt, pale-faced loon!' yelled Derrick, at the top of his voice; then added more politely: 'We're Red Indians on the war-trail, so you don't mind being called "pale-faced loon," do you?'

'Don't mention it, Apache dogs!' replied the object of their assault, 'but tell me, "wherefore ride ye in such guise"?'

'Oh, it's only Derrick's way of letting off steam,' explained Sybil, while her cousin added: 'We were obliged to kick up a row, in the relief of having got safely through—this morning.'

'Well, I'm very glad to hear you *have* "safely got through—this morning"; at lunch, you both looked as if you were badly up against it, this time.'

'We were.'

'Colonel's black books again?'

'Very nearly; but we were just saved.'

'Excellent! For I've some good news for you two, which might very easily be cancelled, if you got into trouble with your grandfather, before 11 a.m. to-morrow.'

'What?' inquired both children simultaneously.

'Meet of the Couple Cross Hounds.'

'*Where?*' eagerly.

'Can't remember the name of the place — Nine Oaks or Seven Cedars, or something of that sort.'

'Four Ashes, I expect you mean. But that's a good six miles away; he never said we might go, did he?

'He did; and if they find, you may follow for part of the run.'

Wild shouts of glee from both children; and Derrick testified his joy by riding upon Rollo's neck instead of his saddle, and nearly falling off when they jumped a ditch.

'But, whatever made him suddenly be so sensible?' queried Sybil—'Grandfather, I mean,' she explained, 'not Derrick. He's generally so unreasonable about long rides.'

'Captain Mitchell got round him, of course,' hazarded Derrick.

'*Did* you?' from Sybil.

'More or less, perhaps,' admitted the Captain, 'that is to say, I insinuated that by thoroughly exhausting you both to-morrow, one might be able to keep you out of mischief the next day — possibly two days.'

'Oh, Captain Mitchell!'

Sybil's voice was full of reproach, but Derrick laughed and cried gaily: —

'What *does* it matter what he said about us, so long

as he got us the hunt? *I* don't care if he said we were the two naughtiest children in England. Perhaps you did?'—to the Captain.

He shook his head. 'Far be it from me to perjure my soul to that extent,' he rejoined, but I fear, from your sentiments, Derrick, that you are born to be a casuist.'

'I'm *not!*' retorted the boy, indignantly, while Sybil inquired, 'What's that?'

'An ass of a chap who sits in a sort of cupboard-place in a shop, and makes out bills all day.'

Captain Mitchell smiled.

'What are you laughing at?' Derrick challenged him.

'Your explanation, my friend. You have merely confused a casuist with a cashier—that's all.'

'Well, there's not much difference, is there?'

'Just a little. The one is a harmless clerk, who receives and enters cash payments; the other an individual of questionable morality, whose elastic conscience permits him to wander from the truth and to adopt that most undesirable of mottoes, "The end justifies the means."'

'Well, anyhow, I'd rather be that than the clerk fellow,' maintained Derrick; then, changing the subject, 'I say, are you going to ride Phrixus to-morrow, or Rattling Jack? I'd have Rattling Jack, if I were you, if Grandfather doesn't want him. He's as good as Mahomet, any day, and goes like the wind.'

'Neither,' was the unexpected reply.

'What horse are you going to ride, then?' inquired Derrick.

'None.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean I'm not going to hunt.'

'Not going to hunt!' echoed both children. 'Oh, Captain Mitchell, why not? You must; you simply must!'

'Don't you know the reason?'

'No. *Please* tell us,' from Sybil. 'Is it your knee?'

'No, it's not my knee.'

'What, then?'

The Captain looked down into the two serious little faces upturned to his.

'You won't give me away?'

'Not we!'

'I'm afraid of jumping a hedge.'

Peals of laughter greeted this incredible statement.

'You can't deceive us as easily as that!' exclaimed Derrick.

'But what's the real reason? Do tell us,' Sybil besought him. 'At least, I mean if it isn't very inquisitive to ask,' she hastened to add.

'Merely that I shan't be here. Didn't you know I was leaving to-morrow morning?'

Whereat both children gave vent to the wildest ejaculations of disappointment and wrath.

When they had calmed down a little Derrick boldly demanded, '*Why?*'

'Well,' began the Captain, with an amused twinkle, 'when a chap's invited to spend two or three weeks with other folks, isn't it customary for him to take his departure at the end of that same period?'

'Not necessarily,' maintained Derrick; 'not unless he's sick of them.'

'Suppose they are sick of him?'

'But they're *not!*' indignantly from the children.

'How do you know?'

'How could they possibly be?' exclaimed Sybil, while Derrick shook his head gravely, saying: 'Then you must have had a row with Grandfather; I thought so!'

This time the Captain laughed outright.

'Then you thought wrong, my dear fellow,' he said.

'But if there hasn't been a row,' continued the boy, persistently, 'why can't you stay one day longer?'

'Because I've promised to go on somewhere else.'

'How horrid! Where? Couldn't you put it off for a day?'

'Impossible; there's a dance to-morrow night.'

'Do you like dancing *better than hunting?*' cried the boy, incredulously, the amazement in his voice almost verging upon scorn.

'Rather not! But I promised to be there for it long before I knew anything about the hunt. You wouldn't have me go back on my word, Derrick?'

'No, but——'

'You could stay one day longer the other end to make it up,' struck in Sybil.

'Oh, you little daughter of Eve, how dare you tempt me like this!' laughed their friend, while Derrick slapped Sybil on the back, exclaiming, 'Good idea, Bill! Forge ahead! I believe he'll give in if you do a little more tempting.'

'No, he won't,' was the Captain's verdict; but still the boy persisted.

'It couldn't really matter much about the dance, you know,' he argued, 'there are sure to be crowds of other people, and there will be less of a crush if one drops out. It's not as if it was a dinner-party and there wouldn't be anybody to take the other person in, and there might be only thirteen and one would have to dine in the servants' hall, like Grandfather made Uncle Charlie once; and——'

'Oh, Derrick,' broke in Sybil, 'how you do get things mixed up! It wasn't that at all, Captain Mitchell,' she explained. 'To begin with, it wasn't even Grandfather who gave the party; it was his Uncle Joshua (our great-great-uncle—he's dead now), and Father and Uncle Dick were staying with him, and some of the visitors were superstitious, so Father *suggested* he should have dinner in the hall. He wasn't a bit superstitious himself, but he didn't like his partner, because she had a powdered face.'

'So your father preferred to dine with the servants?' chuckled the Captain. 'Wise man!'

'Oh, but Uncle Jossie didn't let him,' continued Sybil. 'He sent for the head butler to make up the number, and then—— But never mind all that now; you *will* stay for the hunt, *won't you?*'

It went to Captain Mitchell's heart to refuse the beseeching look in the child's eyes, but he remained adamant, and conversation rather flagged in consequence.

As they neared the Park gates, Sybil heaved a deep sigh.

'Tired?' inquired the Captain.

She shook her head.

'A penny for your thoughts, then.'

'I was thinking how aggravating things are; this morning they went all wrong; then we thought they'd got right; but now they've gone all horrid again.'

'Oh, come, cheer up, old lady. You've got the hunt; what more do you want?'

'*You!*' emphatically from both children.

(*Continued on page* 290.)

"'Avaunt, pale-faced loon!' yelled Derrick."

"No sooner did he recognise her than he stopped in his mad career"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 287.)

'CAN'T we cut across the fields instead of going round by the drive?' inquired the Captain, presently. 'Surely those stubble-fields and the meadow beyond would bring us out just above the stables?'

'Yes,' said Derrick, 'we always used to go that way; but now Matterhorn's there, it isn't safe.'

'The Matterhorn!' echoed Captain Mitchell. 'Then it has somewhat changed its locality since I made acquaintance with it.'

'Changed its nature too,' laughed Derrick; 'it's not a mountain, it's a bull!'

'Yes, haven't you seen him?' asked Sybil. 'He's such a beauty. He's Myrtle's calf. Grandfather was going to sell him, but Dan'l (that's the cowman) said he was "a proper 'un for rearin'," and they showed him at the Agricultural Show in London, in November, and he got a prize. He isn't quite full-grown yet; and he isn't a *bit* fierce; I can't think what Derrick means about him not being safe.'

'What, didn't you hear that he chased the postman, one day last week?'

'Yes, but I don't believe it! Grandfather says it's all nonsense, and Matterhorn's as quiet as a lamb.'

'Well, it's jolly well not all nonsense. Joe says old Johnson had to run all he knew, and the post-bag got left in the hedge as he scrambled through and he didn't dare go back for it. So he had to fetch Dan'l to get it for him, and that's why the letters were so late.'

'Stuff!' cried Sybil; 'old Johnson was probably late getting out of bed and made up that yarn on the way up. All I know is Matterhorn was eating mangolds out of my hand the day before you come home.'

'All right, come on then!' cried Derrick, 'and if he does come for us, we'll have a bull-fight, and be toreadors!'

Their way lay along the foot of the meadow, and, when they entered it, the bull was at the top of a slope on their left, standing out against the sky-line. Sybil rode ahead, while Derrick stayed behind to shut the gate, and Captain Mitchell waited for him.

'What a fine beast he is,' he exclaimed; 'I'm going up to have a closer look at him.'

'He will save you the trouble,' said Derrick; 'we shall soon see him closer than's comfortable!'

As he spoke, the bull tossed up his head and sniffed the air, then suddenly lowered his horns and came charging down the hill.

'Look out!' cried the Captain, 'he means mischief. You kids had better bolt for the lower gate, while I keep him off with my whip.'

'No, no!' Sybil called back. 'That will only frighten him. He's quite safe, really, only perhaps he doesn't like strangers. I'll go and tell him it's all right,' and, before Captain Mitchell could stop her, the child galloped fearlessly towards the animal, calling him by name as she went.

No sooner did he recognise her voice than he stopped in his mad career; and, by the time the others overtook her, he was rubbing his great wet nose against her sleeve.

'It's all right, Matterhorn,' she was saying, softly, 'you know Derrick, and this is Captain Mitchell. Isn't he a *darling?*'

'Who?' asked Derrick, 'Captain Mitchell or Matterhorn?'

'Both,' replied Sybil, unabashed; and the bull, apparently satisfied with the introduction, submitted to the caresses of his new acquaintance.

'He's quite quiet, really, you see,' said Sybil.

'M-yes,' replied the Captain, hesitatingly, 'but he'd have gone for us chaps, if you hadn't been here. Pity you weren't at hand to retrieve the postman's bag, you little bull-charmer!'

Ten minutes later they were back at the Hall, where they were met, on the threshold, by a footman with a telegram.

'This has just come, sir,' he said, as he handed it to Captain Mitchell, 'the boy is waiting.'

The Captain glanced through it. 'All right, James, no answer,' he said; then, 'Poor little Adela, what bad luck!' he murmured.

'Has anything *else* horrid happened?' asked Sybil, anxiously. 'Oh, what is it?'

The Captain looked down at her. His voice was grave, but his eyes were laughing, as he replied briefly, 'A reprieve,' and he put the telegram into her hands.

CHAPTER XXIII.

'"Scarlet fever in house—dance postponed—don't come—Adela Mayne,"' read Derrick, over his cousin's shoulder. 'Hurrah, Bill, he'll be able to hunt, after all!' he cried, turning somersaults in his excitement; then, when he had regained his normal position, 'You *will* stay, *won't* you?'

And the Captain, with a child hanging on to each arm, expressed his hope of being able to do so.

'Do look alive, Bill!' besought Derrick, half an hour later, as he and Sybil were in the middle of schoolroom tea. 'I've asked you to pass the honey, at least four times.'

'Sorry,' said Sybil, as she handed him the pot, 'I didn't hear.'

'Have you gone suddenly deaf?'

'No; I was thinking.'

'What about?'

'That telegram. Derrick, who *is* Adela Mayne?'

'The person where there was going to be a dance, of course, duffer!'

'I know *that*; but *who* is she?'

'Do you mean who were her ancestors, or what? I'm sure *I* don't know, and what does it matter? Why are you so keen on her?'

'I'm not; I don't like her; at least, I don't think I do.'

'Then why bother about her?'

'I want to know how old she is, and why Captain Mitchell called her "poor little Adela,' and seemed so sorry that she was disappointed.'

'Oh, you're *jealous*, are you?'

'I don't know; it depends how old she is.'

'And the older she is the more jealous you'll be?'

'Certainly not. If she's grown up I shan't mind her a bit; only I don't want her to be about ten.'

'Well, she must be a jolly sight more than that, or she wouldn't have been giving a dance! Unless, of course, it was a children's party—p'raps it was.'

'Anyhow, she's a great baby, whatever age she is,'

decided Sybil, 'or she wouldn't have wasted an extra halfpenny on that telegram.'

'What do you mean?'

'I counted up the words and it came to thirteen with the address; any one who knew anything about sending telegrams would have signed it simply "Mayne."'

'So they would,' agreed Derrick, 'or simply "Adela," if they were very intimate,' he added, tauntingly.

'Pass the milk-jug,' commanded Sybil, ignoring this last remark, 'Cinders wants some more milk.'

'Perhaps they're not *very* intimate,' pursued Derrick, 'but she wanted him to know she had sent the telewag herself.' Then, after a moment's pause, 'Of course we can easily find out how intimate they are.'

'How?'

'By looking at the letters on the hall-table at half-past six. He's sure to write—polite regrets and all that, you know—and we can tell by the thickness of the letter.'

And Derrick followed up his suggestion, bursting into the schoolroom about six-thirty with, 'I told you so, Bill; he *has* written to her; and, my eye, you shou'd just see the thickness of the letter! He couldn't have had time to write all that since we got in; must have sent her his photograph as well.'

'Rubbish! I don't believe he's written to her at all; you're just making it all up to tease me.'

'I'm not. If you don't believe me, go and see for yourself.'

'Certainly not! You can go prying into other people's affairs if you like, but I've got something better to do,' and with a fine air of superiority Sybil bent over her stamp album.

Meanwhile Captain Mitchell, having gladly accepted his host's invitation to 'give us another couple of days,' tried to impress upon him the uncertain temper of his bull.

'Fine beast, I admit; a very fine beast, but hardly safe, you know, Colonel. He would have gone for us this afternoon if it hadn't been for Sybil, who——'

'Eh, what? Yes, lets himself be led by a child. Quiet as a lamb, as you say, Mitchell.'

'I beg your pardon, Colonel, but I didn't say anything of the sort. I said he seemed savage, and not safe to be kept at large. Those gates ought to be padlocked. He would have attacked Derrick and me but for Sybil, who seems to have some magic charm over him.'

'Nonsense, my dear fellow, nonsense! Merely play, I assure you. All rubbish about his attacking the postman; don't listen to such old wives' tales,' and without giving his guest time for further comment, the Tiger retreated to his den.

(*Continued on page* 302.)

THE NEW MASTER.

THE Third Form of Gainsborough College were giving their new master, Mr. Garratt, a hard time of it. Whether the former master had been too lenient, or whether the standard of the Form was low, Mr. Garratt did not know. But what he did know was that the boys of the Third Form knew far too little for their age. Consequently he set them off working harder, and that's where the trouble began.

'Oh, for old Phillipott and the easy time he gave us,' sighed Dick Osborne, a merry, curly-headed lad, as he tried to wade through his Latin translation one evening.

'Ditto, here,' answered his chum Tom.

Dick nodded his head thoughtfully, then suddenly his eyes gleamed. 'I say, you chaps,' he cried, calling the attention of the whole form, 'I've thought of a ripping trick to play on old Garratt. You know the two mice I caught and have been trying to tame! Well, I'll let them loose in his desk, and they'll have a nice meal of our exercise-books—d'ye see?'

Many boys clapped Dick on the back for his brilliant idea, and with their help before bedtime he had carefully deposited his two mice in the master's desk. They then went off to bed, chuckling at the thought of Mr. Garratt's dismay on going to his desk to-morrow.

'I only hope they'll chew my French exercise, it's nearly all blanks,' laughed Tom, as he went off to sleep.

On the next morning after breakfast the boys quickly made their way to the schoolroom, and settled down in their desks, longing for the master's entrance.

They did not have to wait long. Mr. Garratt came in and immediately went to his desk. He quickly raised the lid and put in his hand, but stopped with a short gasp as two mice jumped out and scuttled across the floor. He did not look at the mice, but drawing out a beautiful volume, bound in vellum and gold, he held it up. Many of the inside leaves were gnawed, while the leather outside was deeply scratched and ripped up.

'Boys,' he said, in a low, stern voice, 'I do not know which of you has played this absurd trick, neither do I ask. But you must know that this book the Head lent me, and I have to return it to-day.'

With that Mr. Garratt went out of the room, leaving consternation and blank looks behind him.

'You're in for it, Dick,' cried one boy. 'The next thing for you this morning will be an interview with the Head.'

Cold shivers ran down Dick's spine at this thought—an interview with the Head!

But his forebodings did not come to pass. Mr. Garratt returned, and without another word on the subject started the morning's work.

Dick spent a very uncomfortable time, and directly after dinner, as it was a half-holiday, he set off for a country walk with Tom.

'I'll put off the birching as long as possible,' laughed Dick ruefully, as he made Tom hurry in putting on his things.

Just as they were leaving the grounds Mr. Garratt appeared and called out to them. 'Dick and Tom,' he cried, 'you had better not take the short cut to-day if you're going on to the country. The Rill has been swollen by the recent rains, and the stepping-stones are nearly covered.'

The two boys lifted their caps in silence, while Tom just whispered 'Molly!'

When they were outside the gate, and also out of hearing, Tom let out his feelings. 'Fancy!' he said. 'I expect he'd like us to go round the other way—another mile or so. Catch us!'

So they took the short cut, and found Mr. Garratt was right in saying the Rill was swollen. This was a rapid stream and in places pretty deep; but in one particular part it was quite shallow and crossed by large stepping-stones. It had a very strong current, and flowing on it widened and deepened until it reached a fall; after that it flowed quietly on again. Now, as the boys came to it, the swollen stream was foaming and curling round the stones, and at times almost covering them.

(*Concluded on page* 298.)

'NAMESAKES.'

XI.—CHARLES AND CHARLOTTE.

THE name Charles—like James—seems to belong especially to the royal house of Stuart, and it, too, is a name of romance and of ill-omen, a name that brings before our eyes, as we look back through history, one tragic and wonderful picture after another.

We see King Charles I., as Vandyke shows him in his portraits, sad and stately in velvet and point lace, keeping court at Whitehall with his pretty French bride, leading his army in the stormy days of the Civil War, confronting his judges at Westminster, and bidding farewell to his children in St. James's Palace. Then, the last scene of all, we see him standing on the black-draped scaffold near Charing Cross, one cold winter morning, and giving his garter jewel to Bishop Juxon for remembrance, before he paid the penalty for all his mistakes—and for the mistakes of his ancestors, too—with his life.

Then there is Charles II., as romantic a figure although not so tragic a one, hiding from his enemies in an oak-tree, after the fight at Worcester, and escaping later in the disguise of a servant-man. He spent weary years as an exile in France then, but 1660 brings the May day of Restoration, when the king came back to his own, and all London, forgetful and fickle, flocks into the flower-strewn streets to bid him welcome.

The king is dead—long live the king! The merry monarch, who, as the unkind epitaph had it, 'never said a foolish thing—and never did a wise one,' was popular in an England that wanted to be merry again, too, after the dullness and gloom of Puritan days, for, in spite of his faults and failings, and in spite, too, of his ugly face, Charles had much of the charm of manner and demeanour that had always distinguished his family. He did not live long enough to witness the next turn of fortune's wheel, a turn—or a revolution, for the words mean the same thing after all—which sent the Royal Stuarts flying across the water, and brought first Dutch William, and later the German Georges to the English throne.

But the Stuarts, exiled as they were, still held their place in the hearts of their faithful followers, and more than fifty years after the death of Charles II. we have a new namesake landing in Scotland, gathering his armies together and posing as Prince of Wales in the old palace of Holyrood.

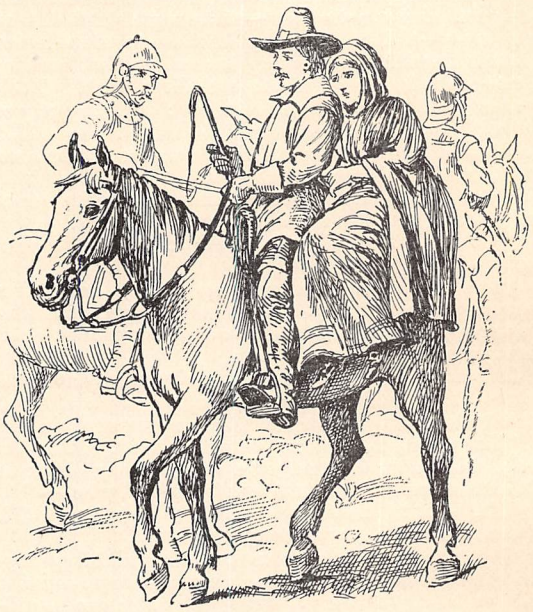
Bonnie Prince Charlie was a name to conjure with in those stirring Jacobite times, when all the pretty ladies wore white cockades and when the health of 'the king, over the water' was drunk openly and fearlessly, but the first victories of the rebel armies were followed by defeats and disasters, and then we see the popular young prince as a fugitive being guarded and hidden and helped to escape by his still loyal supporters and subjects.

It is nearly two hundred years now, since the 'Forty-five,' but up in the north the ballads are still sung that tell of Charles Stuart's hairbreadth escapes, of the enthusiasm with which he was greeted, and of the wistful longing that followed his fallen fortunes and hoped against hope for his return.

'Who would not fight for Charlie? Who would not draw the sword?' That's how one song begins, and then we have the cheerful strains of 'Charlie is my darling,' and the plaintive lament of 'Will he nae come back again?'

It is strange to see how love and loyalty for the romantic Stuarts has lingered even into our own time, and even now we have faint and rather incongruous reflections of it in churches dedicated to King Charles the Martyr, in sprigs of oak-apple worn on the 29th of May, and in the garlands and laurels with which the statue of Charles I. is decked on the anniversary of his death.

And, not only in the history of England, but in that of other lands as well, Charles has seemed, again and again, to be a name of ill-omen and tragedy. There is Charles VII. of France, for instance, inheriting a conquered kingdom and, years later, being crowned as a victor in Rheims Cathedral, with the miracle Maid of Orleans at his side.



Charles II. escaping, disguised as a serving-man (1651).

This king, however, was a crafty and treacherous man, unworthy of what might have been a splendid destiny; and another unworthy namesake is Charles XI., who ascended the French throne a century later, and whose reign is shadowed by the terrible crime of the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre.

Then later, much later in history, come three Don Carlos's, the Bourbon princes who, father, son, and grandson, in turn claimed the throne of Spain, and kept the country for years in a turmoil of warfare and intrigue, while even now we have an Emperor Karl of Austria living in exile and making fruitless attempts to win back his lost crown.

Among other famous royal namesakes are Charlemagne, King of France and Emperor of the West, whose dominions stretched from Italy to the North Sea, and whose exploits and prowess rival those of the British King Arthur himself; and there is Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, whose nickname describes his character, Charles the Great, Emperor of Austria, and, perhaps the greatest hero of all, Charles XII. of Sweden.

This last-named king came to the throne when only fifteen years old, and a regency was appointed to govern the country during his minority. The boy, however, was manly and headstrong, and insisted upon being the ruler himself without delay. It is said that,

Prince Charles Stuart as a fugitive (1745).

at his coronation, snatching the crown from the hand of the officiating bishop, he crowned himself, and he soon became one of the greatest and most powerful sovereigns in Europe.

'I am determined never to begin an unjust war and never to end a just one save with the defeat of my enemies.' Charles, we are told, said these brave words to his counsellers soon after his accession, and although he proved himself to be masterful and despotic, his reign was a time of prosperity and victory for his country.

We must look now for a patron saint, and although, of course, if we like, we can choose our own martyr king of England, I think that a better choice would be St. Charles Borromeo, the great Archbishop of Milan, who lived in the sixteenth century and was noted for his holy life and his works of charity.

There was a terrible outbreak of plague in Lombardy in the year 1575 that was said to have been brought from the East by returning pilgrims, and during its ravages St. Charles spent his time in visiting the hospitals and in going from house to house among the sick and dying. He also gave his treasures of gold and silver for the benefit of the victims of the pestilence and encouraged the frightened inhabitants of Milan by his fearlessness and devotion.

Other great namesakes who must not be forgotten are Charles, Duke of Orleans, the poet-prince, who married the little widow of King Richard II., and later, having been taken prisoner at Agincourt, spent twenty-five years in captivity; Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the second husband of Mary Tudor; Charles of Bourbon, first the friend and then the bitter enemy of King Francis I., who was killed when besieging Rome; and Charles Lord Howard of Effingham, one of the great men of Elizabeth's great reign, who, as High Admiral of England, prepared the navy for the dreaded Spanish invasion and, it is said, when the English ships were chasing the Armada, worked himself with his men and encouraged them with his cheerfulness and confidence.

Then, coming down to the nineteenth century, we have Charles Dickens, Charles Kingsley, and Charles Reade, three famous namesake authors, and Charles Gordon, the gallant defender of Khartum who, when the Soudanese rose in revolt, died rather than desert his post.

For a woman's name to-day we will take Charlotte, and with it may be bracketed Caroline, for these are both feminine forms of the name Charles.

Charlotte, Countess of Derby, shall be the first namesake on our list, and to study her life and character we must go back to the stormy days of the Civil War, when her husband, who was one of King Charles's most loyal supporters, had been obliged to go to the defence of the Isle of Man, his chief possession, and she was left at Lathom Castle, with her servants, her children, and a little garrison of Royalist soldiers.

Lord Derby had not long departed when his wife received news that Lathom might be attacked, and she at

Charlotte Brontë at work as a child.

once began to make preparations for its defence. So well did she carry these out that when Fairfax, the Roundhead General, arrived on the scene with a large force, he found that the house had been turned into a

fortress and that his summons to surrender was met with refusal and defiance.

Fairfax, however, was determined to capture the place, and his troops were soon entrenched around it. Then began a siege that lasted for three months, and, through it all, the brave Charlotte ruled her household and her little army with the utmost wisdom and bravery.

Sallies were made and attacks were repulsed, on one occasion a shell being actually thrown into the room where the Countess and her children were at dinner, but the courage of the defenders never failed, and although at last food and ammunition were almost exhausted, the enemy was still kept at bay.

At the end of May Prince Rupert was ordered to march to the relief of Lathom, and on the 27th of the month the siege was raised.

This gallant lady, Charlotte Stanley, was a Frenchwoman, related both to the King of France and to the Prince of Orange, and in France we will find our next namesake, the beautiful Charlotte de Montmorency, who married the Prince de Condé and held a high place at the court of King Henry IV. Still another French Charlotte was the brave and fanatical girl who assassinated the wicked Marat, believing that it was her mission to rid her country of a bloodthirsty tyrant.

Poor Charlotte Corday—however much we hate her deed, we cannot forget her courage, and when she had been tried and sentenced to death, she went to the scaffold as calmly and as dauntlessly as did any of the other unfortunate victims of the French Revolution.

Our royal namesakes, the Charlottes and Carolines of English history, seem, in a measure, to have shared the ill-luck that haunted the Charles's, for Queen Caroline of Anspach and Queen Caroline of Brunswick were alike cruelly ill-treated by their husbands and led most unhappy lives; while Princess Charlotte, the only daughter of George IV. and heiress to the throne, died when she was only twenty-two years old.

Princess Charlotte was very popular and would, most likely, have become a good and wise queen, but she was something of a tomboy, besides being very hot-tempered, and many are the amusing stories told of her scrapes and escapades.

On one occasion, it is said, she snatched off her tutor's wig, and another time she flung a beautiful shawl into the fire because she was ordered to thank Queen Charlotte, her grandmother, who had presented it to her, and whom she detested, for the gift.

Our last namesake to-day, and perhaps one of the most interesting of all, is Charlotte Brontë, the wonderful writer, whose novel, *Jane Eyre*, was published in 1847 and made her name famous.

In the first half of the nineteenth century women novelists were not nearly so common as they are now, but Charlotte Brontë—or 'Currer Bell,' as she called herself at first—would have been recognised as a genius in any age, and all the little girl writers who, now-a-days scribble verses or win prizes with their stories and essays in children's magazines can take her as their especial namesake and example. We see little Charlotte first in her bleak Yorkshire home, learning her lessons and writing ambitious plays in which such heroes as Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, and Julius Cæsar figured.

Charlotte acted in these plays herself, together with her brother and sisters—who were as clever as she was—and also wrote stories and verses and articles of all sorts for the magazines that were neatly copied out in the chilly upstairs room at Haworth Parsonage that was called the 'Children's Study.'

There is a catalogue, written by herself, of Charlotte Brontë's literary works up to August, 1830, and it shows how clever and how industrious the little girl of fourteen must have been. A. A. M.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

'DON'T you trespass in our larder,'
Said a fieldfare to a thrush,
'For this is our "Tom Tiddler's Ground,"
This berried holly-bush;
You may perch upon its branches
When there's nothing left but leaves,
But now 'tis private property,
And "closed" to poaching thieves,
There are crumbs beneath the window—
For the children make a fuss
Of you and Robin Redbreast, but
They pay no heed to us;
So—impudent intruder—fly
And eat your breakfast there;
This holly's private property;
Stop thief! No thoroughfare!'

THE CHANGING WORLD.

I.—LITTLE THINGS.

DO you realise that the surface of the earth is always changing—even in towns and in quiet places where everything seems to have settled into peace long ago? There are many reasons for the constant changes.

If you watch a ruinous building for some weeks, you will see some of the simpler changes. First of all you will notice that the wind and the rain and the sun between them are always making slight changes in all materials. Rust accumulates, the surface is blown or washed away; as it falls or decays it involves other parts in decay.

Then after a ruin has been desolate for some time plants appear—valerian, snapdragon, grasses of all kinds. They cling to a loose bit of mortar or brick or in a dusty crevice. Their seeds are blown by the wind or dropped by careless birds; and once they take root in any sort of soil, however light, they increase and multiply. They act, too, as a kind of 'dam' to retain dust which blows or drifts up against their stalks; and so they gradually form little islands of earth.

When that happens, insects quickly find it out—tiny beetles, for instance, which turn the soil and keep it fresh, and so give the plants new strength. And if the place you are watching is in the open country, instead of being a town ruin, there are even more living creatures to carry on the work of earth-building: moles, for instance, and rabbits, mice, hedgehogs, rats, larger beetles, and above all, the never-resting earthworm. Birds, again, not only drop seeds, but in their nesting operations carry twigs and moss and wool and grass about, and leave them in casual places to attract more dust: they leave also their old nests, and a well-built nest, after a year's decay, will often be almost as solid as a hedgehog.

'Dust' (but 'dust' means all sorts of valuable

chemical products—like carbon—in the form of very fine particles) seems to be the chief thing in all this world-building. Now (without going into full details) dust can accumulate in three chief ways. It can be simply the fine grit worn off other parts of the world's surface and blown through the air by the wind. It can be the infinitely fine particles of all kinds that are contained in more or less degree in all our atmosphere. This may drift gently down like a kind of snow, or it may be 'deposited' by rain. Rain-water is 'dirty': the moisture soaks up the particles through which it passes and carries them to the ground. If you leave a saucer out in wet weather, you will find that it very soon contains not only water, but a thin sediment of 'mud'—wet dust.

And there is a still more wonderful kind of 'dust'—'cosmic' dust: grains from other worlds, infinitely tiny meteoric particles that have flown through space from other parts of the universe.

That is the way in which the *smaller* part of the process of world-building is always being carried out.

(*Concluded on page* 307.)

SERVICE.

THE air is all the sweeter
For the scent of every flower,
Be it violet in the hedgerow,
Or rose within the Bower.
And bloom it all through Spring-time,
Or wither in an hour,
The air is all the sweeter
For the scent of ever Flower.

The world is all the brighter
For every beam of light,
That leaves the sky at morning
And steals back home at night
And gleam it in the rainbow,
Or on the Flower alight,
The world is all the brighter
For every beam of light.

And Life is all the richer
For each good deed you do,
Be it some simple act of love,
Or tender word and true.
And seem it but a little,
A trifling thing to you,
Yet life is all the richer
For each good deed you do.

FRANK ELLIS.

IN HONOUR OF BABY.

A QUAINT custom still exists in some parts of Holland.

A house in which a baby has been born is accounted sacred, and the birth is often advertised to outsiders by means of a certain sign. In the case of poor folk, this may be merely a piece of cloth—red for a boy, white for a girl—fastened to the door-handle or placed in some other convenient position. Wealthier people prefer something more elaborate, and display a 'kramm-klapper,' which is an oblong board covered with red cloth. White paper worked in, so that the background is red and white, signifies the birth of a girl; a background all red means the birth of a boy.

TRAINING OYSTERS.

MR. STANLEY GARDINER, Professor of Zoology at Cambridge, has discovered how oysters may be trained to keep their shells shut.

'What is the use of that?' you say.

So long as the shells remain closed and do not lose their shell-water, the oysters are good to eat, and safe against infection. Professor Gardiner found that by alternately drying off oysters and putting them back on their beds for a day or two they can be trained to keep their shells closed.

After being thus treated at Helford, many oysters were sent to the Grand Fleet and to the Western Front. Upon one ocasion, seventy-two out of one hundred retained their shell-water for ten days after their dispatch from Cornwall.

It would be a good thing if some human creatures could be trained to open their *mouths* less often than they do.

A KINDLY HOST.

NOT long ago a restaurant-keeper, who used to give away his surplus victuals to poor children—who came to his restaurant in numbers after it was shut, with bags and baskets for their booty—noticed that the little crowd, which had often been unruly, had suddenly taken to behaving in a very quiet and orderly manner.

He asked the reason. 'Please, sir, it's Billy Jones,' said one, pointing to a lively boy of about fifteen.

He gradually got hold of the story. Billy Jones found that one boy, very much underfed, and in a poor state of health, though he came early enough could not keep his place in the 'queue,' but got elbowed out, and often forced to go without his portion of food, because there was not always enough for all of them. It cost him a good deal of argument and one fight; but Billy Jones was a resolute lad, and he forced his companions to set up a proper routine, with fair favour for all comers. He even got hold of some scraps of paper and made out a ticket system, so that early arrivals should not be done out of their reward.

The host was so pleased that he set to work to help Billy. After some trouble he found a place for him as errand-boy with a friend of his.

There is a sequel. Master Jones was grateful. He knew he could not really repay his kind helper in a very definite way. But he thought of a way, as he believed, to do him a good turn. He gave the host his own custom! On the day, each week, when he drew his wages, he would bring a friend to tea, and pay for it manfully.

The host noticed this, with amusement and pleasure. So did another customer, but not so happily. He thought these rough boys should not be allowed in a restaurant of such standing (the place had a good general custom, in reality, among all sorts of people, but this was one of those men who are not content to live and let live). He went to the host and said, angrily, that he was unwilling to meet such customers in a restaurant *he* frequented, and would withdraw his patronage.

'Bestow it where you please,' said the host. 'Those are my most honoured customers. They have helped one another, and I have helped them, and they are trying to help me.'

"Those are my most honoured customers."

"A flame caught her dress, and ran up it like lightning."

MARTYRS TO SCIENCE.

JACK HARRISON certainly thought it hard that he should not be allowed to make experiments in the small laboratory their father had given them unless his elder sister Ruth was present. But Professor Harrison, while he wished his children to inherit his scientific tastes—he was a very distinguished professor of chemistry, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the recipient of many honours from Universities and learned societies—knew how dangerous it might be to let an ignorant person handle even harmless chemicals.

Ruth was over fifteen, Jack just under fourteen. He was head of his preparatory school, and could not see why he, who was so important at *his* school, could not be trusted as much as Ruth, who was only one of the younger girls at Sampford High School. He did not realise the difference between a little knowledge of an elementary kind and the beginning of real knowledge of a higher kind. He was not merely grateful to his father for the well-equipped little laboratory he had given them as a joint birthday present; he was really keen on science, and wanted to make full and constant use of the gift.

So when Ruth brought three of her friends in, when he was 'pottering about' and labelling some of the jars of chemicals—he was allowed to do that much alone, though Ruth and Professor Harrison both checked his labels before the products might be used—he felt jealous, and even angry. He watched Ruth's very simple experiments—oxidising silver coins, giving slight electric shocks, and so on—which he knew *he* could do; and he longed to interfere in the entertainment.

'Now I will do something with sulphur,' said Ruth. 'Where's the sulphur jar, Jack? I thought I had it here.'

'I know where it is,' he said. He was going to show that he *could* do things 'on his own.'

He produced the jar proudly. He did not say that he had only just labelled it, and that neither Ruth nor the Professor had seen the label. He did not know, either, that he had wrongly put potassium in the jar.

'I will put this lump into water,' said Ruth, bending over a saucer of water and dipping her hand into the jar, 'and then——' Then, as she dropped the lump into the water, a flame leapt up, caught her thin dress, and ran up it like lightning.

Jack was at least ready-witted. He tore off his coat and crushed the flames out, just as Professor Harrison, hearing the cries of Ruth's friends, came in from the adjoining room.

He attended to Ruth. She was little hurt. Then he turned to Jack. 'Do you know anything about it?' he asked him.

'I did it,' said Jack, honestly, and he told what had happened, up to the accident.

'You have disobeyed my orders,' said the Professor, sternly. 'I must—but what are you doing to your hands?' he broke off as Jack crushed a handkerchief between his fingers, as if to stop a feeling of pain.

'They—they're burnt!'

It was not long before the Professor heard the rest of the story. 'My boy,' he said, 'you deserve punishment for disobedience; remember science is a stern mistress and punishes carelessness relentlessly. But you showed fine presence of mind. I think I can say you are *both* martyrs to science.'

SUNSHINE LAND.

BY the way the Sunbeams go
When the Western sun sinks low,
Up in Cloudland, high and higher,
Where the Skylark's pinions tire.
Up, still upward, through the blue
Higher than tree ever grew,
Where no travellers ever stand,
That's the way to Sunshine Land.

Cheery greetings, pleasant words,
Voice as happy as a bird's,
Ready hands and willing feet,
Doing daily service sweet.
In the school or in the home,
Bringing gladness where you come,
Doing what lies near at hand,
That's the way to Sunshine Land.

FRANK ELLIS.

THE NEW MASTER.

(*Concluded from page* 291.)

BUT this did not deter the boys. Tom, being the eldest, went first, and with six large slippery strides had reached the other side.

'I beat you by doing it in five,' cried Dick merrily, as he recklessly took a leap landing him on the third stone. Another one he leaped, but this time the stone he landed on was slimy, and with a little scream he fell into the stream. Laughing, he tried to wade across, but found to his amazement that the stream, though shallow, carried him off his feet. Though he recovered them again and again he could not keep them, but was alternately up and down, driven along floundering all the time. Tom ran alongside holding out his hand, but Dick was too far away—the stream deepened and the current grew stronger, and at last Dick lost his feet altogether and was borne powerless along. In desperation Tom prepared to jump in, but Dick shouted him back.

'Don't get in!' he shouted. 'You're not big enough to help me.'

Just then they heard a loud shout in the direction from which they had come, and saw Mr. Garratt racing towards them. He reached the bank, and without a moment's hesitation plunged in; with one swift stroke he reached the boy and put a strong arm round him, then he lashed out with the other across the stream.

But now the current had become so powerful that they made far more headway to destruction than they did across the stream. The fall roared nearer and nearer, while the stream pulled them to it with iron force. Now they were close on it. A drooping willow bough gave them one chance and the master took it. He grasped the bough with his right hand, still clutching Dick with his left. With almost superhuman strength he pulled himself up till they were half out of the water.

'Now, Dick,' he gasped, 'put your arms round my neck; climb across me, and reach hold of the bough.'

Dick did so and gradually made his way along the bough till he reached the bank. Here he clutched hold of the long grasses and was soon standing on *terra firma*, and within a minute Mr. Garratt was by his side.

They raced across the fields, and very soon Dick was scrubbed down and in the sick dormitory waiting for a bad cold to appear.

* * * *

It was late in the evening when the door of Mr. Garratt's study opened, and a little figure in pyjamas made its appearance. Mr. Garratt looked round in surprise. 'What are you doing out of bed, Dick?' he asked.

Dick went very red and hung his head. 'P—please, sir,' he got out at length, 'I want to thank you most awfully for rescuing me. And I—I put those mice in your desk.'

There was silence for a while, then Dick looked curiously up. Mr. Garratt was smiling down at him!

'Oh!' gasped Dick, and looked more ashamed of himself than ever.

'I guessed as much,' said Mr. Garratt at last. 'But we won't say anything more about that. What I am anxious about now is that you get back to bed as quickly as possible. Run along, now, and good night.'

Dick fumbled with the door-handle as he went out. 'What a brick!' he muttered all the way upstairs. But instead of obeying Mr. Garratt he went to his old dormitory and there delivered to the inmates a sermon on the 'topholeness' and 'brickiness' of the new master.

'Oh, yes,' said one of the boys, when Dick had finished and was just going out. 'Have you heard that old Garratt never told the Head that we put mice in his desk, but got blamed for the damage himself?'

'No—did he really?' cried Dick, springing in again. 'Well—just you look here. If any one of you dares cheek or play a trick on old Garratt again, I—I'll punch his head—so there!'

Then with a lightened conscience Dick made his way back to the sick dormitory, and was soon fast asleep.

C. Field.

WINTER.

Do you know Jack Frost,
Have you met him?
He loves little maids and men,
But, lest his wee friends
Should forget him.
He pinches them now and then!

'Heigh-ho!' he will shout,
'Summer's ended;
Away to the South I'll go.'
His silvery way
He has wended,
Old winter is here,
Heigh-ho!

THE WATER-CART.

A SCOTCH lady, who had long lived in retirement, came to Edinburgh for the first time for many years. In Princes Street she saw what she had never seen before—a water-cart. Completely ignorant of its purpose, she told the driver that he was *spilling all the water!*

DON'T BE A BARNACLE.

THE barnacle in its lively youth is able to swim. Later on, it fastens its head to a piece of wood, and thenceforth lives in laziness. For lack of use the organs of sight and locomotion wither away. The creature uses its legs, certainly, but only for the purpose of conveying food to its mouth (which is also its stomach). A well-known naturalist says that it is like a man standing on his head and kicking food into his mouth.

There are human barnacles, many bright, lively children who grow up (or rather, *down*) into dull, lazy men and women. And it is not only themselves who suffer; these lazy people do harm to others, as barnacles do to ships. Sometimes it seems really a pity that kittens grow into cats and boys into men. But we *ought* to grow better, not worse, as we grow older. It is only by using our faculties that we can preserve them. So don't be lazy; don't shirk effort; *don't be a barnacle!*

THE ROMANCE OF SHIP-BUILDING.

XII.—SPECIAL SHIPS FOR SPECIAL USES

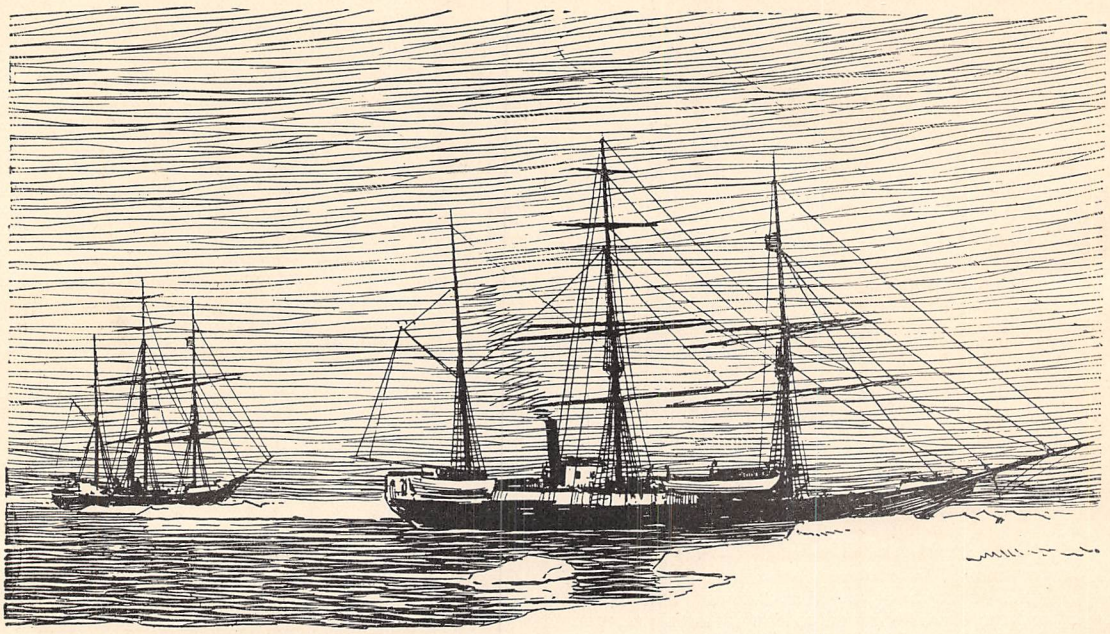
(continued).

OFTEN the mouth of a river is too shallow to allow large vessels to pass in safety, or the entrance to a port may, owing to the action of the sea, become silted up. Occasionally, a river itself may need deepening, in order to make it safe for traffic. It is for this purpose that the *Dredger* was invented. The first dredger consisted of a flat-bottomed boat which carried a large bucket fixed on the end of a spar, the bucket being lowered and raised again when full, the sand or mud it contained being tipped into the hold of the boat. Great improvements have been made since this early type, and the *Steam Hopper-dredger* is quite a large vessel. The large single hold is placed amidships and is framed internally to carry a number of hinged doors opening downwards, for discharging the spoil. A strong arched middle-line girder connects the upper end of the hopper, and carries the fair-leads for the lift chains to the hopper doors. Special steam windlasses are used for working the doors, each pair of the latter having a special winding drum.

The buckets are affixed to an endless chain, carried over a tumbler, or drum, at the top. The returning buckets empty their contents into the hold or hopper. By releasing the chains attached to the windlasses, the doors along the bottom open, and the contents of the hopper are deposited in the position selected, usually some distance out at sea. Side-shoots are also arranged so that the spoil may be delivered into barges lying alongside, when desired, as is often the case when the dumping-ground is at a considerable distance from the place where dredging operations are being carried out. These hopper-barges, when filled, are taken in tow by a tug which steams away to the dumping-ground.

By using hopper-barges, the dredger itself is enabled to remain on the scene of operations, and the dredging machinery kept at work for the maximum number of hours. For continuous and extensive operations large *Steam Hopper-barges* are used, which, though called 'barges,' are really vessels of good speed and sea-going qualities.

In places where the bottom of sea or estuary that is to be removed consists of sand, a *Suction-pump Hopper-*



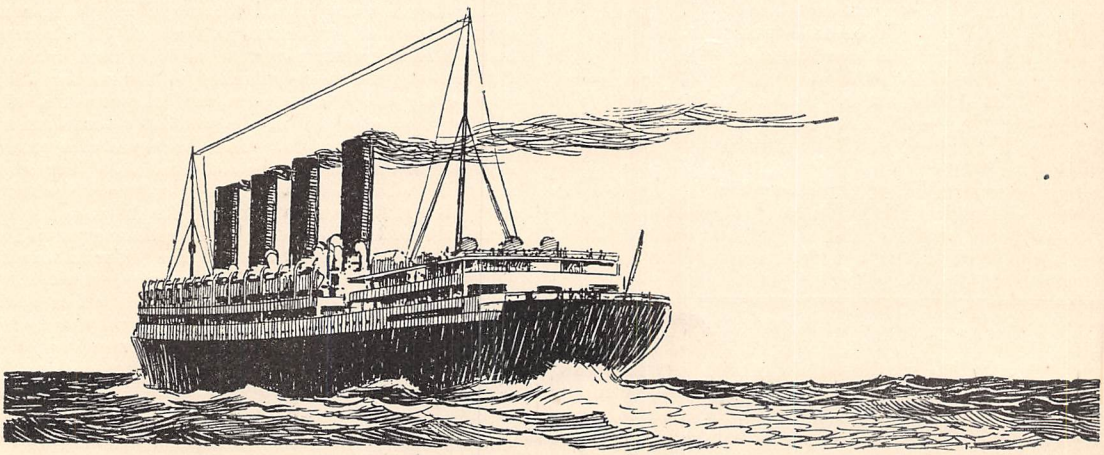
WHALERS IN THE FAR NORTH.

dredger is used. This vessel, instead of carrying buckets, is fitted with one or more suction pipes, with flexible joints. These pipes are connected with the dredger pump, and are capable of lifting hundreds of tons per hour.

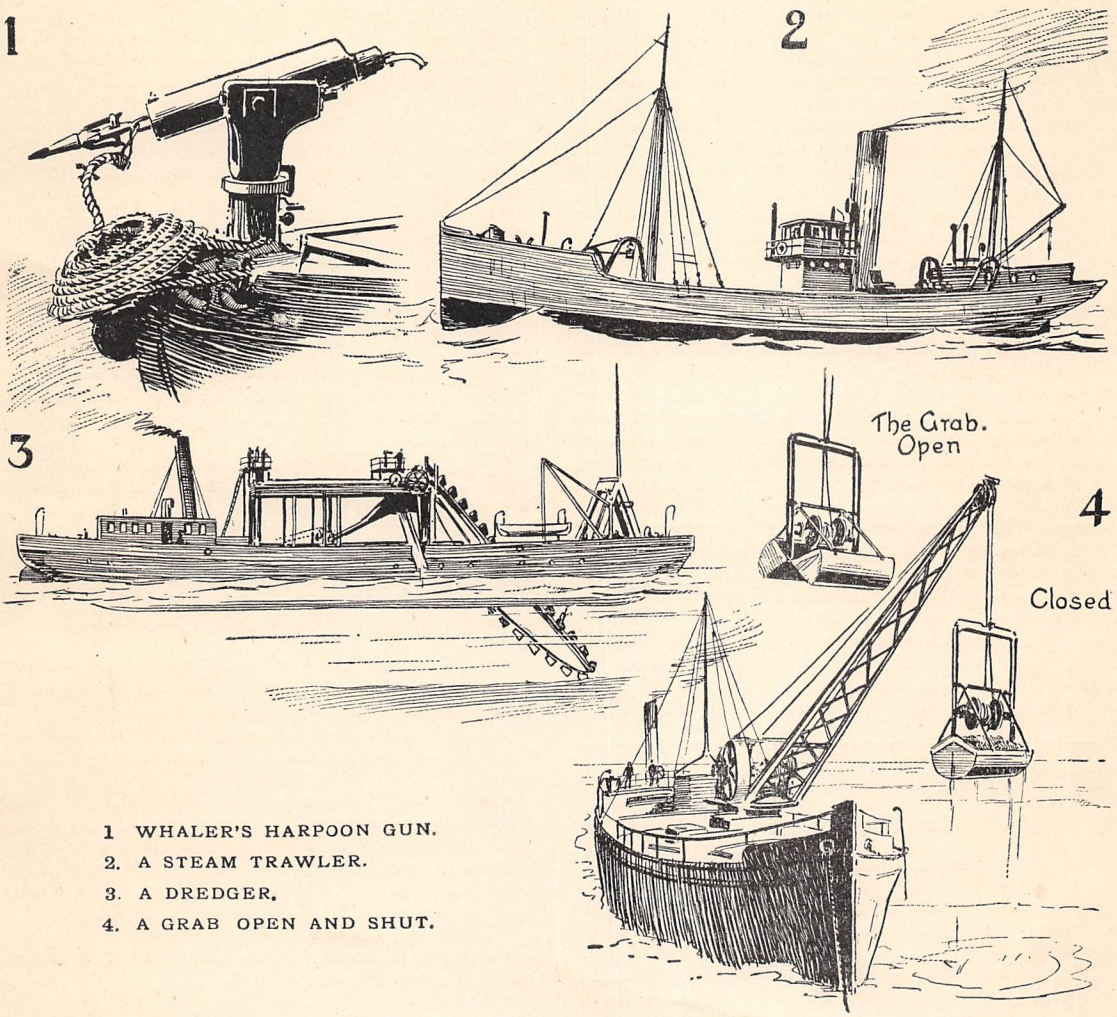
On arriving on the scene of operations, it is usual to drop an anchor, and pay out chain cable, so as to allow the dredger to drift with the wind or current. The pipes are lowered, and, as soon as the vessel is steady, pumping is commenced, either by sucking a huge hole in the sand, which is filled up again by the action of the sea, or by dredging evenly over a larger surface.

Another most peculiar-looking craft is the *Grab*, which carries amidship a large erection similar to a crane, from which the grab is lowered and raised. This grab is a large metal contrivance with two sides, which are opened when lowered to the sand; they are then closed by steel cables working on a drum, and in the action of closing, grab a load of sand and water, the latter pouring out as it is raised.

Often around our coasts we can see the *Trawlers* busily engaged in reaping the sea's rich harvest, their holds full of glittering, shimmering fish. The steam trawler is a sturdy sea-boat, usually high in the bows, with bridge and funnel well aft, and can stand a deal of buffeting. Some of the most modern trawlers are worked by a motor instead of by steam. In order to avoid delay in getting the fish to market, the *Fish-carrier* was introduced. This is a fast-steaming vessel which



AN ATLANTIC LINER AT FULL SPEED



1 WHALER'S HARPOON GUN.
2. A STEAM TRAWLER.
3. A DREDGER.
4. A GRAB OPEN AND SHUT.

goes round the fishing fleet, collects the catch from each vessel, and then rapidly makes for port, the fish arriving promptly and fresh.

Whalers, larger than trawlers, are heavily built vessels that venture far away to the cold north seas in search of whales.

The old sailing whaler is nearly extinct, the modern vessel being either steam-propelled, or having, at any rate, steam as an auxiliary. The whaler is perhaps the most unpopular vessel amongst seafaring men. The work is arduous and the weather often terrible and the dangers many. The whaler now relies on a harpoon-gun, instead of the old-fashioned harpooner, who, standing in the bow of a small boat, would hurl his harpoon with unerring aim at the unsuspecting whale. In early whaling day the danger was greater than now, for often enough the whale, with a blow from its powerful tail, would smash the small rowing-boat to matchwood. Sometimes, also, when a fog came on, or a sudden storm arose, one of the boats, far from the whaler, would fail to find her way back, never again to be seen or heard of. The present-day method is to steam as near to the whale as possible, and fire the gun from the safety of the deck.

Now and again, down at the docks, one may come across a vessel about to leave for Arctic exploration and adventure. This is usually a converted whaler, with sails and steam, and specially strengthened to withstand the terrible pressure of the ice, that she will have to endure when she ventures far away into the unknown.

The coal trade is one of the most important of this country, thousands upon thousands of tons leaving our ports yearly to every part of the world. Ships of every description carry a cargo of coal, and the *Steam Collier* has little to distinguish her from the many tramps that roam the world, except perhaps coal-dust and dirt, for she is not often spick and span, being more useful than ornamental, but, like the tramp, is indispensable, and is found in every port, in every sea, one of our most useful assets.

It is not possible to describe the many and various

Liners in detail, for these are so many the world over, a link between port and port, continent and continent, from the small vessels in the China Seas, and other far-away waters, to the mammoth liners that rush at high speed across the Atlantic, vessels equipped with every conceivable luxury and comfort, for the modern passenger giant grows steadily more and more like a huge floating hotel, and besides a large crew will carry several thousand passengers. Saloons, palm-gardens, *café*, swimming-bath, gymnasium, barber's and other shops, a daily newspaper, the news coming by wireless. It is in fact difficult, when sitting in one of the great saloons, listening to the orchestra, to believe that one is hundreds of miles away from land, and not safe at home in a big town. Even the youngsters are not forgotten, for they have their own quarters, even to a playground, with real sand to build castles with. Yes, nowadays the journey at sea in a liner is as safe, and much more comfortable, than a journey on shore, and these great vessels are a tribute to the skill of the ship designers and builders who have laboured unceasingly to produce these splendid ships, worthy of a seafaring people, and a testimony to the romance of ship-building.

In war-time liners are often used as transports for troops, also converted into hospital-ships, complete with wards and operating-rooms, doctors and nurses, and every possible comfort for the sick and wounded. These hospital-ships always have a large red cross painted on their hull, so that they may be recognised from afar, and not interfered with or fired on by the enemy, as all really civilised nations always repect the red cross and spare the wounded. W. Herbert Holloway.

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 291.)

THE morrow broke fair and bright, and after a substantial breakfast the Colonel and his party set off for the Meet.

Who can describe the pleasures of a hunt? Derrick and Sybil, glowing with pleasure, enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent. After a fine run, however, the fox went to earth, and the Master decided to draw again. It was already half-past two, and as they were some eight or nine miles from Limborough, the Colonel decreed that the children must return home.

'Can you find your way back by yourselves, I wonder?' he inquired.

'Yes, rather, Grandfather; do let us.'

'H'm,' with a glance at their flushed cheeks and dancing eyes. 'No, you're too excited; you'll be getting into mischief. I'd better send Dick with you.'

'I'll take charge of them,' said Captain Mitchell, joining the little group. 'My knee's had about as much as it will stand; a slow jog home is all it's fit for.'

'Very good of you, I'm sure, Mitchell. Then I'll leave them in your charge, but I'm sorry about your knee,' and the Colonel departed.

After they had ridden for some time and discussed at length every incident of the hunt, they arrived at four cross-roads.

'Now then, Derrick, which way?' the Captain challenged him.

'To the left, I think,' was the reply; 'we ought, by rights, to be able to see Dunsford Towers from here; but it's so misty there's no view,' for the sunshine of the morning had quite passed away, and a damp sea-mist was fast replacing it.

'Oh no, Derrick,' said Sybil, 'I'm sure it's straight on.'

'It can't be,' argued her cousin, 'because the sign-post says to the left for Hawkbottom, and I know we have to go through there.'

'How do you know?'

'Because Mahomet cast a shoe last holiday, the day Dick rode him to Berkeley Woods, and Grandfather said Hawkbottom Smithy would have been nearly as close as the one he went to, and all on the way home.'

'And where are Berkeley Woods?' inquired Captain Mitchell.

'Just beyond the field where the fox ran to earth.'

'Well, you may be right; of course, I don't know the country, but I should have said your road would take us too far west.'

'If we go Sybil's way we shall get to Meldon, and that's ever so far from home. Besides, Dutton Park lies between Hawkbottom and Limborough, and we can get a decent gallop there.'

'What a long way off Hawkbottom is,' remarked Sybil, after they had been riding for another half-hour.

'Yes, I wish they'd put the number of miles on those rotten sign-posts; I'm getting jolly hungry,' said Derrick.

'Keep up your spirits, old man,' urged the Captain. 'I see some cottages ahead, and I shouldn't wonder if the village is just round the bend.'

He proved to be right; and, in the village street, they met an old cowman, of whom they inquired the way.

'Limboro'?' he repeated, 'Limboro' did you say? But you're a-coming all the wrong way to get there. Limboro' is t'other side of Dunsford, Limboro' is.'

'But it can't be,' argued Derrick, 'because Hawkbottom's between Berkeley Woods and Dutton, and that's not very far from Limborough.'

The old man shook his head.

'Well, then, this can't be Hawkbottom!' Derrick came to the conclusion.

'But it is Hawkbottom, I tell 'ee,' maintained their informant, 'and Hawkbottom isn't anywhere nigh to Dutton; an' that's a' aboot it.' Then turning to Captain Mitchell, 'Young Sir is a-thinkin' o' Hawk*witham*, he is,' he added.

'Oh, bother!' cried Derrick, vexatiously (he was very hungry); 'well, there shouldn't be so many hawks!'

'Never mind the number of hawks,' laughed Captain Mitchell, 'but let us inquire into the number of hawks' eggs! That is to say, the number of eggs that can be produced by Hawkbottom, in a given time. Personally, I feel as if I should like the number to be "produced ever so far both ways," like the line in Euclid's second postulate. In other words, I see an inn yonder, an I mistake not; if it can raise a feed for our horses, what do you say to tea and ham and eggs for ourselves?'

'Rather!' cried Sybil.

'Rather!' repeated Derrick, 'lots of eggs!'

'Masses of eggs!' echoed the Captain, 'masses of eggs and bacon!'

Ten minutes later he was giving the order.

'Tea for three, did you say, sir?' smiled the inn-keeper's rosy daughter.

'No, indeed, my child,' he hastened to correct her, 'I feel sure I said nothing of the sort; tea for thirty would be nearer the mark,' whereat the damsel's china-blue orbs extended visibly.

'Don't take me too literally,' amended the Captain. 'I merely wish to imply that we are hungry and do not desire our order for eggs to be limited to the customary "one per head."'

The rosy-faced one looked relieved, and withdrew, after ushering her guests into a small coffee-room, redolent with the fumes of a somewhat smoky wood fire.

However, while the 'masses of eggs and bacon' were being subjected to the culinary art, an old pair of bellows, with a hole in it, discovered by Derrick and temporarily repaired by the Captain, proved an excellent diversion, in addition to Wellington College reminiscences of an earlier date than those of Dick.

'I'll bet Rollo and Midnight are fairly tucking into those oats,' reflected Derrick, as he fanned the fitful flame. 'It must be rather nice to be a pony and not have to wait till your grub gets cooked.'

'Bear up, old man,' laughed the Captain, 'and pull in your belt. I can smell the bacon frying; it can't be long now.'

'Who's going to pour out? Will Bill have to? She doesn't generally (she's so bad at it), but I suppose you'll make her to-day?'

'She shall do exactly as she likes.'

'I'm afraid I'm not very first-class at it; but then, Derrick's so fussy.'

'Well, she *will* pour it out so boiling hot.'

'Since it is customary to make tea with boiling water, that is hardly to be wondered at.'

'But she could cool it down, if she'd take the trouble; it's quite easy; you've only got to add lots of milk and——'

'Heaps of sugar,' suggested the Captain, whereupon Derrick exclaimed: 'Why shouldn't *you* pour it out?' What a ripping idea.'

'On the contrary, you could not have hit upon a more impracticable one. You don't know what undesirable situations arise if ever it's my fate to get mixed up with a teapot.'

'What sort? Do tell us,' urged Sybil.

'Well,' complied the accommodating Captain, with Sybil on his knee, and Derrick perched on the back of his chair, alternately tickling his hair and blowing a cooling draught down the back of his neck with the bellows, 'well, the first thing that invariably happens is that the lid of the teapot tumbles into the cup.'

'That sometimes happens with me, too,' Derrick admitted.

'Then the milk goes in with such a dollop that it takes up far more room than it's supposed to—and half fills the saucer as well as the cup.'

'And then?'

'And then lumps of sugar precipitate themselves with so much energy into the cup that the contents of the same must perforce rise Heavenwards, like the spray from a miniature fountain. Next, when the liquid has more or less regained a rational condition of equilibrium, the table gives a great jerk.'

'That's if Derrick's anywhere about,' interpolated Sybil.

'No; oh no,' pursued their informant, with a faint sigh of mock resignation; if Derrick were in New Zealand, the table would jerk just the same; tables *always* jerk when I'm doomed to grapple with teapots; and then—well, then there isn't a clean table-cloth. Sybil's methods are far superior. At any rate they were when she poured out my tea, the other day.'

'But they're not nearly so exciting, decided Sybil, regretfully.

'So much the better. I forgot to say that I begin, as a rule, by sitting upon the tea-cosy—there's never anywhere to put it.'

'There's one's head or the coal-box,' struck in Derrick.

'And end by filling up the pot with milk instead of hot water.'

'*That's* a jolly good tip,' surmised Derrick.

'On the grounds that it overcomes your difficulty of the temperature?' suggested the Captain, 'but, I assure you, the result is a highly unpleasing liquid. Ah, here come our damsel laden with delectable dainties. Thanks; and we'll have some cream and honey (it's so good for our throats) and home-made cake, only it mustn't have currants. There, don't say I'm not good at remembering Mrs. Timmins' regulations!' he continued, to Sybil. 'By Jove, though, won't she be wrathful with me for keeping you out so late in this damp fog! I hope you won't get a fresh cold?'

'Not she!' asserted Derrick, confidently. 'She's not made of tissue-paper. And Timpie won't mind a bit, as it's *you*. She'll say, "Bless 'is brave, soldierly heart." She always says that about you; I know, because Jane told me.'

'A little superfluous of Jane,' their friend demurred.

'Oh, she says they talk a lot about you, in the servants' hall—just to get her on, you know—and then count how many times she says it.'

'Tut, tut,' muttered the embarrassed Captain, 'what have I done to be the unconscious cause of so much domestic diversion?'

'Oh, she loves you devotedly (almost as much as Bill does),' pursued Derrick; 'she was so flattered at your going in to wish her a Happy New Year, you know. And she always asks Thomas which pudding you take and whether you have two helps, so as to know your favourites. I say, you might eat lots of jam tarts, next time there are any.'

'I'll do my best.'

'And she hopes you'll find a nice wife, "one as 'll thank the Lord proper for sech a good 'usbin."'

The Captain broke into a peal of laughter and suggested that Derrick should get on with his tea.

After paying due attention to his eggs and bacon, the boy looked up presently and asked: 'Captain Mitchell, will you give me one of your photographs?'

'What photographs? I'm afraid I haven't got my camera; I haven't taken any for months.'

'Oh, I don't mean that; I mean a photograph of you.'

'My dear boy, I don't possess such a thing!'

'Oh, have you just sent the last away? What a pity.'

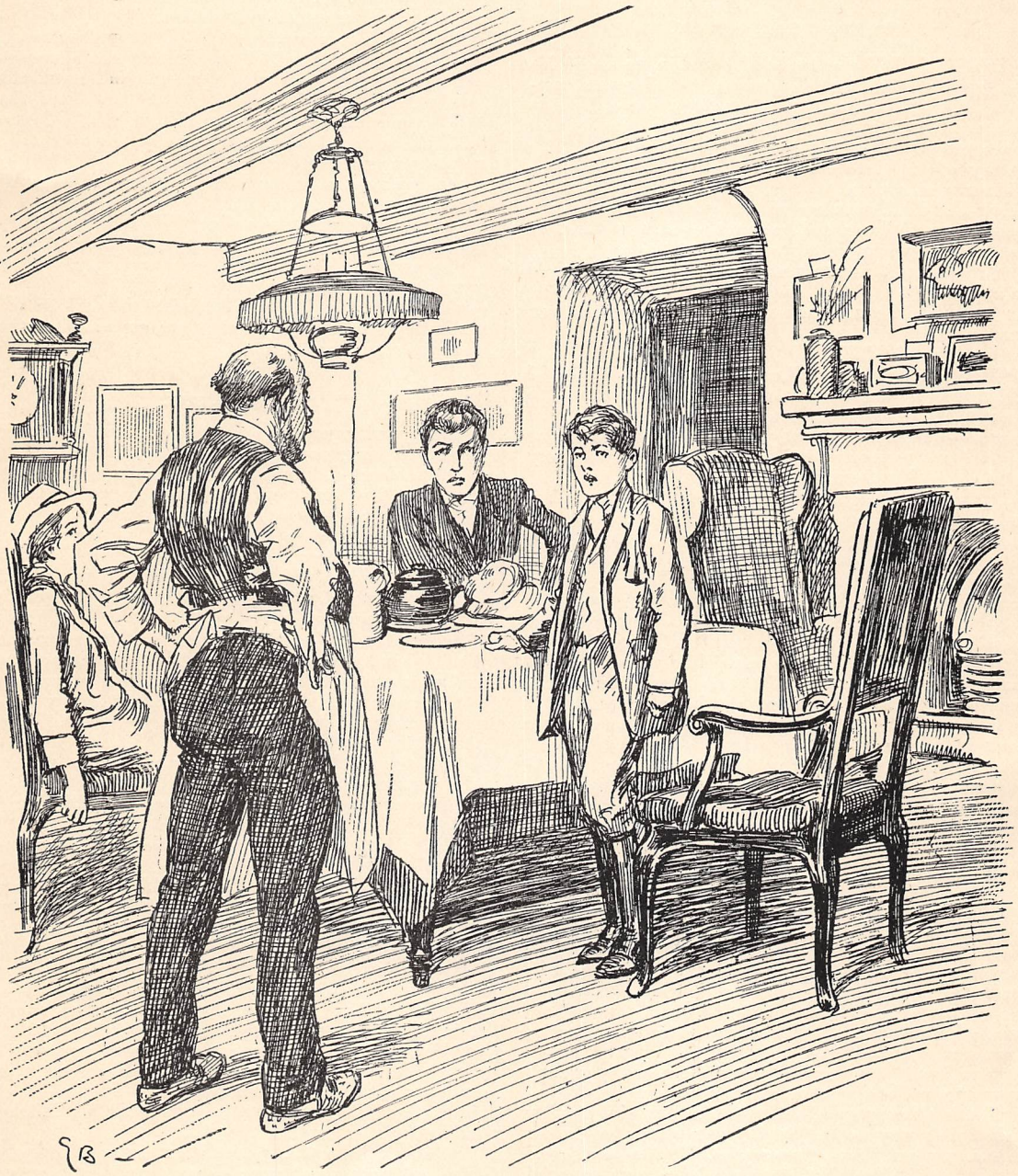
'Last? There wasn't any last, nor any first. There isn't such a thing in existence! why on earth should there be?'

'Then it wasn't a photograph, after all, in that letter,' reflected Derrick to himself, his curiosity on that score having prompted him to make the request. 'I wonder what it was!'

'I shall tell Dick to take one,' asserted Sybil, with quiet decision.

(*Continued on page* 306.)

"'You're a-coming all the wrong way.'"



"'I cannot permit any one to call my grandfather names.'"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Continued from page 303.)

PRESENTLY the landlord came in, to see if his guests had all that they required. He was a pompous, heavy-built man, with a broad expanse of waistcoat, who stood with his thumbs in his armpits and harangued Captain Mitchell, at great length. The history of the inhabitants of Hawkbottom, Hawkwitham, and a third village, rejoicing in the name of Hawk-End-Mill, was reeled off at arm's length for several generations: and, when the Captain was, at last, able to wedge in a word—

'Can you tell us the nearest way to Limborough?' he inquired.

'To be sure I can; what part of Limborough do you want, sir?'

'Limborough Hall.'

'What, Limborough Hall, and the peppery old Colonel? Ah, there's a man for you, and one as knows how to make the dust fly! He and I have always been good friends—we understand one another—but he is not one who'll stand nonsense; and they call him the "Peppery Old Colonel" in these parts. Ha, ha, ha!'

During this speech Derrick had been growing redder and redder in the face, till he could contain himself no longer; and, rising from his seat, said, with all the dignity he could command: 'The gentleman of whom you are speaking is my grandfather; and I cannot permit any one to call him names in my presence.'

So far from being inspired with awe by this statement, our worthy landlord broke into a loud guffaw.

'So the young gentleman would like to call me out, would he!' he laughed. 'Which is it to be, sir, swords or pistols?' And he burst into another roar of laughter at his own wit. 'But there, there,' he continued, 'never you take offence, young sir, where no offence is meant. Do you reckon I think any the worse of your grandfather for being a bit peppery? On the contrary, I have all the more respect for him. Folk are all the better for getting a bit of plain speaking now and again.'

Derrick wondered how their host would enjoy the Colonel's giving some 'plain speaking' to *him*, and reflected that it would be an enjoyable scene to witness; then, realising that after all the man merely meant to be jocular and not offensive, he returned to his tea in silence. Twenty minutes later they were mounting their steeds; and, after elaborate directions from the landlord, they resumed their homeward journey.

'We couldn't find our way by day, so I wonder how we shall fare by night!' laughed the Captain; for, by now, it was pitch-dark.

'You just follow my instructions, sir, and you can't go wrong,' called the landlord after them.

'That's all very well,' reflected the Captain, as they picked their way along, 'but it's not so easy to follow anything, when I can't "see my hand before my face," as they say. Not that it would be of any material assistance to us if I could,' he continued; 'it would be considerably more to the point if we could see the road.'

'Oh, but it's such fun in the dark!' cried Sybil, enthusiastically, 'and we're having such a scrumptious time. This is the jolliest day of the holidays, and it goes on getting jollier and jollier.'

'Yes,' echoed Derrick, 'you do just know how to give a chap a good time. That was the best tea I've ever had, and thanks ever so much for it.'

'You should thank your burly friend for that—the worthy proprietor of the "Bee Hive."'

'Not I! The impertinent beast! How dare he make fun of my grandfather! I wish his old Bee Hive was a real one and the bees would all swarm out and sting him to death.'

'Oh, poor fellow! Draw it mild,' laughed the Captain. 'All the same, Derrick, you were quite right to stand up for your grandfather.'

'It won't be long before he's doing some plain speaking to *us*,' observed Sybil.

'It won't,' agreed her cousin; 'he'll think me a great oaf for taking the wrong road. So will Dick.'

'Never mind,' said Sybil, encouragingly, 'it was worth it, and *I'm* jolly glad you did.'

'Besides,' added Captain Mitchell, 'they are bound to understand the situation, when we explain that there were too many hawks!'

CHAPTER XXIV.

'Put your finger exactly *there*,' commanded Derrick, 'and don't leave go till I tell you.'

He was occupied in manipulating some complicated structure fixed to the schoolroom mantelpiece, over which Sybil's assistance seemed necessary.

'What are you two trying to do?' inquired Captain Mitchell's voice from the doorway.

'We're making whipcord,' explained Derrick. 'Mr. Hamilton showed us how the other day. He's making a lot more tops, and we're going to have a Whipping Tournament on the South Terrace at twelve o'clock. You'll go in for it, won't you? Sybil's taking the entries; and your train isn't till this afternoon, you know.'

'I'll enter with pleasure if you'll lend me a top to practise with; you're all such pros., you know. What's the entrance fee?'

'Oh, there isn't one. Timpie's providing the prize out of the store-cupboard.'

'Is your knee any worse after yesterday?' inquired Sybil.

'Not a bit, thanks. Have you slept off your tiredness?'

'I wasn't tired,' maintained the child, stoutly, 'but I dare say I should have been if Grandfather had stormed at us; that always makes me tired. Only, thanks to you, he didn't.'

'Where's Dick?'

'I don't know. He went out a little while ago and said he'd be back anon; and we were just wondering how anonnish he was going to be. Do you want him?'

'Yes, if he's not too "anonnish," as you express it.'

'Oh, he won't be long now,' Derrick decided. 'Stop and play with us till he comes; *do*.'

'Is that his property?' inquired Captain Mitchell, indicating a camera on the table.

'Yes,' replied Sybil. 'I got it out, so as to make him take a photograph of you; so you won't go away, will you?'

'Yes, I shall, at once. That is to say, I'm going to bag the camera and put it to a more profitable use. I want a photograph of those ponies of yours.'

'Oh, yes, do take them! Dick tried last hols., but they both moved, so it was no go. Midnight came out with two heads, and they had about sixteen legs between them.'

'Then you had better come and hold them still, Sybil, while Derrick completes his rope industry.'

'It's all very well to laugh at my "Rope Industry," as you call it; I challenge you to make a handsomer bit of whipcord than that!' And the boy held up a yard of cord twisted in three colours.

'Red, white, and blue. Splendid! May it prove as reliable as it is royal!'

'You talk as if you expected it to break first go! I shall go and show it to Mr. Hamilton; he's much more encouraging.'

'Tell Dick we're at the stables if you see him,' Sybil called back as she went off with Captain Mitchell.

'Right you are! I'll join you there in a few minutes, and we'll go on down to Howe's.'

The ponies being in an amiable frame of mind, Captain Mitchell was more successful than Dick had been, and took a very promising film of Rollo, Sybil standing by him, with her arm round his neck and her cheek pressed against his mane. Midnight was less tractable and needed coaxing, but they succeeded in the end, and the Captain had just snapped her when Dick and Derrick arrived upon the scene.

'Come on, Dick, and take a photograph of Captain Mitchell,' commanded Sybil.

'Too late, old lady; I used the last film for Midnight. Now then, Dick, old man, let's see if my knee will stand a last attempt at boxing.'

'All right; and the kids can come and see that I don't disable you again. Babs seemed to think that I was responsible last time.'

'No, no; she thought *I* insinuated that you were—a far more serious accusation, the little sinner!' And Captain Mitchell caught hold of her and gave her a playful pummelling.

'But I don't think so now,' protested Sybil. 'We can't come and watch, though, 'cos we've got to go down to Howe's.'

'You seem very thick with old Howe, both of you, these holidays. Whatever do you do down there?' inquired Dick.

'No end of things,' asserted Derrick. 'Chop wood, clean his cottage——'

'After making it thoroughly dirty!' interpolated his brother.

'Mend his braces (Bill does, at least), groom Ben, when he's in a good temper, feed the chickens—and various other things.'

'We *might* go this afternoon instead, perhaps,' suggested Sybil, with a regretful look towards the Boxing Ring.

'No,' decreed Derrick, 'there wouldn't be time; and we'll have to be quick now if we're going to get back by twelve o'clock.'

Twenty minutes later Howe's little wicket-gate swung to behind the children as, with Rufus at their heels, they waved farewell to the old forester.

'It's half-past ten,' announced Derrick; 'there's just an hour and a half before the Whipping Competition. Where shall we go?'

'Let's go and see Matterhorn.'

Derrick shook his head. 'Too near home,' he said.

'Oh, no,' argued Sybil, 'and we're not a bit likely to meet any one there; every one's afraid of him.'

'All right, then; but we must look out that Rufus doesn't chase him.'

(*Concluded on page* 314.)

THE CHANGING WORLD.

II.—BIG THINGS.

(*Concluded from page* 294.)

THE surface of the earth, it has been shown, is always changing by infinitesimal stages. Once it changed by great changes. Yet those great changes were only examples on a tremendous scale of the same *kind* of transformation. For instance, some of the best butter in the world comes from cattle fed on pasture that grows best on a 'soil' called lias. Lias usually contains the skeletons, the crushed bodies, of creatures we call 'prehistoric'—because no human being ever saw them alive. The earth is to a great extent built up of dead bodies.

Then, again, living creatures build for us. The mole and the rabbit have been mentioned. Rabbits, indeed, destroy as well as build. They can by their burrowings make the side of a hill or cliff almost hollow, so that if it gets overweighted by rain or cracked and dried by heat, it falls—and the face of the earth is changed. When that happens on a big scale we call it a landslip or landslide.

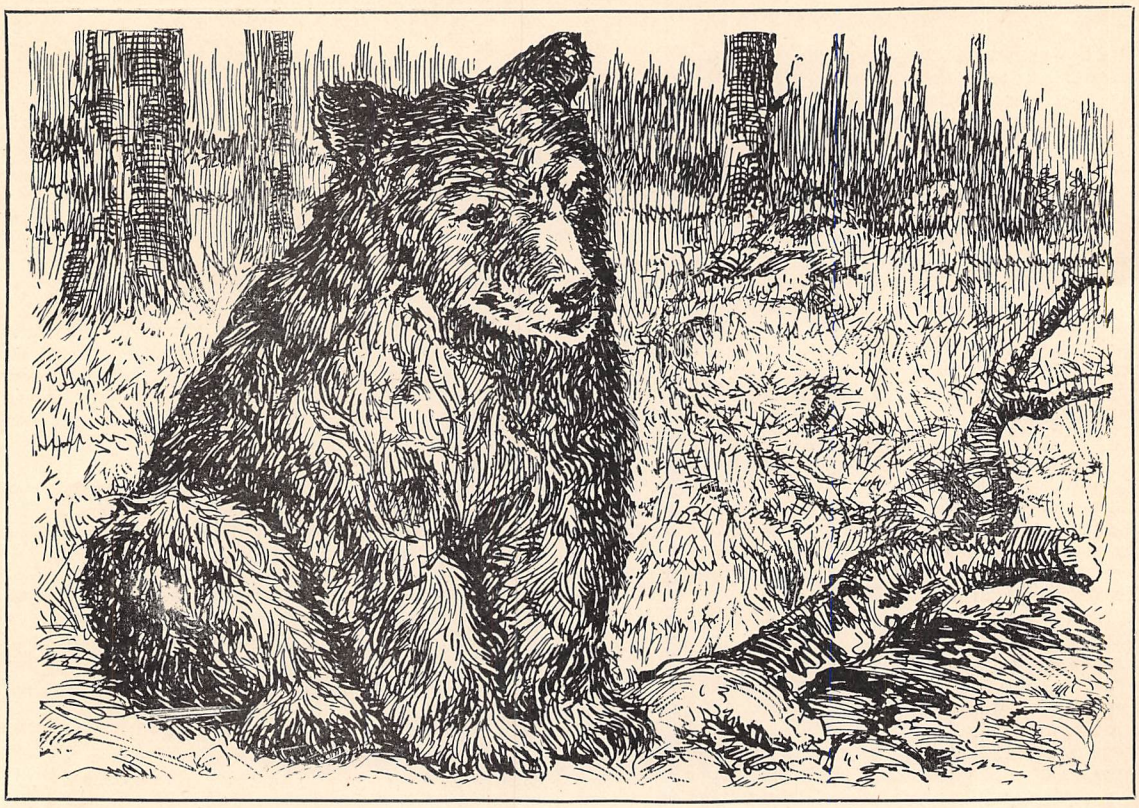
Man himself alters the earth. He cuts down trees, or plants them where they were not, and he drains rivers. By doing that he alters the temperature and causes rainfall to increase or decrease, and a well-drained meadow takes the place of an unhealthy marsh.

He imports new plants, like the strange grass that is choking many river-mouths in the South of England: the coast-line is changing, though almost imperceptibly. He quarries and mines more vigorously than any rabbit. He builds piers and breakwaters, dams a great river, cuts a canal through the backbone of a continent. He may not see the direct result of all his wonderful works; but it is there just the same.

But the greatest of all changes are those which are on such a huge scale that we call them 'geological'—having to do with the study of the earth. You can see what a geological change means by a simple experiment.

Put four or five sheets of paper (of different colours, for choice, and different thicknesses) on top of one another, flat. Put a little sand and a few drops of water on the top layer. Then hold the paper over hot air, or push a sharp point through it violently from below, and see what happens to the sand and water. They change their position; and as the leaves are crinkled or torn, they too change: they are no longer flat on top of one another. In one place they will be on end, upright; in another, curving with gaps in between. The earth is made up of layers like that, and when the great heat at its centre forces its way out—as it does in a huge volcanic eruption, or in the days before the globe had grown cool enough for human life—the 'formation' is altered: you get coal or oil, for instance, nearer the surface in some places.

And with the rising up of hills by this means, comes the work of the rivers, the water in the upper layers running down hill to the lower layers and carrying with it gradually some of the surface of the upper layers, to form new land—'alluvial land,' it is called—nearer to river mouths. Try the effect of draining a ditch which has a little slope in it: you will soon see how water builds.



A PICTURE PUZZLE.—The Three Bears: Find the other Two.

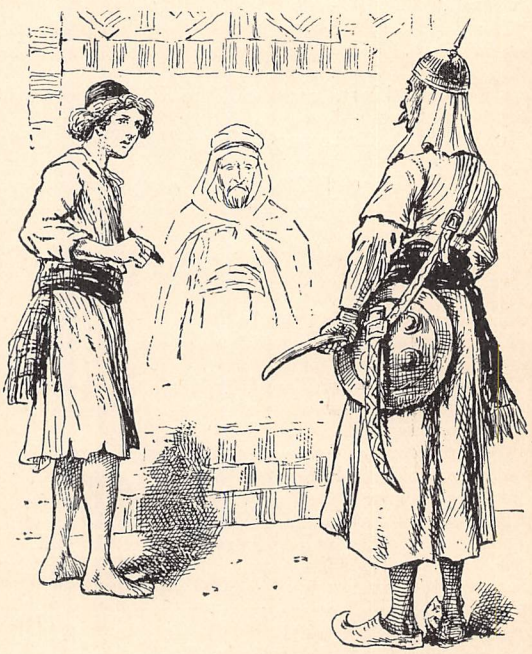
'NAMESAKES.'

XII.—PHILIP AND CATHERINE.

WE have usually taken, as our first namesake, some royal hero of English history, or a saint who suffered, and perhaps died, for his faith in the early ages of trial and persecution. To-day, however, we will go further back still and, four hundred years before Christ, find Philip II. of Macedon—Philip the Great, as he is called—fighting and scheming and bribing and conquering—for he did not mind using foul means as well as fair ones—in his efforts to subdue first one city and province and then another, in order that Greece might be changed from a cluster of separate hostile states into one great and powerful nation.

It was a splendid object, and the man who at last achieved it was, no doubt, a hero and a genius. He was also a fine general who led his army to victory again and again. His troops were the best and bravest that the world had even seen, and certain it is that Philip ruled over them with a rod of iron, for history tells us that if a soldier who ought to have stood to his arms, laid them down, he was instantly punished with death.

We go on now to St. Philip the Apostle, who, it is said, after the Ascension, journeyed as a missionary into Upper Asia. At first he was very successful and many of the heathen were converted, but, at Hieropolis, he roused the people to anger by destroying the great dragon idol which they worshipped, and was therefore first scourged and then put to death.



Filippo Lippi a prisoner in Algiers.

Another patron saint is Philip the Deacon, who, as we read in the New Testament, preached the gospel to a wealthy Ethiopian, whom he met as he made his way across the desert from Jerusalem to Gaza.

Going straight onward through history, for we will take our namesakes in their right order to-day, we come to Philip Augustus, king of France, who, like Philip of Macedon, strove to unite the divided provinces of his native land into one nation.

Sir Philip Sidney.

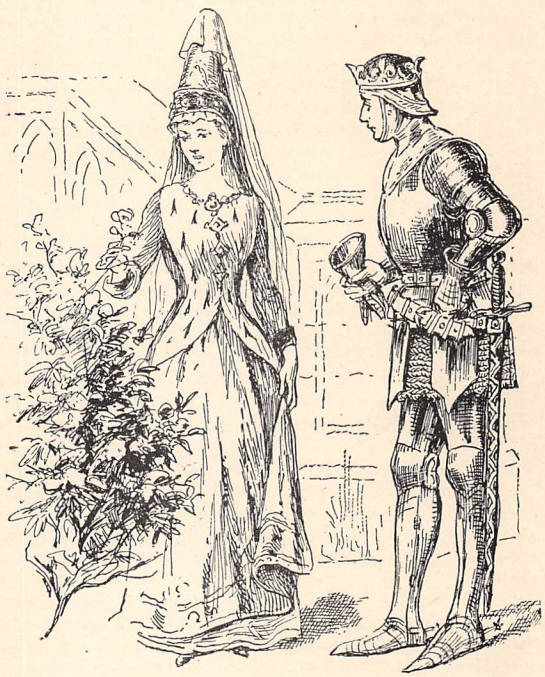
When he came to the throne, Philip found his kingdom in an evil case, for not only was Burgundy a separate state, but the great districts of Normandy, Brittany, Anjou, Poitou, and Aquitaine were in the hands of the English. To oust these unwelcome neighbours and drive them across the Channel was Philip's chief aim, and he did not hesitate to further it by making mischief between Henry II. and his hot-blooded, turbulent sons.

This was no difficult matter, and a fierce and bitter warfare raged for years between the Plantagenet princes and their father, until at last, when Henry the Old King, and Henry the Young King, and Richard Cœur de Lion, were all dead, Philip's schemes met with success, and the English were driven out of the greater part of their French possessions.

Our next namesake is a woman, Philippa of Hainault, who married King Edward III., and who, all through her life, seems to have influenced him for good and turned him aside from the cruelties and harsh punishments which were only too common in those stern, mediæval times.

The story of how this queen pleaded for the lives of the Calais burghers is familiar to us all, but that occasion was not the only one when she persuaded her stern husband to be merciful, and the old chroniclers tell of an accident that happened in Cheapside, when, while a tournament was taking place, the wooden platform on which the king and queen and their courtiers were assembled gave way, and the royal spectators were in peril of their lives. Edward III. was enraged at this mishap, and, ordering the careless carpenters to be brought before him, decreed that death should be their punishment. This sentence would certainly have been carried out, had not Philippa flung herself on her knees and entreated the king to spare their lives, 'and through her prayers pacified the king and council, and thereby purchased great love of the people.'

During the French wars in the reign of Edward III., the English and Flemish were allies, as they have often been since, and Queen Philippa spent some time in Ghent. There her second son, John, was born and the famous merchant prince, Jaques van Artevelde, was invited to be his god-father. As a return compliment, the queen stood sponsor to the little son of Van Artevelde, who was called Philip after her.



Henry the Fifth and Catherine of Burgundy.

This Philip van Artevelde shall be the next namesake on our list, and history shows that he grew up to be a worthy son of his great father. Many splendid stories are told of his wisdom and patriotism and heroism in the stormy days in which he worked and fought for the liberties and ancient privileges of his native city.

We find these tales in the *Chronicles of Froissart*, for the historian, Flemish himself, evidently loved and

admired his famous countryman. He tells how in the year 1381, when Ghent was in great danger, Philip was chosen by the people to be their captain, and then the next year came the treason of Simon Bette and Gilbert Grutere, the wrath of the Count of Flanders when these two traitors were put to death, and the long and terrible siege of the city.

For months Ghent held out, refusing to surrender to its feudal lord, and at last, when the store of food was almost exhausted and death seemed very near, Van Artevelde called the people together and spoke to them, saying that one of three courses might be taken, and bidding them choose what should be done.

'We can either enclose ourselves within these walls and shut up the gates and die like martyrs,' he said, 'or we can all go, men, women, and children, with halters round our necks, to the Count of Flanders and cry for mercy, or else, thirdly, we can choose out of this town five thousand men, and go hastily and assail the Count at Bruges and fight with him. Now, sirs, take good heed which of these three ways ye will take, for one of them ye needs must choose.' The brave citizens of Ghent decided on the third course, and sallying out they attacked the armies of the Count of Flanders, won a great victory, and thus saved their city.

This happened in the spring of the year 1382, but before many months the Count had his revenge, and in the battle of Rosebeque on the 27th of November, the citizens of Ghent were defeated and their beloved leader, Philip van Artevelde, was slain.

A namesake of quite another type, but one who was no less renowned, is the Florentine painter, Filippo Lippi, who lived in the fifteenth century, and many of whose beautiful pictures may be seen in our National Gallery.

When he was young, Lippi was taken prisoner by pirates while making a voyage in the Mediterranean, and was carried away to Algeria, but a portrait that he drew with a piece of coal on a white-washed wall so pleased his master that the young artist was given his freedom as a reward.

In the next century we have a great hero as a namesake in the person of Sir Philip Sidney, who was celebrated not only as a soldier, but as a statesman and a poet as well.

We all know the story of Sir Philip's death, and how, when he had been mortally wounded at the battle of Zutphen and was parched with thirst, he gave the water that had been brought to him by his friends to a dying soldier, saying, 'His necessity is even greater than mine.'

And while Sir Philip Sidney is, perhaps, the greatest and noblest of all our namesakes to-day, one of the worst among them is King Philip II. of Spain, who lived in the same century, and whose name is blackened in history by the terrible cruelties that were practised by his troops in the Low Countries and the massacres and persecutions that he allowed to take place.

For our other name to-day we will take Catherine, and in the sixteenth century Philip of Spain is rivalled in unpopularity by Queen Catherine de Medici, who planned the hideous massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, when hundreds of innocent Huguenots, who had been invited to Paris for the wedding festivities of their leader, the King of Navarre, were treacherously murdered.

We will not waste our time with memories of this wicked woman, but, crossing the Channel to England, find another Queen Catherine, who is much more worthy of our attention.

Henry VIII., as we all know, had three Catherines among his six wives, but by far the best and most noted of the three is Catherine of Arragon, the Spanish princess, who came to England in the first place to marry Arthur, Prince of Wales, and who, when he died a year later, was betrothed to his younger brother, Henry.

At first everything seemed happy and prosperous enough, but later the fickle sovereign determined to divorce his wife, and this scheme he carried through in spite of the opposition of statesmen, cardinals, and princes—and even of the Emperor of Austria and the Pope himself.

We have read about Queen Catherine in history, but perhaps we seem to know her better still as the heroine of one of Shakespeare's plays, for the great dramatist makes her real and alive, and shows us all the steadfastness and patience and unselfishness of her character.

Another Queen Catherine who must not be forgotten, and whom, also we meet in one of Shakespeare's plays, is Catherine of France, who married Henry V. of England after his conquest of her native land, and who later became the wife of the Welsh squire, Owen Tudor, and the ancestress of Henry VII. and of all our kings and queens since.

And Shakespeare has given us another namesake, besides the two royal ladies that we have already remembered, and that is Catherine the famous Shrew, who tried to rule her husband, and whose taming proved such a long and amusing business.

Another Catherine—and we are back again in history now—is the brave girl who, it is said, tried to save the life of King James I. of Scotland, by barring with her arm the door of the room in which he had taken refuge, on the night of his cruel murder at the hands of his own subjects.

We have the whole story in a poem by Dante Rossetti, called 'The King's Tragedy,' and learn how Catherine Douglas was a maid of honour to Queen Jane Beaufort, the beautiful wife of the Scottish King, whom he had met and loved during his long captivity in England.

James was released at last and returned to Scotland, but found that he had many enemies there and many difficulties and dangers to face. The end came one winter-time, when the Court was holding the Christmas festival at Perth, and a band of traitors resolved to capture the king and put him to death.

This terrible plan was carried out, although the queen did everything in her power to save her husband's life, and when the attackers were trying to force their way into the room where he had taken refuge, Catherine Douglas, so the story goes, barred the door by thrusting her arm through the iron stanchions.

'And now the rush was heard on the stair,
And "God, what help?" was our cry,
And was I frenzied, or was I bold?
I looked at the empty stanchion-hold,
And no bar but my arm had I!

'Like iron felt my arm as through
The staple I made it pass—
Alack! it was flesh and blood—no more!
'Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door,
But I fell back Kate Barlass.'

After this brave deed Catherine was nick-named Bar-

lass, and her descendants, the Barlas family, still have for their crest a broken arm.

There are no less than six Catherines in the calendar of saints, so a choice of patrons may be made. Chief of them all, however, are St. Catherine of Alexandria, a learned and beautiful Christian maid, who after being tortured by being bound to a spiked wheel, died as a martyr rather than renounce her faith; and St. Catherine of St. Siena, who lived in the fourteenth century, and was renowned for her piety.

Legend says that when a child she denied herself by refusing to wash her face or comb her hair, and that, when she ascended a staircase, she stopped to kneel and pray on each step.

Perhaps the friends and relations of our modern Catherines would prefer that this saint should not be taken as an example. A. A. M.

CHESS AND ITS ORIGIN.

A YOUNG Indian prince, named Behub, ruled his subjects in a cruel manner. A Brahmin, Nassir by name, was deeply grieved at this, and undertook to bring the prince to reason. Accordingly, he invented a new game called chess, in which the king is powerless alone, and is protected by even the humblest of his subjects, while he could possibly be brought to ruin by the loss of a single individual.

The fame of this new invention soon reached the ears of Prince Behub, who summoned the Brahmin to his court, and declared his wish to learn the game, so he came to teach the prince the movements of the chessmen, and make the game an object-lesson in good government. In this he succeeded. The prince was much struck by what he had learnt about the game and the qualities of a good ruler. He informed the Brahmin that he wished to reward him handsomely, and asked him to state his own terms.

To the powerful and wealthy prince, Nassir's terms seemed almost frivolous. He pointed to the chess-board and demanded as many grains of wheat as would result from allowing one grain for the first square, and then doubling the number of grains for each successive square. For instance, the single grain for the first square, when doubled, would give two for the second, and that doubled would give four grains for the third square, and so on, until the sixty-four squares on the board were accounted for. The number of grains for each square, when added together, would be ample reward for him.

'It is but a small request,' said the prince, who was almost angry. 'Ask of me a gift more worthy of a monarch to bestow.'

Nassir, however, persisted in his demand, so the prince rather contemptuously ordered the required quantity of corn to be given to him. His officials then began calculating the amount, and in a little while the superintendents of the public granaries hurried to the palace in a state of great consternation. The required quantity of corn that had seemed trivial in the eyes of the prince was really so enormous that not only his own kingdom but even all Hindustan would be unable to grant it.

Prince Behub was filled with admiration at the ingenuity of the Brahmin's request, and appointed him his chief minister, so that the kingdom became in time a prosperous and happy one. C. M.

THE PUNISHMENT OF BANKRUPTS.

THERE was a curious custom in France during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Any man who had to liquidate his affairs was obliged to wear a green cap. A far from pleasant way this of 'wearing the green!'

Debtors in Scotland, too, were at one time made to wear a distinctive dress of diverse colours, the most common being yellow and grey.

Bankruptcies are almost unknown in China, for a very sufficient reason. In that country a man who becomes a bankrupt is immediately executed. Formerly Japan had a similar drastic law, and in Siam the bankrupt was put in chains and made to work as a slave for his creditor.

It is said that for more than nine hundred years there has been no bank failure in China. No wonder! Did such a thing happen, according to an ancient edict (made on the last occasion that such a failure occurred), the cashier, president, and the directors would be put to death.

So the Chinese wisely act upon the principle, 'Out of debt, out of danger.'

SCORN.

I'VE built a little submarine,
We're going out to sea;
—Come aboard with me, my hearties,
Come aboard with me!

You '*never sail in submarines.*'—
Then you're no good to me;
I'll have no staid old 'tub'-marines
Aboard my boat with me.

You'd better go and paddle a
Canoe—or half a tub;
All other ships are needed for
Our soldiers and our grub.

LILIAN HOLMES.

THE ACCOMPLISHED PIG.

NOT long ago there passed away a famous Russian clown named Anatole Duron.

He was probably the wealthiest clown in the world, for he left a large fortune, and, also a wonderful collection of trained animals. Duron was a most skilful and successful animal-trainer.

His favourite pupils were his pigs, of which it was said that they could do everything human beings can do except talk.

His design upon his seal was a pig's head, with a 'D' to the left of it. When he went out, he was drawn about the streets by a team of his pigs.

An amusing incident occurred when Duron was on tour in Germany. One of his performing pigs ran away and, after weary wanderings, arrived at last at a farm not far from Berlin.

The farmer, taking pity on the tired and famished truant, gave it food and drink. To the man's amazement, when it had refreshed itself, his visitor calmly mounted an upturned barrel and with a grateful glance at its host showed its thanks by standing on its head.

"Showed its thanks by standing on its head."

"It was the Colonel being chased by his own bull!"

THE PEPPERY OLD COLONEL.

By O. M. Pilleau.

(Concluded from page 307.)

IT was a bright, sunny morning, all trace of yesterday's mist having completely disappeared, giving place to a cloudless sky. The children strolled along, now throwing sticks for Rufus, now searching the banks for early snowdrops, and now talking of the coming separation, for the holidays were almost at an end.

'I wish I were a bear or a squirrel,' sighed Sybil, 'then I'd go to sleep directly you and Dick had gone, and hibernate all the time till the Easter hols.'

'Never mind, Bill; you'll have Rufus now, and he's jolly good company. Hulloa! Matterhorn's having some fun!' he continued, for, as they approached the field, he became aware of the figure of a man in full flight, pursued by the bull, who was fast decreasing the distance between them.

'Whoever is it?' cried Sybil, as she ran forward; and then, a moment later, in horror-stricken tones, 'Why, Derrick, *it's Grandfather!*'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed Derrick. 'I say, I believe you're right, though!' And right she was; it was indeed the Colonel—the Colonel being chased by his own bull!

They both ran as hard as they could; but Rufus was quicker. Stretching his limbs, he dashed ahead and caught up with the bull; and, what with barking and worrying, soon forced him to change his course. This enabled the Colonel to reach the hedge, where he swarmed up a young oak, with a celerity that surprised him no less than his grand-children.

Meanwhile Matterhorn had turned on Rufus, and the children's anxiety was deflected from their grandfather to their dog. With lowered horns and distended nostrils the bull plunged after him—up the slope and down again, round and round the field, till it seemed as if every moment were doomed to be Rufus' last. And all the while the children stood rooted to the spot, Sybil calling plaintively to Matterhorn, and the Colonel conjuring them, in hoarse tones, to get into a place of safety.

'He won't hurt *us*,' replied Derrick, 'but he'll *kill* Rufus if he catches him! Oh, Bill, *can't* you stop him?'

'He doesn't hear us,' she murmured. 'Oh, dear, if only Rufus would have the sense to jump the gate!'

Rufus did have the sense. As they dashed past the next time he managed to gain slightly on his pursuer, and, stretching his limbs to their full, took a flying leap, over the lower gate, into the field beyond.

Matterhorn pulled up—vanquished; and, quivering all over, stood angrily pawing the ground. It was then that the Colonel, from his point of vantage, saw his little grand-daughter walk fearlessly up to the savage beast.

'It's all right, Grandfather,' she said, in reply to his remonstrances; 'he will be good now, and I want to get him away, so that you can come down,' and, soothing the wild creature with hand and voice, she led him gently to the other end of the field.

'Time I got out of this,' muttered the Colonel. 'Here, Derrick, come and give me a hand down; beats me how I ever got *up!*'

Once more on *terra firma*, the old gentleman, accompanied by Derrick, made his way into the next field, where they were immediately joined by Sybil.

'My dear child,' he said, 'it was very good of you to remove that wild beast for your old grandfather, but you must not run such risks on my account, or on anybody else's; I cannot allow it.'

'There was no risk, Grandfather; Matterhorn and I are great friends.'

'He daren't disobey Sybil,' observed Derrick; 'isn't it queer?'

'Where's that dog?' inquired the Colonel; 'I owe my life to him. I've never seen him before; whose is he?

'He's ours,' said both children together, swelling with pride.

'Yours? Nonsense.'

'But he *is* ours; we've had him a long time—over three weeks—but, as you didn't want any more dogs at the Hall, we keep him at Howe's.'

'What's become of him, Derrick?' asked Sybil, anxiously. 'Rufus, Rufus!'

In reply, a dejected, miserable-looking object crawled out of the hedge and grovelled at Derrick's feet, his whole attitude plainly saying, 'I did give chase, I know; but it was all in a good cause.'

'Why, Rufus, old man, what's the matter?' cried Derrick.

'He thinks it's like chasing sheep,' said Sybil, 'and that he's going to get a beating!'

'Beating!' echoed the Colonel, 'not a bit of it! He needn't be afraid of getting a beating from *me*. Good old fellow, get up, then; why, what a fine dog he is. How did you come by him?'

Then, holding Sybil by the hand, and with Derrick on his other side, the Colonel heard the whole history of Rufus, from his first appearance, in the wood, up to his final triumph, ten minutes ago. He was greatly interested in Derrick's achievement as a surgeon (graphically described by Sybil), but looked serious at the account of the sheep episode.

'If he's a sheep-killer, my boy, you can't keep him,' he said.

'Oh, but he never drew blood, Grandfather, and Bob Batten said a sound thrashing would cure him. He had two big wallopings, one from me and one from Farmer Prowse.'

'Well, well, he's a fine beast, and there's no need to keep him at Howe's; he can come home with us now and stay there.'

'Grandfather! Really? Oh, *thank* you!'

'And you can give Howe this,' producing half-a-sovereign, for his board and lodging.'

'We got his food ourselves (dog-biscuits, and bits that Timpie used to give us), but we'll give Howe this all the same, 'cos he's ever so good to Rufus, and we haven't given him anything, except a knife, and a muffler that nearly throttles him.'

'It doesn't, Derrick! Anyway, he wore it, the day he came up to tea with Timpie.'

The Colonel seemed to be made of half-sovereigns this morning, for he drew another out of his pocket and handed it to Derrick, saying, 'As you've paid for his keep yourselves, you can divide this between the two of you.'

'Oh! but Timpie *gave* us the bones and things, and the dog-biscuits didn't cost all that.'

'Never mind; I won't ask for the change.'

So Rufus had come into his heritage at last—and a goodly heritage it was. He was to live at the Hall—not in a kennel outside, oh no; but in the house itself, and sleep on a mat outside Sybil's room. He was to have the run of the place, a corner of the hearthrug—to be fed from the Colonel's table. In short, he was to be the friend and companion of all.

Ten minutes later Mr. Hamilton and Captain Mitchell were surprised to find a big red setter bounding on to the South Terrace, scattering right and left the tops they were whipping, and dashing off again, over the flower-beds, to greet the Colonel, who, strange to say, paid no heed to this summary treatment of his property.

Dick, Mora, and Mr. Tillet-Howell came up at this moment, and the whole party heard the story of the stranger dog and of the morning's adventure.

'Yes, Mitchell, you were right, after all,' owned the Colonel, 'and it's lucky it happened to be myself; shouldn't have believed it if it had been any one else—I own it,' which was a great admission from the old gentleman. 'The brute must be brought under control at once and kept somewhere else. Dick, tell one of the men to go and fetch Dan'l.'

'Not a vewwy enviable expewience, Colonel,' drawled Mr. Tillet-Howell, 'to be chased by a bull.'

'A highly ignominious one, my dear Howell,' chuckled the Colonel—'highly ignominious! Particularly when it happens to be one's own bull! Ha, ha, ha!'

'I hope you are none the worse for it, Colonel,' said Mr. Hamilton.

'Not a whit, my dear fellow—not a whit! Why, I feel ten years younger. You should just have seen me climbing that tree! King Charles wasn't in it!'

'You kids were little sneaks not to let me into your secret,' laughed Dick, as he rejoined the group.

'Bill wanted to, but I wouldn't let her; you jolly nearly found out more than once. It wasn't Ben under the table that day in Timpie's room at all; it was Rufus.'

'And Howe dared tell me it was Ben? Oh, the old sinner!'

'But that's just what he didn't do! You guessed it was Ben, and he let you think so; that was all. And another day you and Captain Mitchell drove along, and we had to get over a hedge and drag Rufus with us.'

'Dick, it doesn't seem fair for us to have a dog here, and not you,' said Sybil. 'Grandfather wouldn't let you have one when you asked; that's why we *didn't* ask. You'd better have a share of Rufus.'

'Oh, no! he's yours by right; but I'll borrow him sometimes, and train him for shooting. It's a pity to let him run wild, you know.'

'I said he'd chase Matterhorn,' said Derrick; 'but what a good thing he did!'

'And a still gooder thing,' added Sybil—in her excitement entirely regardless of grammar—'a still gooder thing that we didn't put off going to Howe's till this afternoon, as I suggested.'

'Ah, now I understand what the attraction at Howe's was!' laughed Dick. 'By the way, isn't it time we began the Whipping Competition? Grandfather, you'll enter for it, won't you?' he added coolly.

'Hang it all, I don't see why I shouldn't!' replied the old gentleman.

And there we will leave them, whipping tops in the sunshine—Sybil, Dick and Derrick, Mora and her father, Captain Mitchell, and the Colonel himself! Mr. Tillet-Howell was the only one who did not join in; Rufus did his best to do so, bounding into the midst of them more than once, and exercising to the full the many privileges of his new-found heritage.

DANGEROUS FISH.

SOME years ago an American vessel mysteriously disappeared in the Caribbean Sea, with 295 men. Some think that the unfortunate vessel was dragged down to the bottom of the sea by giant cuttle-fish.

Such a thing is quite possible. Enormous cuttle-fish infest the Southern Seas. These are from nine to eighteen feet in length. Their arms (or tentacles) are from twenty to thirty feet long, and from one to two feet in circumference. Though by nature these big creatures are timid and act only on the defensive, their strength, when they are roused, is marvellous. In some few cases they have been known to rise out of the waves and wind their tentacles around the hull of sailing boats until they have smashed them to matchwood.

THE HAY-MAKERS.

COME, let us take
A fork, a rake,
And hasten to the meadow;
No sums to do;
For me and you—
A holiday instead, O!

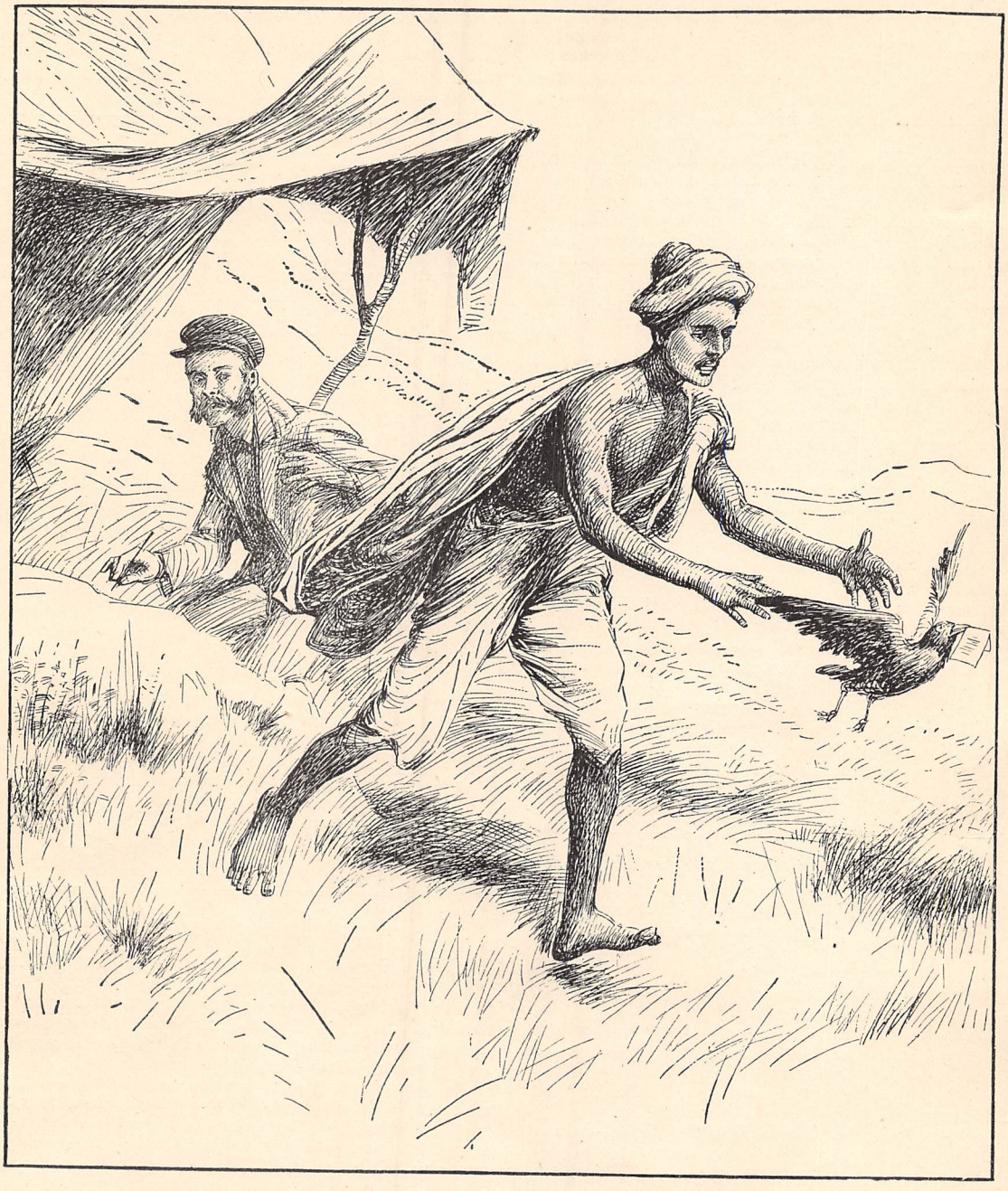
Who could divide a silly sum,
When May-time, hay-time, play-time's come!
We'll toss the hay, and toss again,
And pile it in the farmer's wain,
Then climb upon it—mountains high,
Between the meadow and the sky—
And guide the horses, there and back,
Until the last load crowns the stack.

LILIAN HOLMES.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

AT the time of the Indian Mutiny, a Mr. William Edwards was the magistrate and collector of a place called Budaon. For nearly three months he was a fugitive, and suffered many hardships. He was very anxious, too, about his wife and children, who, in ignorance of his fate, were at Nynee Tal.

Mr. Edwards longed to write to them and relieve *their* anxiety. A friendly native promised to take a note to them, if possible. But Mr Edwards had no paper except half the fly-leaf of a valued book. This he tore out, and, after writing his message on it in pencil, dipped it in milk (to make the writing indelible), then laid it down to dry. Scarcely had he done so when a crow pounced upon the bit of paper, and flew away with it. He did not, however, take it far. Happily, Mr. Edwards's servant had seen what had happened. He followed the bird and in some clever way recovered the precious note.



"A crow pounced on the bit of paper and flew away with it."